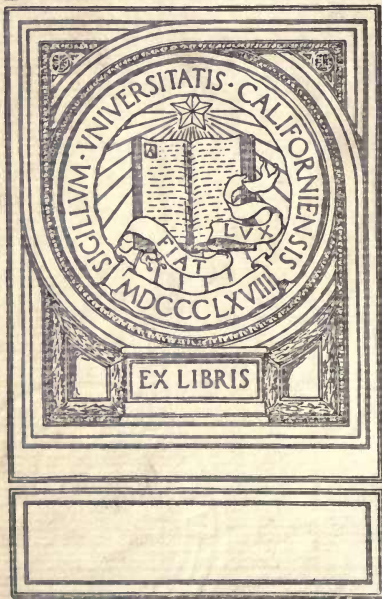


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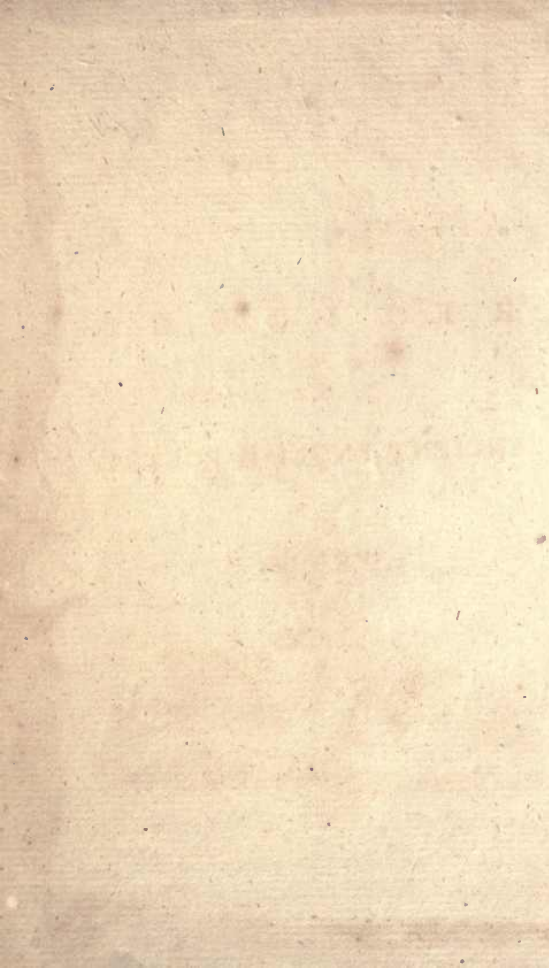












R E L I Q U E S  
O F  
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

VOL. III.



RELIQUES  
OF  
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY:  
CONSISTING OF  
Old Heroic BALLADS, SONGS, and other  
PIECES of our earlier POETS,  
(Chiefly of the LYRIC kind)  
Together with some few of later Date.  
THE SECOND EDITION.  
VOLUME THE THIRD.



L O N D O N:  
Printed for J. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall,  
M DCC L X V I I.

REVISED

ANALYSIS OF THE

CONSTITUTION OF

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

BY JAMES M. SMITH

(Author of "The Constitution of the United States")

THE SECOND EDITION

REVISED BY THE AUTHOR

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\* *The Guberlunzie Man, see in Vol. 2. pag. 59.*



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\* *The Baffled Knight, or Lady's Policy, and the Song*  
*“ Why so pale.” See in Vol. 2. p. 339. 347.*

An ordinary SONG or BALLAD, that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such readers, as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or their ignorance ; and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of nature which recommend it to the most ordinary Reader, will appear beautiful to the most refined.

ADDISON, in SPECTATOR, No: 70,

RELIGIOUS



A N C I E N T  
SONGS AND BALLADS,  
 &c.

SERIES THE THIRD.  
 BOOK I.

BALLADS ON KING ARTHUR, &c.

*This Third Volume being chiefly devoted to Romantic Subjects, may not be improperly introduced with a few slight Strictures on the old METRICAL ROMANCES: a subject the more worthy attention, as such as have written on the nature and origin of Books of Chivalry, seem not to have known*  
 VOL. III. that

## ii ANCIENT SONGS

*that the first compositions of this kind were in Verse, and usually sung to the Harp.*

### ON

#### THE ANCIENT METRICAL ROMANCES, &c.

I. **T**HE first attempts at composition among all barbarous nations are ever found to be Poetry and Song. The praises of their Gods, and the achievements of their heroes, are usually chanted at their festival meetings. These are the first rudiments of History. It is in this manner that the savages of North America preserve the memory of past events (*a*): and the same method is known to have prevailed among our Saxon Ancestors, before they quitted their German forests (*b*). The ancient Britons had their BARDS, and the Gothic nations their SCALDS or popular poets (*c*), whose business it was to record the victories of their warriors, and the genealogies of their Princes, in a kind of narrative songs, which were committed to memory, and delivered down from one Reciter to another. So long as Poetry continued a distinct profession, and while the Bard, or Scald was a regular and stated officer in the Prince's court, these men are thought to have performed the functions of the historian pretty faithfully; for tho' their narrations would be apt to receive a good deal of embellishment, they are supposed to

(*a*) Vid. Lafiteau Mœurs de Sauvages, T. 2. Dr. Browne's Hist. of the Rise and Progress of Poetry.

(*b*) *Germani celebrant carminibus antiquis (quod unum apud illos memoriæ et annalium genus est) Tuistonem &c.* Tacit. Germ. c. 2.

(*c*) Barth. Antiq. Dan. Lib. 1. Cap. 10. — Wormii Literatura Runica. ad finem.

to have had at the bottom so much of truth as to serve for the basis of more regular annals. At least succeeding historians have taken up with the relations of these rude men, and for want of more authentic records, have agreed to allow them the credit of true history (*d*).

After letters began to prevail, and history assumed a more stable form, by being committed to plain simple prose; these Songs of the Scalds or Bards began to be more amusing, than useful. And in proportion as it became their business chiefly to entertain and delight, they gave more and more into embellishment, and set off their recitals with such marvelous fictions, as were calculated to captivate gross and ignorant minds. Thus began stories of adventures with Giants and Dragons, and Witches and Enchanters, and all the monstrous extravagances of wild imagination, unguided by judgment, and uncorrected by art (*e*.)

THIS is the true origin of that species of Romance, which so long celebrated feats of Chivalry, and which at first in metre and afterwards in prose, was the entertainment of our ancestors, in common with their contemporaries on the continent, till the satire of Cervantes, or rather the increase of knowledge and classical literature, drove them off the stage, to make room for a more refined species of fiction, under the name of French Romances, copied from the Greek (*f*).

That our old Romances of Chivalry may be derived in a lineal descent from the ancient historical songs of the Gothic bards and Scalds, will be shown below, and indeed appears the more evident as many of those Songs are still preserved in the north, which exhibit all

b 2

the

(*d*) See "A Description of the Manners, Customs, &c. of the ancient Danes and other northern nations, translated from the Fr. of M. Mallet." 8vo. vol. I. p. 49. &c.

(*e*) Vid. *infra*, p. iv, v, &c..

(*f*) Viz. *ASTRÆA*, *CASSANDRA*, *CLELIA*, &c.



the seeds of Chivalry before it became a solemn institution (*g*). "CHIVALRY, as a distinct military order, conferred in the way of investiture, and accompanied with "the solemnity of an oath, and other ceremonies," was of later date, and sprung out of the feudal constitution, as an elegant writer has lately shown (*h*). But the ideas of Chivalry prevailed long before in all the Gothic nations, and may be discovered as in embryo in the customs, manners, and opinions, of every branch of that people (*i*). That fondness of going in quest of adventures, that spirit of challenging to single combat, and that respectful complaisance shewn to the fair sex, (so different from the manners of the Greeks and Romans), all are of Gothic origin, and may be traced up to the earliest times among all the northern nations (*k*.) These existed long before the feudal ages, tho' they were called forth and strengthened in a peculiar manner under that constitution, and at length arrived to their full maturity in the times of the Crusades, so replete with romantic adventures (*l*).

EVEN the common arbitrary fictions of Romance were (as is hinted above) most of them familiar to the  
ancient

(*g*) Mallet. vid. Descript of the Manners, &c. of the Danes. vol. 1. p. 318, &c. vol. 2. p. 234. &c.

(*h*) Letters concerning Chivalry. 8vo. 1763.

(*i*) Mallet. passim.

(*k*) Mallet. passim.

(*l*) They could not owe their rise either to the feudal system or to the Crusades, because they existed long before either. Neither were the Romances of Chivalry transmitted to other nations from the Spaniards; who have been supposed to borrow them from the Moors, and these to have brought them from the east. Had this been the case, the first French Romances in verse would have been upon the same subjects of those of the Spaniards: whereas the most ancient metrical Romances in Spanish have nothing in common with those of the French, English, &c. being altogether on Moorish subjects; and the Spanish Romances on the subjects of Charlemagne, Arthur, &c. are chiefly in prose and of later date, being evidently borrowed from the  
French.

ancient Scalds of the north, long before the time of the Crusades. They believed the existence of Giants and Dwarfs (*m*), they had some notion of Fairies (*n*), they were strongly possessed with the belief of spells and enchantment (*o*), and were fond of inventing combats with Dragons and Monsters (*p*).

We have a striking instance of their turn for Chivalry and Romance, in the history of King Regner Lodbrog, a celebrated warrior and pirate, who reigned in Denmark about the year 800 (*q*). This hero signalized his youth by an exploit of gallantry. A Swedish prince had a beautiful daughter, whom he intrusted (probably during some expedition) to the care of one of his officers, assigning a strong castle for their defence. The Officer fell in love with his ward, and detained her in his castle, spite of all the efforts of her father. Upon this he published a proclamation through all the neighbouring countries, that whoever would conquer the ravisher and rescue the Lady should have her in marriage. Of all that undertook the adventure, Regner alone was so happy as to achieve it: he delivered the fair captive, and obtained her for his prize. It happened that the name of this discourteous officer was ORME, which in the Islandic language signifies SERPENT: Wherefore the Scalds, to give the more poetical turn to the adventure, represent the Lady as detained from her father by a dreadful Dragon, and that Regner

b 3

flew

French. Not but the Spaniards, like the other nations of Gothic race, had *ab origine* a turn for chivalry, which prepared them to receive and improve the Songs of the Moors, as well as those of the French, &c.

(*m*) Mallet. Descript. of the Danes. vol. 1. p. 36. vol. 2. passim.

(*n*) Olaus Verel. ad Hervarer Saga. p. 44. 45. Hickes's Thesaur. v. 2. p. 311. Descript. of the Ancient Danes, vol. 2. passim.

(*o*) Ibid. vol. 1. p. 69, 374, &c. vol. 2. p. 216, &c.

(*p*) Rollofs Saga. Cap. 35. &c.

(*q*) Saxo Gram. p. 152. 153.—Mallet. Descript. vol. 1. p. 321



flew the monster to set her at liberty. Even Regner himself, who was a celebrated poet, gives this fabulous account of the exploit in a poem of his own writing that is still extant, and which records all the valiant achievements of his life (*r*).

WITH marvelous embellishments of this kind the Scalds early began to decorate their narratives: and they were the more lavish of these, in proportion as they departed from their original institution, but it was a long time before they thought of delivering a set of personages and adventures wholly feigned. Of the great multitude of romantic tales still preserved in the libraries of the North, most of them are supposed to have had some foundation in truth, and the more ancient they are the more they are believed to be connected with true history (*s*).

It was not probably till after the historian and the bard had been long disunited, that the latter ventured at pure fiction. At length when their business was no longer to instruct or inform, but merely to amuse, it was no longer needful for them to adhere to truth. Then began fabulous and romantic songs which for a long time prevailed in France and England before they had books of Chivalry in prose. Yet in both these countries the Minstrels still retained so much of their original institution, as frequently to make true events the subject of their Songs (*t*); and indeed, as during the barbarous ages, the regular histories were almost all written in Latin by the Monks, the memory of events was preserved and propagated among the ignorant

(*r*) See a Translation of this poem, among the "Five pieces of Runic Poetry," &c.

(*s*) Vid. Mallet. Descript. of the Manners, &c. of the Danes, passim.

(*t*) The Editor's MS. contains a multitude of poems of this latter kind. It was from this custom of the Minstrels that some of our first Historians wrote their Chronicles in verse, as Rob. of Gloucester, Harding, &c.

ignorant laity by scarce any other means than the popular Songs of the Minstrels.

II. THE inhabitants of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, being the latest converts to Christianity, retained their original manners and opinions longer than the other nations of Gothic race: and therefore they have preserved more of the genuine compositions of their ancient poets, than their southern neighbours. Among these the progress from poetical history to poetical fiction is very discernible: they have some of the latter kind, that are in effect complete Romances of Chivalry<sup>(u)</sup>. They have also a multitude of SAGAS<sup>(x)</sup> or histories on romantic subjects, containing a mixture of prose and verse, of various dates, some of them written since the times of the Crusades, others long before: but their narratives in verse only are esteemed the more ancient.

Now as the irruption of the NORMANS<sup>(y)</sup> into France under Rollo did not take place till towards the beginning of the tenth century, at which time the Scaldic art was arrived to the highest pitch in Rollo's native country, we can easily trace the descent of the French and English Romances of Chivalry from the Northern Sagas. That conqueror doubtless carried many SCALDS with him from the north, who transmitted their skill to their children and successors. These adopting the religion, opinions, and language of the new country, substituted the heroes of Christendom instead of those of their Pagan ancestors, and began to celebrate the feats of Charlemagne, Roland, and Oliver; whose

b 4

(u) See a Specimen in 2d Vol. of Descript. of the Manners of the Danes, &c. p. 248, &c.

(x) Eccardi Hist. Stud. Etym. 1711. p. 179, &c. Hickes's Thesaur. Vol. 2. p. 314.

(y) i. e. NORTHERN MEN: being chiefly Emigrants from Norway, Denmark, &c.

true history they set off and embellished with the Scaldic figments of dwarfs, giants, dragons, and enchantments. The first mention we have in song of those heroes of chivalry is in the mouth of a Norman warrior at the conquest of England (*z*): and this circumstance alone would sufficiently account for the propagation of this kind of romantic poems among the French and English.

But this is not all; it is very certain, that both the Anglo-saxons and the Franks had brought with them, at their first emigrations into Britain and Gaul, the same fondness for the ancient songs of their ancestors, which prevailed among the other Gothic tribes (*a*), and that all their first annals were transmitted in these popular oral poems. This fondness they even retained long after their conversion to Christianity, as we learn from the examples of Charlemagne and Alfred (*b*). Now POETRY, being thus the transmitter of facts, would as easily learn to blend them with fictions in France and England, as she is known to have done in the north, and that much sooner, for the reasons before assigned (*c*). This, together with the example and influence of the Normans, will easily account to us, why the first Romances of Chivalry that appeared both in England and France

(*z*) See the Account of TAILLEFER in Vol. I. Introd.

(*a*) *Ipsa CARMINA memoria mandabant, & prælia inituri decantabant; qua memoria tam fortium gestorum a majoribus patratorum ad imitationem animus adderetur.* Jornandes de Gothis.

(*b*) Eginhartus de CAROLO MAGNO. "*Item barbara & antiquissima CARMINA, quibus veterum regum actus & bella canebantur, scripsit.*" c. 29.

Afferius de ÆLFREDO MAGNO. "*Rex inter bella, &c. .... Saxonicos libros recitare, & MAXIME CARMINA SAXONICA memoriter discere, aliis imperare, & solus assidue pro viribus, studiosissime non desinebat.*" Ed. 1722. 8vo. p. 43.

(*c*) See above, p. iii, vi, &c.

France (*d*) were composed in metre, as a rude kind of epic songs. In both kingdoms tales in verse were usually sung by Minstrels to the harp on festival occasions: and doubtless both nations derived their relish for this sort of entertainment from their Teutonic ancestors, without either of them borrowing it from the other. Among both people narrative Songs on true or fictitious subjects had evidently obtained from the earliest times. But the professed Romances of Chivalry seem to have been first composed in France, where also they had their name.

The Latin Tongue, as is observed by an ingenious writer (*e*), ceased to be spoken in France about the ninth century, and was succeeded by what was called the ROMANCE Tongue, a mixture of the language of the Franks and bad Latin. As the Songs of Chivalry became the most popular compositions in that language, they were emphatically called ROMANS or ROMANTS; tho' this name was at first given to any piece of poetry. The Romances of Chivalry can be traced as early as the eleventh century (*f*). The famous *Roman de Brut* by Maître *Eustache* was written in 1155: But this was by no means the first poem of the kind; others more ancient are still extant (*g*). And we have already seen,

(*d*) The Romances on the subject of PERCEVAL, SAN GRAAL, LANCELOT DU LAC, TRISTAN, &c. were among the first that appeared in the French language in PROSE, yet these were originally composed in METRE: The Editor has in his possession a very old French MS. in verse, containing *L'ancien Roman de PERCEVAL*, and metrical copies of the others may be found in the libraries of the curious. See a Note of Wanley's in Harl. Catalog. Num. 2252, p. 49, &c. Nicholson's Eng. Hist. Library, 3d Ed. p. 91. &c.—See also a curious collection of old French Romances, with Mr. Wanley's account of this sort of pieces, in Harl. MSS. Catal. 978. 106.

(*e*) The Author of the Essay on the Genius of Pope, p. 282.

(*f*) Ibid. p. 283. Hist. Lit. Tom. 6. 7.

(*g*) Voi Preface aux "Fabliaux & Contes des Poetes François des XII, XIII, XIV, & XV siècles, &c. Paris, 1756. 3 Tom. 12mo." (A very curious work.)

seen, that, in the preceding century, when the Normans marched down to the battle of Hastings, they animated themselves, by-singing (in some popular romance or ballad) the exploits of ROLAND and the other heroes of Chivalry (*b*).

So early as this I cannot trace the Songs of Chivalry in English. The most ancient I have seen, is that of HORNECHILD described below, which seems not older than the twelfth century. However, as this rather resembles the Saxon poetry, than the French, it is not certain that the first English Romances were translated from that language. We have seen above, that a propensity to this kind of fiction prevailed among all the Gothic nations (*i*) ; and, tho' after the Norman Conquest, both the French and English translated each others Romances, there is no room to doubt, but both of them composed original pieces of their own.

The

(*b*) Vid. supra, Vol. I. Introd. p. xxvii, &c. Et vide Rapin, Carte, &c.—This Song of ROLAND (whatever it was) continued for some centuries to be usually sung by the French in their marches, if we may believe a modern French writer. “*Un jour qu'on chantoit la CHANSON DE ROLAND, comme c'étoit l'usage dans les marches. Il y a long temps, dit IL, [John K. of France, who died in 1364.] qu'on ne voit plus de Rolands parmi les Français. On y verroit encore des Rolands, lui répondit un vieux Capitaine, s'ils avoient un Charlemagne a leur tête.*” Vid. Tom. iii. p. 202. des Essais Hist. sur Paris de M. DE SAINTEFOIX: who gives as his authority, Boethius in Hist. Scotorum. This Author, however, speaks of the Complaint and Repartee, as made in an Assembly of the States, (*ob-cato senatu*), and not upon any march, &c. Vid. Boeth. lib. xv. fol. 327. Ed. Paris, 1574.

(*i*) The first Romances of Chivalry among the GERMANS were in Metre: they have some very ancient narrative Songs, (which they call *Lieder*) not only on the fabulous heroes of their own country, but also on those of France and Britain, as Tristram, Arthur, Gawain, and the Knights *Von der Tafel-ronde*. (Vid. Goldasti Not. in Eginhart. Vit. Car. Mag. 4to. 1711. p. 207.)

The same stories prevailed also in ITALY and Spain: this kind of fictions was at one time or other admired and cultivated throughout Europe.



The stories of King Arthur and his Round Table, may be reasonably supposed of the growth of this island; both the English and the French had them from the Britons (*k*). The stories of Guy and Bevis, with some others, were probably the invention of English Minstrels (*l*). On the other hand, the English procured translations of such Romances as were most current in France; and in the List given at the conclusion of these Remarks, many are doubtless of French original.

The first PROSE books of Chivalry that appeared in our language, were those printed by Caxton (*m*); at least, these are the first I have been able to discover, and these are all translations from the French. Whereas Romances of this kind had been long current in metre, and were so generally admired in the time of Chaucer, that his Rhyme of Sir Thopas was evidently written to ridicule and burlesque them (*n*).

He

(*k*) The Welsh have still some very old Romances about K. Arthur; but as these are in prose, they are not probably their first pieces that were composed on that subject.

(*l*) That the French Romancers borrowed some things from the English, appears from the word TERMAGANT, which they took up from our Minstrels, and corrupted into TERVAGAUNTE. See Vol. I. p. 74. 362.

(*m*) Recuyel of the Hystories of Troy, 1471. Godfroye of Bo-loyne, 1481. Le Morte de Arthur, 1485. The life of Charlemagne, 1485. &c. As the old Minstrelsy wore out, prose books of Chivalry became more admired, especially after the Spanish Romances began to be translated into English towards the end of Q. Elizabeth's reign: then the most popular metrical Romances began to be reduced into prose, as Sir Guy, Bevis, &c.

(*n*) See Extract from a Letter in Mr. Warton's Observations, Vol. 2. p. 139. [Where in p. 140. instead of "*Most of these, &c.*" read, "*Many of the old poetical Romances are in the very same metre, &c.*"—The old black-letter Edit. in p. 142. proves to be one of Speght's.]

He expressly mentions several of them by name in a stanza, which I shall have occasion to quote more than once in this volume.

Men spoken of Romaunces of Price,  
Of Horne-Child, and Ipotis,  
Of Bevis, and Sir Guy,  
Of Sir Libeaux and Blandamoure,  
But Sir Thopas bereth the flour,  
Of riall chevallrie.

Most, if not all of these are still extant in MS. in some or other of our libraries, as I shall shew in the conclusion of this slight Essay, where I shall give a list of such metrical Histories and Romances as have fallen under my observation.

As many of these contain a considerable portion of poetic merit, and throw great light on the manners and opinions of former times, it were to be wished that some of the best of them were rescued from oblivion. A judicious collection of them accurately published with proper illustrations, would be an important accession to our stock of ancient English Literature. Many of them exhibit no mean attempts at Epic Poetry, and tho' full of the exploded fictions of Chivalry, frequently display great descriptive and inventive powers in the Bards, who composed them. They are at least generally equal to any other poetry of the same age. They cannot indeed be put in competition with the nervous productions of so universal and commanding a genius as Chaucer, but they have a simplicity that makes them be read with less interruption, and be more easily understood: and they are far more spirited and entertaining than the tedious allegories of Gower, or the dull and prolix legends of Lydgate. Yet, while so much stress is laid upon the writings of these last, by such as treat of English poetry, the old metrical Romances, tho' far more popular in their time, are hardly known to exist. But



it has happened unluckily, that the antiquaries, who have revived the works of our ancient writers, have been for the most part men void of taste and genius, and therefore have always fastidiously rejected the old poetical Romances, because founded on fictitious or popular subjects, while they have been careful to grub up every petty fragment of the most dull and insipid rhymist, whose merit it was to deform morality, or obscure true history. Should the public encourage the revival of some of those ancient Epic Songs of Chivalry, they would frequently see the rich ore of an Ariosto or a Tasso, tho' buried it may be among the rubbish and dross of barbarous times.

Such a publication would answer many important uses : It would throw new light on the rise and progress of English poetry, the history of which can be but imperfectly understood, if these are neglected : It would also serve to illustrate innumerable passages in our ancient classic poets, which without their help must be forever obscure. For not to mention Chaucer and Spenser, who abound with perpetual allusions to them, I shall give an instance or two from Shakespeare, by way of specimen of their use.

In his play of KING JOHN our great Dramatic Poet alludes to an exploit of Richard I. which the reader will in vain look for in any true history. Faulconbridge says to his mother, Act 1. sc. 1.

- " Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose . . .
- " Against whose furie and unmatched force,
- " The awlesse lion could not wage the fight,
- " Nor keepe his princely heart from Richard's hand :
- " He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts
- " May easily winne a woman's : "——

The fact here referred to, is to be traced to its source only in the old Romance of RICHARD CEUR DE  
LYON,

LYON (*o*), in which his encounter with a lion makes a very shining figure. I shall give a large extract from this poem, as a specimen of the manner of these old rhapsodists, and to shew that they did not in their fictions neglect the proper means to produce the ends, as was afterwards done in so childish a manner in the prose books of Chivalry.

The poet tells us, that Richard in his return from the Holy Land having been discovered in the habit of "a palmer in Almayne," and apprehended as a spy, was by the king thrown into prison. Wardrewe, the king's son, hearing of Richard's great strength, desires the jailor to let him have a sight of his prisoners. Richard being the foremost, Wardrewe asks him, "if he dare stand a buffet from his hand?" and that on the morrow he shall return him another. Richard consents, and receives a blow that staggers him. On the morrow, having<sup>th</sup> previously waxed his hands, he waits his antagonist's arrival. Wardrewe accordingly, proceeds the story, "held forth as a trewe man," and Richard gave him such a blow on the cheek, as broke his jaw-bone, and killed him on the spot. The king, to revenge the death of his son, orders, by the advice of one Eldrede, that a Lion kept purposely from food, shall be turned loose upon Richard. But the king's daughter having fallen in love with him, tells him of her father's resolution, and at his request procures him forty ells of white silk "kerchers;" and here the description of the Combat begins,

The kever-chefes (*p*) he toke on honde,  
And aboute his arme he wonde ;

And

(*o*) Dr. Grey has shewn that the same story is alluded to in Rastell's Chronicle : As it was doubtless originally had from the Romance, this is proof that the old metrical Romances throw light on our first writers in prose : many of our ancient Historians have recorded the fictions of Romance.

(*p*) i. e. Handkerchiefs. Here we have the etymology of the word, viz. "Couvre le chef."

# AND BALLADS.

And thought in that ylke while,  
 To flee the lyon with some gyle.  
 And syngle in a kyrtyll he stode,  
 And abode the lyon fyers and wode.  
 With that came the jaylere,  
 And other men that wyth him were,  
 And the lyon them amonge ;  
 His pawes were stiffe and stronge.  
 The chambre dore they undone,  
 And the lyon to them is gone.  
 Rycharde sayd, Helpe, lorde Jesu !  
 The lyon made to hym venu,  
 And wolde hym have all to rente :  
 Kyng Rycharde besyde hym glente (*q*).  
 The lyon on the breste hym spurned,  
 That aboute he tourned.  
 The lyon was hongry and megre,  
 And bette his tayle to be egre ;  
 He loked aboute as he were madde ;  
 Abrode he all his pawes spradde.  
 He cryed lowde, and yaned (*q*) wyde.  
 Kyng Rycharde bethought hym that tyde,  
 What hym was beste, and to hym sterre,  
 In at the throte his honde he gerte,  
 And hente out the herte with his honde,  
 Lounge and all that he there fonde.  
 The lyon fell deed to the ground :  
 Rycharde felte no wem (*r*), ne wounde,  
 He fell on his knees on that place,  
 And thanked Jesu of his grace.

\* \* \* \* \*

What

(*p*) i. e. glanced, slipt.

(*q*) i. e. yawned.

(*r*) i. e. hurt.

What follows is not so well, and therefore I shall extract no more of this poem : but, the preceding circumstances are not unworthy the selection of any Epic poet.—For the above feat the author tells us, the king was deservedly called

Stronge Rycharde Cure de Lyowne.

THAT distich which Shakespeare puts in the mouth of his madman in K. LEAR, Act 3. sc. 4.

Mice and Rats and such small deere  
Have been 'Tom's food for seven long yeare,

has excited the attention of the critics. Instead of *deere*, one of them would substitute *geer*; and another *cheer* (*s*). But the ancient reading is established by the old Romance of SIR BEVIS, which Shakespeare had doubtless often heard sung to the harp. This distich is part of a description there given of the hardships suffered by Bevis, when confined for seven years in a dungeon.

Rattes and myse and such smal dere  
Was his meate that seven yere.

Sign. F. iii.

III. In different parts of this work, the Reader will find various extracts from these old poetical Legends : to which I refer him for farther examples of their style and metre. To complete this subject, it will be proper at least to give one specimen of their skill in distributing and conducting their fable, by which it will be seen that nature and common sense had supplied to these old simple bards the want of critical art, and taught them some of the most essential rules of Epic Poetry.—I shall

shall select the Romance of *LIBIUS DISCONIUS* (*t*), as being one of those mentioned by Chaucer, and either shorter or more intelligible than the others he has quoted.

If an Epic Poem may be defined, “ (*u*) A fable related by a poet, to excite admiration and inspire virtue, by representing the action of some one hero, favoured by heaven, who executes a great design, in spite of all the obstacles that oppose him : ” I know not why we should withhold the name of *EPIC POEM* from the piece which I am about to analyse.

My copy is divided into *IX PARTS* or Cantos, the several arguments of which are as follows.

PART I.

Opens with a short exordium to bespeak attention : the Hero is described, a natural son of Sir Gawain, a celebrated knight of K. Arthur's court, who being brought up in a forest by his mother, is kept ignorant of his name and descent. He early exhibits marks of his courage, by killing a knight in single combat, who encountered him as he was hunting. This inspires him with a desire of seeking adventures : therefore cloathing himself in his enemy's armour, he goes to K. Arthur's Court, to request the order of knighthood. His request granted, he obtains a promise of having the first adventure assigned him that shall offer.—A damsel named Ellen, attended by a dwarf, comes to implore K. Arthur's assistance, to rescue a young Princess, “ the Lady of Sinadone ” their mistress, who is detained from her rights, and confined in prison. The adventure is claimed by the young knight Sir Lybius : the king assents : the messengers are dissatisfied, and object to his youth ; but are forced to acquiesce. And here the first book closes with a description of the ceremony of equipping him forth.

VOL. III. C PART

(*t*) So it is intitled in the Editor's MS.

(*u*) Vid. “ Discours sur la Poësie Epique,” prefixed to *TALMAQUE*.



## P A R T   II.

Sir Lybius sets out on the adventure: he is derided by the dwarf and the damsel on account of his youth: they come to the bridge of Perill, which none can pass without encountering a knight called William de la Braunch. Sir Lybius is challenged: they just with their spears: De la Braunch is dismounted: the battle is renewed on foot: Sir William's sword breaks: he yields. Sir Lybius makes him swear to go and present himself to K. Arthur, as the first-fruits of his valour. The conquered knight sets out for K. Arthur's court: is met by three knights, his relations: who, informed of his disgrace, vow revenge, and pursue the conqueror. The next day they overtake him: the eldest of the three attacks Sir Lybius: but is overthrown to the ground. The two other brothers assault him: Sir Lybius is wounded; yet cuts off the second brother's arm: the third yields: Sir Lybius sends them all to K. Arthur. In the third evening he is awaked by the dwarf, who has discovered a fire in a wood.

## P A R T   III.

Sir Lybius arms himself, and leaps on horseback: he finds two Giants roasting a wild boar, who have a fair Lady their captive. Sir Lybius, by favour of the night, runs one of them through with his spear: is assaulted by the other: a fierce battle ensues: he cuts off the giant's arm, and at length his head. The rescued Lady (an Earl's daughter) tells him her story; and leads him to her father's castle: who entertains him with a great feast; and presents him at parting with a suit of armour and a steed. He sends the giant's head to K. Arthur.

## P A R T   IV.

Sir Lybius, maid Ellen, and the dwarf, renew their journey: they see a castle stuck round with human heads; and are informed it belongs to a knight called Sir Gefferon, who, in honour of his lemman or mistress, challenges all comers: He that can produce a fairer lady, is to be rewarded with a milk-white faulcon, but



if overcome, to lose his head. Sir Lybius spends the night in the adjoining town: In the morning goes to challenge the falcon. The knights exchange their gloves: they agree to just in the market place: the lady and maid Ellen are placed aloft in chairs: their dresses: the superior beauty of Sir Gefferon's mistress described: the ceremonies previous to the combat. They engage: the combat described at large: Sir Gefferon is incurably hurt; and carried home on his shield. Sir Lybius sends the falcon to K. Arthur; and receives back a large present in florins. He stays 40 days to be cured of his wounds, which he spends in feasting with the neighbouring lords.

PART V.

Sir Lybius proceeds for Sinadone: in a forest he meets a knight hunting, called Sir Otes de Lisle: maid Ellen charmed with a very beautiful dog, begs Sir Lybius to bestow him upon her: Sir Otes meets them, and claims his dog: is refused: being unarmed he rides to his castle, and summons his attendants: they go in quest of Sir Lybius: a battle ensues: he is still victorious, and forces Sir Otes to follow the other conquered knights to K. Arthur.

PART VI.

Sir Lybius comes to a fair city and castle by a river-side, beset round with pavilions or tents: he is informed, in the castle is a beautiful lady besieged by a giant named Maugys, who keeps the bridge, and will let none pass without doing him homage: this Lybius refuses: a battle ensues: the giant described: the several incidents of the battle; which lasts a whole summer's day: the giant is wounded; put to flight; slain. The citizens come out in procession to meet their deliverer: the lady invites him into her castle: falls in love with him: and seduces him to her embraces. He forgets the princess of Sinadone, and stays with this bewitching lady a twelvemonth. This fair sorceress, like another Alcina, intoxicates him with all kinds of

sensual pleasure ; and detains him from the pursuit of honour.

#### P A R T VII.

Maid Ellen by chance gets an opportunity of speaking to him ; and upbraids him with his vice and folly : he is filled with remorse, and escapes the same evening. At length he arrives at the city and castle of Sinadone : Is given to understand that he must challenge the constable of the castle to single combat, before he can be received as a guest. They just : the constable is worsted : Sir Lybius is feasted in the castle : he declares his intention of delivering their lady ; and inquires the particulars of her history. “ Two Necromancers have built a fine palace by sorcery, and there keep her enchanted, till she will surrender her duchy to them, and yield to such base conditions as they would impose.”

#### P A R T VIII.

Early on the morrow Sir Lybius sets out for the enchanted palace. He alights in the court : enters the hall : the wonders of which are described in strong Gothic painting. He sits down at the high table : on a sudden all the lights are quenched : it thunders, and lightens ; the palace shakes ; the walls fall in pieces about his ears. He is dismayed and confounded : but presently hears horses neigh, and is challenged to single combat by the forcerers. He gets to his steed : a battle ensues, with various turns of fortune : he loses his weapon : but gets a sword from one of the Necromancers, and wounds the other with it : the edge of the sword being secretly poisoned, the wound proves mortal.

#### P A R T IX.

He goes up to the surviving forcerer, who is carried away from him by enchantment : at length he finds him, and cuts off his head : He returns to the palace to deliver the lady : but cannot find her : as he is lamenting, a window opens, through which enters a  
horrible

horrible serpent with wings and a woman's face: it coils round his neck and kisses him; then is suddenly converted into a very beautiful lady. She tells him she is the Lady of Sinadone, and was so enchanted, till she might kiss Sir Gawain, or some one of his blood: that he has dissolved the charm, and that herself and her dominions may be his reward. He joyfully accepts the offer; makes her his bride, and then sets out with her for King Arthur's court."

SUCH is the fable of this ancient piece: which the reader may observe, is as regular in its conduct, as any of the finest poems of classical antiquity. If the execution, particularly as to the diction and sentiments, were but equal to the plan, it would be a capital performance; but this is such as might be expected in rude and ignorant times, and in a barbarous unpolished language.

IV. I SHALL conclude this prolix account, with a list of such old METRICAL ROMANCES as are still extant; beginning with those mentioned by Chaucer.

1. The Romance of *Horne-childe* is preserved in the British Museum; where it is intitled *þe geste of kyng Horne*. See Catalog. Harl. MSS. 2253. p. 70. The Language is almost Saxon, yet from the mention in it of Sarazens, it appears to have been written after some of the Crusades. It begins thus,

All heo ben blyþe  
þat to my song ylyþe;  
A song ychulle ou sing  
Of Allof þe gode kynge (x) &c.

Another copy of this poem, but greatly altered and somewhat modernized, is preserved in the Advocates  
c 3 Library

(x) i. e. May all they be blithe, that to my song listen: A song I shall you sing, Of Allof the good king, &c.

Library at Edinburgh, in a MS. quarto volume of old English poetry [W. 4. 1.] Num. XXXIV. in seven leaves or folios (*b*), intitled, *Horn-child and Maiden Riniwel*, and beginning thus,

Mi leve frende dere,  
Herken and ye may here.

2. The Poem of *Ipotis* (or *Ypotis*) is preserved in the Cotton Library, Calig. A. 2. fo. 77. but is rather a religious Legend, than a Romance. Its beginning is,

He þat wyll of wyfdome here  
Herkeneth nowe ze may here  
Of a tale of holy wryte  
Seynt Jon the Evangelyste wytnesseþ hyt.

3 The Romance of *Sir Guy*, was written before that of *Bevis*, being quoted in it (*y*). An account of this old poem is given below, pag. 100. To which it may be added, that two complete copies in MS. are preserved at Cambridge, the one in the public Library (*x*), the other in that of Caius College, Class A. 8.—In Ames's Typog. p. 153. may be seen the first lines of the printed copy.—The 1st MS. begins,

Sythe the tyme that God was borne.

4. *Guy and Colbronde*, an old Romance in three parts, is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. (p. 349.) It is  
in

(*b*) In each full page of this Vol. are 44 lines, when the poem is in long metre : and 88, when the metre is short, and the page in 2 columns.

(*y*) Sign. K. 2. b.

(*x*) For this and most of the following, which are mentioned as preserved in the Public Library, I refer the reader to the Oxon Catalogue of MSS. 1697. vol. 2. pag. 394. in Appendix to Bp. More's MSS. No. 690. 33. since given to the University of Cambridge.

in stanzas of 6 lines, the first of which may be seen in vol. 2. p. 163. beginning thus,

When meate and drinke is great plentye.

In the Edinburgh MS. (mentioned above) are two ancient poems on the subject of *Guy of Warwick*: viz. Num. XVIII. containing 26. leaves. and XXI. 59 leaves. Both these have unfortunately the beginnings wanting, otherwise they would perhaps be found to be different Copies of one or both the preceding articles.

5. From the same MS. I can add another article to this list, viz. The Romance of *Rembrun* son of Sir Guy; being Num. XXI. in 9 leaves: this is properly a Continuation of the History of *Guy*: and in Art. 3. the Hist. of *Rembrun* follows that of *Guy* as a necessary Part of it. This Edinburgh Romance of *Rembrun* begins thus

Jesu that erst of mighte most  
Fader and sone and Holy Gost.

Before I quit the subject of Sir *Guy*, I must observe, that if we may believe Dugdale in his *Baronage*, [vol. 1. p. 243. col. 2.] the same of our English Champion had in the time of Henry IV. travelled as far as the East, and was no less popular among the Sarazens, than here in the West among the Nations of Christendom. In that reign a Lord Beauchamp travelling to Jerusalem, was kindly received by a noble person, the Soldan's Lieutenant, who hearing he was descended from the famous Guy of Warwick, "whose story" they had in books of their own language," invited him to his palace; and royally feasting him, presented him with three precious stones of great value; besides divers cloaths of silk and gold given to his servants.



6. The Romance of *Syr Bevis* is described in pag. 216. of this vol. Two manuscript copies of this poem are extant at Cambridge; viz. in the Public Library (a), and in that of Caius Coll. Class A. 9. (5.)—The first of these begins,

Lordyngs lystenyth grete and smale.

There is also a Copy of this Romance of *Sir Bevis of Hamptoun*, in the Edinburgh MS. Numb. XXII. consisting of 25 leaves, and beginning thus,

Lordinges kerkneth to mi tale,  
Is merier than the nightengale.

The printed copies begin different from both: viz.

Lyften, Lordinges, and hold you styl.

7. *Libeaux* (*Libeaus*, or, *Lybius*) *Disconius* is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. (pag. 317.) where the first stanza is,

Jesus Christ christen kinge,  
And his mother that sweete thinge,  
Helpe them at their neede,  
That will listen to my tale,  
Of a Knight I will you tell,  
A doughtye man of deede.

An older copy is preserved in the Cotton Library [Cal. A. 2. fol. 40.] containing innumerable variations: the first line is,

Jesu Christ our Savyour.



As for *Blandamoure*, no Romance with this title has been discovered; but as the word occurs in that of *Li-beaux*, 'tis possible Chaucer's memory deceived him.

8. *Le Morte Arthure*, is among the Harl. MSS. 2252. § 49. This is judged to be a translation from the French; Mr. Wanly thinks it no older than the time of Hen. vii. but it seems to be quoted in *Syr Bevis*, (Sign. K. ij. b.) It begins

Lordinges, that are Iesse and deare.

In the Library of Bennet Coll. Cambridge, N<sup>o</sup>. 351. is a MS. intituled in the Cat. *Acta Arthuris Metrico Anglicano*, but I know not whether it has any thing in common with the former.

9. In the Editor's Folio MS. are many Songs and Romances about King Arthur and his Knights, some of which are very imperfect, as *K. Arthur and the king of Cornwall*. (p. 24.) in stanzas of 4 Lines, beginning

Come here, my cozen Gawain so gay.

*The Turke and Gawain*, (p. 38.) in stanzas of 6 lines, beginning thus,

Listen, Lords, great and small.

*Sir Lionel* in distichs (p. 32.) thus beginning,

Sir Egrabell had Sonnes three.

but these are so imperfect that I do not make distinct articles of them. See also in this Vol. Book 1. N<sup>o</sup>. I. II. IV. V.

10. In the same MS. p. 203. is the *Greene Knight*, in 2 Parts, relating a curious adventure of Sir Gawain, in stanzas of 6 lines, beginning thus,

List;

Lift : when Arthur he was kinge.

11. *The Carle of Carlisle*, is another romantic tale about Sir Gawain, in the same MS. p. 448. in distichs.

Listen to me a little stonde.

In all these old poems the same set of knights are always drawn with the same manners and characters ; which seem to have been as well known and as distinctly marked among our ancestors, as Homer's Heroes were among the Greeks : For as *Ulysses* is always represented crafty, *Achilles* irascible, and *Ajax* rough. So *Sir Gawain* is ever courteous and gentle, *Sir Kay* rugged and disobliging, &c. "*Sir Gawain with his* " *ould courtesy*" is mentioned by Chaucer as noted to a proverb, in his *Squire's Tale*. Urry's Ed. p. 60. v. 115.

12. *Syr Launfal*, an excellent old Romance concerning another of K. Arthur's Knights, is preserved in the Cotton Library, Calig. A. 2. f. 33. This is a translation from the French (*b*) made by one *Thomas Chestre*, who is supposed to have lived in the reign of Hen. vi. [See Tanner's Biblioth.] It is in stanzas of 6 Lines, and begins,

Le douzty Artours dawes.

The above was afterwards altered by some Minstrel into the Romance of *Sir Lambwell*, in 3 Parts, under which title it was more generally known (*c*). This is in the Editor's folio MS. p. 60. beginning thus,

Doughty in king Arthures dayes.

13. The

(*b*) The French Original is preserved among the Harl. MSS. No. 978. § 112. *Launfal*.

(*c*) See Lingham's Letter concern. Q. Eliz. entertainment at Killingworth, 1575. 12mo. p. 34.

13. The Romance of *Merline*, in 9 Parts, (preserved in the same folio MS. p. 144.) gives a curious account of the birth, parentage, and juvenile adventures of this famous British Prophet. In this poem the Saxons are called *Sarazens*; and the thrusting the rebel angels out of Heaven is attributed to "*oure Lady*." It is in distichs, and begins thus,

He that made with his hand.

There is an old Romance *Of Arthour and of Merlin*, in the Edinburgh MS. of old English Poems: I know not whether it has any thing in common with this last mentioned. It is in the volume, numbered XXIII. and extends through 55 leaves. The two first Lines are

Jesu Crist, heven king  
Al ous graunt gode ending.

14. *Sir Isenbras*, (or as it is in the MS. copies, *Sir Ifumbras*) is quoted in Chaucer's R. of Thop. v. 6. Among Mr. Garrick's old plays is a printed copy; of which an account has been already given, in Vol. 1. p. 305. It is preserved in MS. in the Library of Caius Coll. Camb. Clafs A. 9. (2.) and also in the Cotton Library, Cal. A. 12. (f. 128.) This is extremely different from the printed copy. E. g.

God þat made both erþe and hevene.

15. *Emarè*, a very curious and ancient Romance, is preserved in the same Vol. of the Cotton Library, f. 69. It is in stan. of 6 lines, and begins thus,

Jesu þat ys kyng in trone.

16. *Cbevelere assigne*, or, The Knight of the Swan, preserved in the Cotton Library, has been already described in Vol. 2. p. 272. as hath also

17. The

17. *The Sege of Jêrlam*, (or Jerusalem) which seems to have been written after the other, and may not improperly be classed among the Romances: as may also the following which is preserved in the same volume: viz.

18. *Owaine Myles*, (fol. 90) giving an account of the wonders of St. Patrick's Purgatory. This is a translation into verse of the story related in Mat. Paris's Hist. (sub Ann. 1153.)—It is in distichs beginning thus,

God þat ys so full of myght.

In the same Manuscript are one or two other narrative poems, which might be reckoned among the Romances, but being rather religious Legends, I shall barely mention them; as, *Tundale*, f. 17. *Trentale Sci Gregorii*. f. 84. *Jerome*. f. 133. *Eustache*. f. 136.

19. *Osavian imperator*, an ancient Romance of Chivalry, is in the same vol. of the Cotton Library, f. 20.—Notwithstanding the name, this old poem has nothing in common with the history of the Roman Emperors. It is in a very peculiar kind of Stanza, whereof 1, 2, 3, & 5, rhyme together, as do the 4 and 6. It begins thus,

Ihesu þat was with spere ystonge.

In the public Library at Camb. (b) is a poem with the same title, that begins very differently

Lyttyll and mykyll, olde and yonge.

20. *Eglamour of Artas* (or *Artoys*) is preserved in the same Vol. with the foregoing both in the Cotton Library, and public Library at Camb. It is also in the

(b) No. 690. (30.) Vid. Oxon. Catalog. MSS. p. 394.

Editor's

Editor's folio MS. p. 295. where it is divided into 6 Parts.—A printed Copy is in the Bodleian Library, C. 39. Art. Seld. And among Mr. Garrick's old plays, K. vol. X. It is in distichs, and begins thus,

Ihesu Crist of heven kyng.

21. *Syr Triamore* (in stan. of 6. Lines) is preserved in MS. in the Editor's folio Volume, p. 210. and in the public Library at Camb. (690. § 29. Vid. Cat. MSS. p. 394.)—Two printed Copies are extant in the Bodleian Library, and among Mr. Garrick's plays in the same volumes with the last article. Both the Editor's MS. and the printed Copies begin

Nowe Jesu Chryste our heven kynge.

The Cambridge Copy, thus,

Heven blys that all shall wyne.

22. *Sir Degree* (*Degare*, or *Degore*, which last seems the true title) in 5 Parts, in distichs, is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. p. 371. and in the public Library at Camb. (ubi supra) — A printed Copy is in the Bod. Library, C. 39. Art. Seld. and among Mr. Garrick's plays K. vol. IX.—The Editor's MS. and the printed Copies begin

Lordinge, and you wyl holde you styl.

The Cambridge MS. has it

Lyftenyth, lordyng's, gente and fre.

23. *Ipomydon*, (or *Chylde Ipomydon*) is preserved among the Harl. MSS. 2252. (44.) It is in distichs and begins,

Mekely, lordyngis, gentylle and fre.

In



In the Library of Lincoln Cathedral. K k. 3. 10. is an old imperfect printed Copy, wanting the whole first sheet A.

24. *The Squyr of Lowe degre*, is one of those burlesqued by Chaucer in his R. of Thopas (a)—Mr. Garrick has a printed Copy of this, among his old plays, K. Vol. IX. It begins

It was a squyer of lowe degre,  
That loved the kings daughter of Hungre.

24. *Histoyre of K. Richard Cure [Cœur] de Lyon*. [Impr. W. de Worde, 1528. 4to.] is preserved in the Bodleian Library, C. 39. Art. Selden. A fragment of it is also remaining in the Edinburgh MS. of old English Poems; Num. XXXVI. in 2 leaves. A large Extract from this Romance has been given already above, p. xv. Richard was the peculiar patron of Chivalry, and therefore was a favourite with the old Minstrels. See Warton's Observ. V. 1. p. 29. V. 2. p. 40.

26. The following I have not seen, but I believe they may all be referred to the Class of Romances.

*The Knight of Courtesy and the Lady of Faguel* (Bodl. Lib. C. 39. Art. Seld. a printed Copy.) This Mr. Warton thinks is the Story of Coucy's Heart, related in Fauchet, and in Howel's Letters. [V. 1. S. 6. L. 20. See Wart. Obs. V. 2. p. 40.] The Editor has seen a very beautiful old ballad on this subject in French.

27. The four following are all preserved in the MS. so often referred to in the public Library at Camb. (690. Appendix to Bp. More's MSS. in Cat. MSS. Tom. 2. p. 394.) viz. *The Erle of Tholouse*. (N<sup>o</sup> 27.) beginning

Jesu Chryste in Trynyte.

28. *Ro-*

(a) See Mr. Warton's Observat. Vol. 1. p. 139. note.



28. *Robert Kyng of Cyfyll* (or Sicily) shewing the fall of Pride. Of this there is also a Copy among the Harl. MSS. 1703. (3.) The Camb. MS. begins

Princis that be prowde in prese.

29. *Le bone Florence of Rome*, beginning thus

As ferre as men ride or gone.

30. *Dioclesian the Emperour*, beginning,

Sum tyme ther was a noble man.

31. The two knightly brothers *Amyas and Amelion* (among the Harl. MSS. 2386. § 42.) I suppose to be an old Romance of Chivalry; as also the fragment of the *Lady Belesanz, the Duke of Lombardy's fair daughter*, mentioned in the same article. See the Catalog. Vol. 2.

32. In the Edinburgh MS. so often referred to (preserved in the Advocates Library, W 4. 1.) might probably be found some other articles to add to this list, as well as other copies of some of the pieces mentioned in it; for the whole Volume contains not fewer than xxxvii poems or romances, some of them very long. But as many of them have lost the beginnings, which have been cut out for the sake of the illuminations; and as I have not had an opportunity of examining the MS. myself, I shall be content to mention only the articles that follow †, viz.

An old Romance about *Rouland* (not I believe the famous Paladine, but a champion named *Rouland Louth*; quere) being in the Volume, Numb. xxvii. in 5 leaves, and wants the beginning.

† Some of these I give, though mutilated and divested of their titles, because they may enable a curious inquirer to complete or improve other copies.

33. Another Romance, that seems to be a kind of continuation of this last, intitled, *Otuel a Knight*, (Numb. xxviii. in 11 leaves and a half.) The two first lines are,

Herkneth both zinge and old,  
That willen heren of battailes bold.

34. *The King of Tars* (Numb. iv. in 5 leaves and a hal) beginning thus,

Herkneth to me bothe eld and zing,  
For Maries love that swete thing.

35. A Tale or Romance, (Numb. i. 2 leaves), that wants both beginning and end. The first lines now remaining are,

Th'Erl him graunted his will y-wis. that the knicht him haden  
y told.

The Baronis that were of mikle pris. befor him thay weren  
y-cald.

36. Another mutilated Tale or Romance (Numb. iii. 4 leaves). The first lines at present are,

To Mr Steward wil y gon. and tellen him the sothe of the  
Refeyved bestow sone anon. gif zou will serve and with hir be.

37. A mutilated Tale or Romance (Numb. xi. in 13 leaves). The two first lines that occur are,

That richa Douke his fest gan hold  
With Erls and with Baronns bold.

I cannot conclude my account of this curious Manuscript, without acknowledging publicly, that I am indebted to the friendship of the Reverend Dr. BLAIR, the present ingenious Professor of Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh, for whatever I know of its contents, and for the important additions it has enabled me to make to the foregoing List.

# AND BALLADS.

## I.

### THE BOY AND THE MANTLE,

— Is printed verbatim from the old MS described in the Preface. The Editor believes it more ancient, than it will appear to be at first sight; the transcriber of that manuscript having reduced the orthography and style in many instances to the standard of his own times.

The incidents of the MANTLE and the KNIFE have not, that I can recollect, been borrowed from any other writer. The former of these evidently suggested to Spenser his conceit of FLORIMEL'S GIRDLE. B. iv. C. 5. St. 3.

That girdle gave the virtue of chaste love  
And wivehood true to all that did it beare;  
But whosoever contrarie doth prove,  
Might not the same about her middle weare,  
But it would loose or else asunder teare.  
So it happened to the false Florimel, st. 16, when  
— Being brought, about her middle small  
They thought to gird, as best it her became,  
But by no means they could it thereto frame,  
For ever as they fastned it, it loos'd  
And fell away, as feeling secret blame, &c.  
That all men wondred at the uncouth sight  
And each one thought as to their fancies came.  
But she herself did think it done for spight,  
And touched was with secret wrath and shame  
Therewith, as thing deviz'd her to defame:  
Then many other ladies likewise tride  
About their tender loynes to knit the same,  
But it would not on none of them abide,  
But when they thought it fast, estsoones it was untide.  
Thereat all knights gan laugh and ladies lowre,  
Till that at last the gentle Amoret

*Likewise assayed to prove that girdle's powre.  
 And having it about her middle set  
 Did find it fit withouten breach or let,  
 Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie.  
 But Florimel exceedingly did fret  
 And snatching from her hand, &c.*

*As for the trial of the HORNE, it is not peculiar to our Poet: It occurs in the old romance, intituled Morte Arthur, which was translated out of French in the time of K. Edw. IV. and first printed anno 1484. From that romance Ariosto is thought to have borrowed his tale of the Enchanted Cup, C. 42. &c. See Mr. Warton's Observations on the Faerie Queen, &c.*

*The story of the HORN in Morte Arthur varies a good deal from this of our Poet, as the reader will judge from the following extract.—“By the way they met with  
 “a knight that was sent from Morgan le Faye to king  
 “Arthur, and this knight had a fair horne all garnished  
 “with gold, and the horne had such a virtue that there  
 “might no ladye or gentlewoman drinke of that horne, but  
 “if she were true to her husband: and if shee were false  
 “she should spill all the drinke, and if shee were true unto  
 “her lorde, shee might drink peaceably: and because of  
 “queene Guenever and in despite of Sir Launcelot du Lake,  
 “this horne was sent unto king Arthur.”—This horn is intercepted and brought unto another king named Marke, who is not a whit more fortunate than the British hero, for he makes “his queene drinke thereof and an hundred  
 “ladies moe, and there were but foure ladies of all those  
 “that drank cleane” of which number the said queen, proves not to be one [Book II. chap. 22. Ed. 1632.]*

*In other respects the two stories are so different, that we have just reason to suppose this Ballad was written before that romance was translated into English.*

*As for queen Guenever, she is here represented no otherwise, than as we find her in old histories and romances. Holinshed observes, that “she was evil reported of, as noted of incontinence and breach of faith to hir husband.” Vol. I. p. 93.*

*☞ SUCH READERS, AS HAVE NO RELISH FOR PURE ANTIQUITY, WILL FIND A MORE MODERN COPY OF THIS BALLAD AT THE END OF THE VOLUME.*

**I**N the third day of may,  
To Carleile did come  
A kind curteous child,  
That cold much of wifdome.

A kirtle and a mantle 5  
This child had uppon,  
With 'brooches' and ringes  
Full richelye bedone.

He had a fute of filke  
About his middle drawne; 10  
Without he cold of curtesye  
He thought itt much shame.

God speede thee, king Arthur,  
Sitting at thy meate :  
And the goodly queene Guénever, 15  
I cannott her forgett.

I tell you, lords, in this hall;  
I hett you all to 'heede';  
Except you be the more surer  
Is for you to dread. 20

He plucked out of his poterver,  
And longer wold not dwell,  
He pulled forth a pretty mantle,  
Betweene two nut-shells.

B 2

Have

Have thou here, king Arthur; 25  
 Have thou heere of mee:  
 Give itt to thy comely queene  
 Shapen as itt is alreadye.

It shall never become that wiffe,  
 That hath once done amisse. 30  
 Then every knight in the king's court  
 Began to care for 'his.'

Forth came dame Guénever;  
 To the mantle shee her 'hied';  
 The ladye shee was newfangle, 35  
 But yett she was affrayd.

When shee had taken the mantle;  
 She stoode as she had beene madd:  
 It was from the top to the toe  
 As sheeres had itt shread. 40

One while was it 'gule';  
 Another while was itt greene;  
 Another while was itt wadded:  
 Ill itt did her beseeme.

Another while was itt blacke, 45  
 And bore the worst hue:  
 By my troth, quoth king Arthur,  
 I thinke thou be not true.

Shee



Shee threw downe the mantle,  
That bright was of blee ; 50  
Fast with a rudd redd,  
To her chamber can shee flee.

She curst the weaver, and the walker,  
That clothe that had wrought ;  
And bade a vengeance on his crowne, 55  
That hither hath itt brought.

I had rather be in a wood,  
Under a green tree ;  
Than in king Arthur's court  
Shamed for to bee. 60

Kay called forth his ladye,  
And bade her come neere ;  
Saies, Madam, and thou be guiltye,  
I pray thee hold thee there.

Forth came his ladye 65  
Shortlye and anon ;  
Boldlye to the mantle  
Then is shee gone.

When she had tane the mantle,  
And cast it her about ; 70  
Then was she bare  
‘ Before all the rout.’

Then every knight,  
That was in the king's court,  
Talked, laughed, and showed  
Full oft at that sport.

75

Shee threw downe the mantle,  
That bright was of blee;  
Fast, with a red rudd,  
To her chamber can she flee.

80

Forth came an old knight  
Pattering ore a creede,  
And he proffered to this litle boy  
Twenty markes to his meede;

And all the time of the Christmasse  
Willinglye to ffeede;  
For why this mantle might  
Do his wiffe some need.

85

When she had tane the mantle,  
Of cloth that was made,  
She had no more left on her,  
But a tassell and a threed:  
Then every knight in the kings court  
Bade evill might shee speed.

90

Shee threw downe the mantle,  
That bright was of blee;

95

And

And fast, with a redd rudd,  
To her chamber can shee flee.

Craddocke called forth his ladye,  
And bade her come in ; 100  
Saith, winne this mantle, ladye,  
With a little dinne.

Winne this mantle, ladye,  
And it shal be thine,  
If thou never did amisse 105  
Since thou wast mine.

Forth came Craddocke's ladye  
Shortlye and anon ;  
But boldlye to the mantle  
Then is shee gone. 110

When shee had tane the mantle,  
And cast itt her about,  
Upp att her great toe  
It began to crinkle and crowt :  
Shee said, bowe downe, mantle, 115  
And shame me not for nought.

Once I did amisse,  
I tell you certainlye,  
When I kist Craddocke's mouth  
Under a greene tree ; 120

When I kist Craddockes mouth  
Before he marryed mee.

When shee had her shreeven,  
And her finnes shee had tolde ;  
The mantle stooode about her  
Right as shee wold : 125

Seemelye of coulour  
Glittering like gold :  
Then every knight in Arthurs court  
Did her behold. 130

Then spake dame Guénever  
To Arthur our king ;  
She hath tane yonder mantle  
Not with right, but with wronge.

See you not yonder woman,  
That maketh her self ' cleane ' ?  
I have seene tane out of her bedd  
Of men five teene ; 135

Priests, clarkes, and wedded men  
From her bedeene : 140  
Yett shee taketh the mantle,  
And maketh her self cleane.

Then

Then spake the litle boy,  
That kept the mantle in hold ;  
Sayes, king, chasten thy wiffe, 145  
Of her words shee is too bold :

Shee is a bitch and a witch,  
And whore bold :  
King, in thine owne hall,  
Thou art a cuckold. 150

The litle boy stooode  
Looking out a dore ;  
' And there as he was lookinge  
' He was ware of a wyld bore.'

He was ware of a wyld bore, 155  
Wold have werryed a man :  
He pulled forth a wood kniffe,  
Fast thither that he ran :  
He brought in the bores head,  
And quitted him like a man. 160

He brought in the bores head,  
And was wonderous bold :  
He said there were never a cuckolds kniffe  
Carve itt that cold.

Some rubbed their knives 165  
Uppon a whetstone :

Some

Some threw them under the table,  
And said they had none.

King Arthur, and the child  
Stood looking upon them ; 170  
All their knives edges  
Turned backe againe.

Craddocke had a litle knife  
Of iron and of steele ;  
He britled the bores head 175  
Wonderous weele ;  
That every knight in the kings court  
Had a morfell.

The litle boy had a horne,  
Of red gold that ronge : 180  
He said, there was noe cuckolde  
Shall drinke of my horne ;  
But he shold itt sheede  
Either behind or beforne.

Some shedd on their shoulder, 185  
And some on their knee ;  
He that cold not hitt his mouthe,  
Put it in his eye :  
And he that was a cuckold  
Every man might him see. 190

Craddocke



Craddocke wan the horne,  
 And the bores head :  
 His ladie wan the mantle  
 Unto her meede.  
 Everye such lovely ladye  
 God fend her well to speede.

195

II.

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE

— Is chiefly taken from the fragment of an old ballad in the Editor's MS. which he has reason to believe more ancient than the time of CHAUCER, and what furnished that bard with his *Wife of Bath's Tale*. The original was so extremely mutilated, half of every leaf being torn away, that without large supplements, &c. it would have been improper for this collection: these it has therefore received, such as they are. They are not here particularly pointed out, because the FRAGMENT itself will some time or other be given to the public.

PART THE FIRST.

**K**ING Arthur lives in merry Carleile,  
 And seemely is to see ;  
 And there with him queene Guenever,  
 That bride foe bright of blee.

And there with him queene Guenever,  
 That bride so bright in bowre :  
 And all his barons about him stode,  
 That were both stiffe and stowre.

5

The king a royale Christmasse kept,  
 With mirth and princelye cheare ; 10  
 To him repaired many a knighte,  
 That came both farre and neare.

And when they were to dinner fette,  
 And cups went freely round ;  
 Before them came a faire damsèlle, 15  
 And knelt upon the ground.

A boone, a boone, O kinge Arthùre,  
 I beg a boone of thee ;  
 Avenge me of a carlish knighte,  
 Who hath shent my love and mee. 20

In Tearne-Wadling † his castle stands,  
 All on a hill foe hye,  
 And proudlye rise the battlements,  
 And gaye the streameres flye.

Noe gentle knighte, nor ladye faire, 25  
 May pass that castle-walle :  
 But from that foule discourteous knighte,  
 Mishappe will them befall.

Hee's twyce the size of common men,  
 Wi' thewes, and sinewes stronge, 30  
 And on his backe he bears a clubbe,  
 That is both thicke and longe.

This

† This is the name of a place in Cumberland, where the remains of an ancient Castle are still to be seen : Tearne in the dialect of that Country signifies a small Lake.

This grimme baròne 'twas our harde happe,  
But yester morne to fee;  
When to his bowre he bore my love,  
And fore misused mee.

35

And when I told him, king Arthùre  
As lyttle shold him spare;  
Goe tell, sayd hee, that cuckold kinge,  
To meete mee if he dare.

40

Upp then sterted king Arthùre,  
And sware by hille and dale,  
He ne'er wolde quitt that grimme baròne,  
Till he had made him quail.

Goe fetch my sword Excalibar :

45

Goe saddle mee my steede;  
Nowe, by my faye, that grimme baròne  
Shall rue this ruthfulle deede.

And when he came to Tearne Wadlinge

Benethe the castlle walle :

50

“ Come forth ; come forth ; thou proude baròne,  
Or yielde thyself my thralle.”

On magicke grounde that castlle stoode,

And fenc'd with many a spelle :

Noe valiant knighte could tread thereon,

55

But straite his courage felle.

Forth

Forth then rush'd that carlish knight,  
King Arthur felte the charme :  
His sturdy sinewes lost their strengthe,  
Downe funke his feeble arme. 60

Nowe yield thee, yield thee, kinge Arthùre,  
Now yield thee, unto mee :  
Or fighte with mee, or lose thy lande,  
Noe better termes maye bee.

Unlesse thou sweare upon the rood, 65  
And promise on thy faye,  
Here to returne to Tearne Wadling,  
Upon the new-yeare's daye :

And bringe me worde what thing it is  
All women moſte deſyre : 70  
This is thy ranſome, Arthur, he ſayes,  
Ile have noe other hyre.

King Arthur then helde up his hande,  
And ſware upon his faye,  
Then tooke his leave of the grimme barone 75  
And faſte hee rode awaye.

And he rode eaſt, and he rode weſt,  
And did of all inqyre,  
What thing it is all women crave,  
And what they moſt deſyre. 80

Some

Some told him riches, pompe, or state ;  
Some rayment fine and brighte ;  
Some told him mirthe ; some flatterye ;  
And some a jollye knighte.

In letteres all king Arthur wrote, 85  
And seal'd them with his ringe :  
But still his minde was helde in doubte,  
Each tolde a different thinge.

As ruthfulle he rode over a more,  
He saw a ladye sette 90  
Betweene an oke, and a greene holléye,  
All clad in red \* scarlette.

Her nose was crookt and turnd outwårde,  
Her chin stoode all awrye ;  
And where as sholde have been her mouthe, 95  
Lo ! there was set her eye :

Her haire, like serpents, clung aboute  
Her cheekes of deadlye hewe :  
A worfe-form'd ladye than she was,  
No man mote ever viewe. 100

To hail the king in seemelye forte  
This ladye was fulle faine ;  
But king Arthure all fore amaz'd,  
No aunswere made againe.

What

What wight art thou, the ladye sayd, 105  
That wilt not speake to mee ;  
Sir, I may chance to ease thy paine,  
Though I bee foule to see.

If thou wilt ease my paine, he sayd,  
And helpe me in my neede ; 110  
Ask what thou wilt, thou grimme ladyè,  
And it shall bee thy meede.

O sweare mee this upon the roode,  
And promise on thy faye ;  
And here the secrette I will telle, 115  
That shall thy ransome paye.

King Arthur promis'd on his faye,  
And sware upon the roode ;  
The secrette then the ladye told,  
As lightlye well shee cou'de. 120

Now this shall be my paye, fir king,  
And this my guerdon bee,  
That some yong, fair and courtlye knight,  
Thou bringe to marrye mee.

Fast then pricked king Arthùre 125  
Ore hille, and dale, and downe :  
And soone he founde the barone's bowre ;  
And soone the grimme baroune.



He bare his clubbe upon his backe,  
Hee stoode bothe stiffe and stronge ; 130  
And, when he had the letters reade,  
Awaye the lettres flunge.

Nowe yelde thee, Arthur, and thy lands,  
All forfeit unto mee ;  
For this is not thy paye, fir king, 135  
Nor may thy ranfome bee.

Yet hold thy hand, thou proude barone,  
I praye thee hold thy hand ;  
And give mee leave to speake once moe  
In reskewe of my land. 140

This morne, as I came over a more,  
I saw a ladye sette  
Betwene an oke, and a greene hollèye,  
All clad in red scarlèt.

Shee sayes, all women will have their wille, 145  
This is their chief desyre ;  
Nowe yield, as thou art a barone true,  
That I have payd mine hyre.

An earlye vengeaunce light on her !  
The carlish baron swore : 150  
Shee was my sifter tolde thee this,  
And shee's a mishapen whore.

But here I will make mine avowe,  
 To do her as ill a turne :  
 For an ever I may that foule theefe gette, 155  
 In a fyre I will her burne.

## PART THE SECONDE.

**H**Omewarde pricked king Arthùre,  
 And a wearye man was hee ;  
 And soone he mette queene Guenever,  
 That bride so bright of blee.

What newes ! what newes ! thou noble king, 5  
 Howe, Arthur, hast thou sped ?  
 Where hast thou hung the carlish knight ?  
 And where bestow'd his head ?

The carlish knight is safe for mee,  
 And free fro mortal harme : 10  
 On magicke grounde his castle stands,  
 And fenc'd with many a charme.

To bowe to him I was fulle faine,  
 And yelde mee to his hand :  
 And but for a lothly ladye, there 15  
 I sholde have lost my land.

And

And nowe this fills my hearte with woe,  
 And sorrowe of my life ;  
 I swore a yonge and courtlye knight,  
 Sholde marry her to his wife.

Then bespake him fir Gawàine,  
 That was ever a gentle knighte :  
 That lothly ladye I will wed ;  
 Therefore be merrye and lighte.

Nowe naye, nowe naye, good fir Gawàine ;      25  
 My sifter's sonne yee bee ;  
 This lothlye ladye's all too grimme,  
 And all too foule for yee.

Her nose is crookt and turn'd outwàrde ;  
 Her chin stands all awrye ;      30  
 A worse form'd ladye than shee is  
 Was never seen with eye.

What though her chin stand all awrye,  
 And shee be foule to see :  
 I'll marry her, unkle, for thy sake,      35  
 And I'll thy ranfome bee.

Nowe thanks, nowe thanks, good fir Gawàine ;  
 And a blessing thee betyde !  
 To-morrow wee'll have knights and squires,  
 And wee'll goe fetch thy bride.      40

And wee'll have hawkes and wee'll have houndes,  
To cover our intent ;

And wee'll away to the greene forèst,  
As wee a hunting went.

Sir Lancelot, fir Stephen bolde, 45  
They rode with them that daye ;  
And foremoste of the companye  
There rode the stewartde Kaye :

Soe did fir Banier and fir Bore,  
And eke fir Garratte keene ; 50  
Sir Tristram too, that gentle knight,  
To the forest freshe and greene.

And when they came to the greene forrèst,  
Beneathe a faire holley tree  
There fate that ladye in red scarlèt 55  
That unseemelye was to see.

Sir Kay beheld that lady's face,  
And locked upon her sweere ;  
Whoever kisses that ladye, he sayes 60  
Of his kisse he stands in feare.

Sir Kay beheld that ladye againe,  
And looked upon her snout ;  
Whoever kisses that ladye, he sayes,  
Of his kisse he stands in doubt.

Peace,

Peace, brother Kay, sayde fir Gawàine, 65

And amend thee of thy life :

For there is a knight amongst us all,

Must marry her to his wife.

What marry this foule queane, quoth Kay,

I the devil's name anone ;

70

Get mee a wife wherever I maye,

In sooth shee shall bee none.

Then some tooke up their hawkes in haste,

And some took up their houndes ;

And sayd they wolde not marry her,

75

For cities, nor for townes.

Then bespake him king Arthùre,

And sware there by this daye ;

For a little foule fighte and mislikinge,

Yee shall not say her naye.

80

Peace, lordings, peace : fir Gawaine sayd,

Nor make debate and strife ;

This lothlye ladye I will take,

And marry her to my wife.

Nowe thanks, nowe thanks, good fir Gawaine,

And a blessinge be thy meede !

86

For as I am thine owne ladye,

Thou never shalt rue this deede.

Then up they took that lothly dame,  
And home anone they bringe : 90  
And there fir Gawaine he her wed,  
And married her with a ringe.

And when they were in wed-bed laid,  
And all were done awaye ;  
Come turne to mee, mine owne wed-lord 95  
Come turne to mee I praye.

Sir Gawaine scant could lift his head,  
For sorrowe and for care ;  
When, lo ! instead of that lothelye dame,  
Hee sawe a young ladye faire. 100

Sweet blufhes stayn'd her rud-red cheeke,  
Her eyen were blacke as floe :  
The ripening cherrye swellde her lippe,  
And all her necke was snowe.

Sir Gawaine kifs'd that lady faire, 105  
Lying upon the sheete :  
And swore, as he was a true knighte,  
The spice was never foe sweete.

Sir Gawaine kifs'd that lady brighte,  
Lying there by his fide : 110  
" The fairest flower is not foe faire ;  
Thou never can'st bee my bride."

I am



I am thy bride, mine owne deare lorde,  
 The fame whiche thou didst knowe,  
 That was foe lothlye, and was wont  
 Upon the wild more to goe. 115

Nowe, gentle Gawaine, chuse, quoth shee,  
 And make thy choice with care ;  
 Whether by night, or else by daye,  
 Shall I be foule or faire ? 120

“ To have thee foule still in the night,  
 When I with thee should playe !  
 I had rather farre, my lady deare,  
 To have thee foule by daye.”

What when gaye ladyes goe with their lordes’ 125  
 To drinke the ale and wine ;  
 Alas ! then I must hide myself,  
 I must not goe with mine ?

“ My faire ladyè, sir Gawaine sayd,  
 I yield me to thy skille ; 130  
 Because thou art mine owne ladyè  
 Thou shalt have all thy wille.”

Nowe blessed be thou, sweete Gawaine,  
 And the daye that I thee see ;  
 For as thou seest mee at this time, 135  
 Soe shall I ever bee.

My father was an aged knighte,  
 And yet it chanced foe,  
 He tooke to wife a false ladyè,  
 Whiche broughte me to this woe. 140

Shee witch'd mee, being a faire yonge maide,  
 In the greene forêt to dwelle ;  
 And there to abide in lothlye shape,  
 Most like a fiend of helle.

Midst mores and mosses ; woods, and wilds ; 145  
 To lead a lonesome life :  
 Till some yong faire and courtlye knighte  
 Wolde marrye me to his wife :

Nor fully to gaine mine owne trewe shape,  
 Such was her devilish skille ; 150  
 Until he wolde yelde to be rul'd by mee,  
 And let mee have all my wille.

She witchd my brother to a carlish boore,  
 And made him stiffe and stronge ;  
 And built him a bowre on magicke grounde, 155  
 To live by rapine and wronge.

But now the spelle is broken throughe,  
 And wronge is turnde to righte ;  
 Henceforth I shall bee a faire ladyè,  
 And hee be a gentle knighte. 160

\* \* \*

III.

## III.

## KING RYENCE'S CHALLENGE.

*This song is more modern than many of those which follow it, but is placed here for the sake of the subject. It was sung before queene Elizabeth at the grand entertainment at Kenelworth-castle in 1575, and was probably composed for that occasion. In a letter describing those festivities, it is thus mentioned; "A minstrel came forth with a sollem song, warranted for story out of K. Arthur's acts, whereof I gat a copy, and is this;*

*So it fell out on a Pentecost &c."*

*After the song the narrative proceeds: "At this the Minstrell made a pause and a curtezy for primus passus. More of the song is thear, but I gatt it not."*

*The story in Morte Arthur, whence it is taken, runs as follows, "Came a messenger hastily from king Ryence of North-Wales,—saying, that king Ryence had discomfited and overcomen eleaven kings, and everiche of them did him homage, and that was this; they gave him their beards cleane flayne off,—wherefore the messenger came for king Arthur's beard, for king Ryence had purfeled a mantell with kings beards, and there lacked for one place of the mantell, wherefore he sent for his beard, or else he would enter into his lands, and brenn and slay, and never leave till he have thy head and thy beard. Well, said king Arthur, thou hast said thy message, which is the most villainous and lewdest message that ever man heard sent to a king. Also thou mayest see my beard is full young yet for to make a purfell of, but tell thou the king that—or it be long he shall do to me homage on both his knees, or else he shall leese his head." [B. 1. c. 24. See also the same Romance, B. 1. c. 92.]*

*The thought seems to be originally taken from Jeff. Monmouth's hist. B. 10. c. 3. which is alluded to by Drayton in his Poly-Olb. Song 4. and by Spencer in Faer. Qu. 6. 1. 13. 15. See the Observations on Spenser, vol. 2. p. 223.*

*The*

*The following text is composed of the best readings selected from three different copies. The first in Enderbie's Cambria Triumphans, p. 197. The second in the Letter abovementioned. And the third inserted in MS. in a copy of Morte Arthur, 1632, in the Bodl. Library.*

“Stow tells us, that king Arthur kept his round  
“table at “diverse places, but especially at Carlion, Win-  
“chester, and Camalet in Somersetsshire. This Ca-  
“melet sometimes a famous towne or castle, is situate on  
“a very high tor or hill, &c.” [See an exact descrip-  
tion in Stowe's Annals, Ed. 1631. p. 55.]

A S it fell out on a Pentecost day,  
King Arthur at Camelot kept his court royall,  
With his faire queene dame Guenever the gay ;  
And many bold barons sitting in hall ;  
With ladies attired in purple and pall ;  
And heraults in hewkes, hooting on high,  
Cryed, *Largefse, Largefse, Chevaliers tres-bardie.* §

A doughty dwarfe to the uppermost deas  
Right pertlye gan pricke, kneeling on knee,  
With steven fulle stoute amids all the preas,  
Sayd, Nowe fir king Arthur, God save thee, and see !  
Sir Ryence of North-gales greeteth well thee,  
And bids thee thy beard anon to him send,  
Or else from thy jaws he will it off rend.

For his robe of state is a rich scarlet mantle,  
With eleven kings beards bordered \* about,

§ *Largefse, Largefse, The heralds resounded these words as oft as they received of the bounty of the knights. See “Memoires de la Chevalerie.” tom. p. 1. 99.—The expression is still used in the form of installing knights of the garter.*

\* *Perhaps 'broidered : so “purfelled” signifies.*

And

And there is room lefte yet in a kante,  
For thine to stande, to make the twelfth out:  
This must be done, be thou never so stout;  
This must be done, I tell thee no fable,  
Maugre the teethe of all thy round table.

When this mortal message from his mouthe past,  
Great was the noyse bothe in hall and in bower:  
The king fum'd; the queene screecht; ladies were aghast;  
Princes puffd; barons blustred; lords began lower;  
Knights stormed; squires startled, like steeds in a stower;  
Pages and yeomen yell'd out in the hall,  
Then in came sir Kay, the 'king's' seneschal.

Silence, my soveraignes, quoth this courteous knight,  
And in that stound the stowre began still:  
'Then' the dwarfe's dinner full deerely was dight,  
Of wine and wassel he had his wille;  
And, when he had eaten and drunken his fill,  
An hundred pieces of fine coyned gold  
Were given this dwarf for his message bold.

But say to sir Ryence, thou dwarf, quoth the king,  
That for his bold message I do him desye;  
And shortlye with basins and pans will him ring  
Out of North-gales; where he and I  
With swords, and not razors, quickly shall trye,  
Whether he, or king Arthur will prove the best barbor;  
And therewith he shook his good sword Excalabor.

\* \* \* \* \*

## IV.

## KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

## A FRAGMENT.

*The subject of this ballad is evidently taken from the old romance Morte Arthur, but with some variations, especially in the concluding stanzas; in which the author seems rather to follow the traditions of the old Welsh Bards, who "believed that King Arthur was not dead, but conveyed "awaie by the Fairies into some pleasant place, where he "should remaine for a time, and then retorne againe and "reign in as great authority as ever." Holingshed. B. 5. c. 14. or as it is expressed in an old Chronicle printed at Antwerp 1493 by Ger. de Leeuw, "The Bre- "tons supposen, that he [K. Arthur] — shall come yet and "conquere all Bretaine, for certes this is the prophicye of "Merlyn: He sayd, that his deth shall be doubtous; and "sayd soth, for men thereof yet have doubt, and shullen for "ever more, — for men wyt not whether that he lyveth "or is dede." See more ancient testimonies in Selden's Notes on Polyolbion, Song III.*

*This fragment being very incorrect and imperfect in the original MS. hath received some conjectural emendations, and even a supplement of 3 or 4 stanzas composed from the romance of MORTE ARTHUR.*

ON Trinitye Mondaye in the morne,  
 This fore battayle was doom'd to bee;  
 Where manye a knyghte cry'd, Well-awaye!  
 Alacke, it was the more pittie.

Ere



Ere the first crowinge of the cocke, 5  
When as the kinge in his bed laye,  
He thoughte fir Gawaine to him came,  
And there to him these wordes did faye.

Nowe as you are mine unkle deare,  
And as you prize your life, this daye 10  
O meet not with your foe in fighte ;  
Putt off the battayle, if yee maye.

For fir Launcelot is nowe in Fraunce,  
And with him many an hardye knighte :  
Who will within this moneth be backe, 15  
And will assiste yee in the fighte.

The kinge then call'd his nobles all,  
Before the breakinge of the daye ;  
And tolde them howe fir Gawaine came,  
And there to him these wordes did faye. 20

His nobles all this counfayle gave,  
That earlye in the morning, hee  
Shold fend awaye an herauld at armes,  
To aske a parley faire and free.

Then twelve good knightes king Arthure chose, 25  
The best of all that with him were :  
To parley with the foe in field,  
And make with him agreement faire.

The

The king he charged all his hoste,  
 In readinesse there for to bee :  
 But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,  
 Unlesse a sword drawne they shold see.

30

And Mordred on the other parte,  
 Twelve of his knights did likewise bringe ;  
 The beste of all his companye,  
 To hold the parley with the kinge.

35

Sir Mordred alsoe charged his hoste,  
 In readinesse there for to bee ;  
 But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,  
 But if a sworde drawne they shold see.

40

For he durste not his unkle truste,  
 Nor he his nephewe, sothe to tell :  
 Alacke ! it was a woefulle case,  
 As ere in Christentye befelle.

But when they were together mette,  
 And both to faire accordance broughte ;  
 And a month's league betweene them sette,  
 Before the battayle sholde be foughte.

45

An addere crept forth of a bushe,  
 Stunge one o' th' king's knightes on the knee : 50  
 Alacke ! it was a woefulle chance,  
 As ever was in Christentiè.

When

When the knight found him wounded fore,  
And sawe the wild-worme hanginge there;  
His sworde he from his scabberde drewe: 55  
A piteous case as ye shall heare.

For when the two hostes sawe the sworde,  
They joyned battayle instantlye;  
Till of foe manye noble knightes,  
On one side there were left but three. 60

For all were slain that durst abide,  
And but some fewe that fled awaye:  
Ay mee! it was a bloodye felde,  
As ere was foughte on summer's daye.

Upon king Arthur's own partye, 65  
Onlye himselfe escaped there,  
And Lukyn duke of Gloster free,  
And the king's butler Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knightes,  
All dead and scattered on the molde; 70  
The teares fast trickled downe his face;  
That manlye face in fight so bolde.

Nowe reſte yee all, brave knightes, he ſaid,  
Soe true and faithful to your truſt:  
And muſt yee then, ye valiant hearts, 75  
Be leſte to moulder into duſt!

Moſt

Most loyal have yee been to mee,  
Most true and faithful unto deathe :  
And, oh ! to rayse yee up againe,  
How freelye could I yield my breathe ? 80

But see the traitor's yet alive,  
Lo where hee stalkes among the deade !  
Nowe bitterlye he shall abyee :  
And vengeance fall upon his head.

O staye, my liege, then sayd the duke ; 85  
O staye for love and charitie ;  
Remember what the vision spake,  
Nor meete your foe, if it may bee.

O, staye mee not, thou worthy wight,  
This debt my loyal knights I owe : 90  
Betide me life, betide me death,  
I will avenge them of their foe.

Then straite he grasped his trustye speare,  
And on his horse then mounted hee :  
As his butler holpe him to his horse, 95  
His bowels gushed to his knee.

Alas ! then sayd the noble king,  
That I should live this sight to see !  
To see this good knight here be flaine,  
All for his love in helping mee ! 100  
He

He put his speare into his reste,  
And to sir Mordred loud gan crye;  
Nowe sette thyself upon thy garde,  
For, traitor, nowe thy death is nye.

Sir Mordred lifted up his sworde, 105  
And fierce to meet the king ran hee:  
The king his speare he through him thrust;  
A fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordered felt the stroke of death,  
And found that he was wounded foe; 110  
He thruste himselfe upon the speare,  
And strucke the king a deadlye blowe.

Then grimmye dyed sir Mordered,  
Presentlye upon that tree:  
And bloody streames ranne from the kinge, 115  
Ere to the duke returned hee.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake,  
Sir knighte, thou hast beene faithfulle tryde,  
Nowe take my sword Excalibar,  
That hangs so freelye by my syde. 120

O take my sword Excalibar,  
And there into the river throwe:  
For here, henceforth, benethe this tree,  
All use of weapons I foregoe.

And fare thee well, thou trustye sword, 125  
 A better neer had valiant knighte,  
 With thee full ofte, and manye a daye,  
 Have I withstood my foe in fighte.

With this good fauchion in my hande,  
 Oft have I reaped the bloody feelde : 130  
 But nowe the fatalle houre is come,  
 That never more I may thee weelde.

The duke then to the river went,  
 And there his owne sword in threwe hee :  
 But he kept back Excalibar, 135  
 He kept it back in privitee.

For all of coleyne was the blade ;  
 And all the hylte of precious stone :  
 And ever alacke ! then sayd the knighte,  
 Must such a sword awaye be throwne ? 140

Then backe he came unto the kinge,  
 Who sayd, Sir Lukyn, what did yee see ?  
 Nothing, my liege, save that the winde  
 Blewe oer the waters faire and free.

O goe againe, then said the kinge, 145  
 O good sir Lukyn, goe againe :  
 Into the rivere throwe my sword,  
 Nor keepe me lingering here in paine.



The duke then to the river went,  
And the kings scabberd in threwe hee ; 150  
But hee kept backe Excalibar,  
And hid it undernethe a tree.

Then backe he came to tell the kinge,  
Who sayde, Sir Lukyn sawe ye oughte ?  
Nothings, my liege, save that the winde 155  
Nowe with the angrie waters fought.

O Lukyn, Lukyn, said the kinge,  
Twice haste thou dealt deceytfullye :  
Alacke, whom may wee ever truste,  
When suche a knighte foe false can bee ? 160

Saye, wouldst thou have thy master dead ;  
All for a sword, that wins thine eye :  
Nowe goe againe, and throwe it in,  
Or here the tone of us shall dye.

The duke, all shent with this rebuke, 165  
No aunswere made unto the kinge :  
But to the rivere tooke the sworde,  
And threwe it far as he couldè flinge.

A hande and an arme did meete the sworde,  
And flourishd three times in the air ; 170  
Then funke benethe the renninge streame,  
And of the duke was seene noe mair.

All fore astonied stood the duke ;  
 He stood as still, as still mote bee :  
 Then hastend backe to telle the kinge ; 175  
 But he was gone from benethe the tree.

Unto what place he colde not telle,  
 For never after he did him spye :  
 But hee sawe a barge goe from the lande, 180  
 And hee heard ladyes howle and crye.†

And whether the kinge were there, or not,  
 Hee never knewe, nor ever colde :  
 For from that sad and direfulle daye, 185  
 Hee never more was seene on molde.

\* \*

*Ver. 178. see MS.*

† *Not unlike that passage in VIRGIL.*

Summoque ulularunt vertice nymphæ.

*Ladies was the word our old English writers used for Nymphs : As in the following lines of an old song in the Editor's MS collection.*

“ *When scorching Phæbus he did mount,*  
 “ *Then Lady Venus went to hunt :*  
 “ *To whom Diana did resort,*  
 “ *With all the Ladyes of hills, and valleys,*  
 “ *Of springs, and floodes, &c.*

V.

THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR.

*We have here a short summary of K. Arthur's History as given by Jeff. of Monmouth and the old chronicles, with the addition of a few circumstances from the romance Morte Arthur.—The ancient chronicle of Ger. de Leew, (quoted above in p. 28.) seems to have been chiefly followed: upon the authority of which we have restored some of the names which were corrupted in the MS. and have transposed one stanza, which appeared to be misplaced. [viz. that beginning at v. 49. which in the MS. followed v. 36.]*

*Printed from the Editor's ancient manuscript.*

OF Brutus' blood, in Brittain borne,  
King Arthur I am to name ;  
Through Christendome, and Heathynesse,  
Well knowne is my worthy fame.

In Iesus Christ I doe beleeeve ;  
I am a christyan bore :  
The Father, Sone, and Holy Ghost  
One God, I doe adore.

D 3

In

Ver. 1. Bruite his. MS.

In the four hundred ninetieth yeere,  
 Ore Brittainē I did rayne,  
 After my favior Christ his byrth :  
 What time I did maintaine

10

The fellowship of the table round,  
 Soe famous in those dayes ;  
 Whereatt a hundred noble knights,  
 And thirty fate alwayes :

15

Who for their deeds and martiall feates,  
 As bookes done yett record,  
 Amongst all other nations  
 Wer feared through the world.

20

And in the castle off Tyntagill  
 King Uther mee begate  
 Of Agyana a bewtyous ladye,  
 And come of his estate.

And when I was fifteen yeeres old,  
 Then was I crowned kinge :  
 All Brittainē that was att an upròre,  
 I did to quiett bringe.

25

And drove the Saxons from the realme,  
 Who had opprest this land ;

30

All

*Ver. 9. He began his reign A.D. 515, according to the Chronicles.*

*Ver. 23. She is named Igerna in the old Chronicles.*

All Scotland then throughe manly feates  
I conquered with my hand.

Ireland, Denmarke, 'and ' Norway,  
These countryes wan I all;  
Iseland, Gotheland, and Swetheland; 35  
I made their kings my thrall.

I conquered all Gallya,  
That now is called France;  
And slew the hardye Froll in feild  
My honor to advance. 40

And the ugly gyant Dynabus  
Soe terrible to vewe,  
That in Saint Barnards mount did lye,  
By force of armes I flew:

And Lucyus the emperour of Rome 45  
I brought to deadly wracke;  
And a thousand more of noble knightes  
For feare did turne their backe:

Five kinges of paynims I did kill  
Amidst that bloody strife; 50  
Besides the Roman emperour  
Who alsoe lost his life.

D 4

Whose

*Ver. 39. Froland field MS. Froll according to the Chronicles was  
a Roman knight governor of Gaul.*

*Ver. 49. of Pavye. MS. Ver. 51. Grecian. MS.*

Whose carcasſe I did ſend to Rome  
Cladd poorlye on a beere ;  
And afterward I paſt mount Joye 55  
The next approaching yeere.

Then I came to Rome, where I was mett  
Right as a conquerour,  
And by all the cardinalls ſolempnelye  
I was crowned an emperour. 60

One winter there I made abode :  
Then word to mee was brought  
Howe Mordred had oppreſt the crowne :  
What treaſon he had wrought,

At home in Brittain with my queene ; 65  
Therefore I came with ſpeede  
To Brittain backe, with all my power,  
To quitt that traiterous deede:

And ſoone at Sandwiche I arrivde,  
Where Mordred me withſtoode : 70  
But yett at laſt I landed there,  
With effuſion of much blood.

For there my nephew ſir Gawaine dyed,  
Being wounded in that fore,  
The whiche ſir Lancelot in fight 75  
Had given him before.

Thence



Thence chafed I Mordered away,  
 Who fledd to London ryght,  
 From London to Winchester, and  
 To Cornewalle tooke his flyght. 80

And still I him purfued with speede  
 Till at the last we mett:  
 Werby an appointed day of fight  
 Was there agreede and sett.

Where we did fight, of mortal life 85  
 Eche other to deprive,  
 Till of a hundred thousand men  
 Scarce one was left a live.

There all the noble chivalrye  
 Of Brittainne tooke their end. 90  
 O see how fickle is their state  
 That doe on fates depend !

There all the traiterous men were flaine  
 Not one escapte away ;  
 And there dyed all my vallyant knightes. 95  
 Alas ! that woefull day !

Two and twenty yeere I ware the crowne  
 In honor and great fame ;  
 And thus by death was suddenlye  
 Deprived of the fame. 100

*Ver. 92. Feates. MS.*

## VI.

## A DYTIE TO HEY DOWNE.

*Copied from an old MS. in the Cotton Library, [Vesp. A. 25.]  
intituled, "Divers things of Hen. viij's time."*

WHO fokes to tame the blustering winde,  
Or causse the floods bend to his wyll,  
Or els against dame natures kinde  
To 'change' things frame by ounning skyll :  
That man I thinke bestoweth paine, 5  
Thoughe that his laboure be in vaine.

Who strives to breake the sturdye steele,  
Or goeth about to staye the sunne ;  
Who thinks to causse an oke to reele,  
Which never can by force be done : 10  
That man likewise bestoweth paine,  
Thoughe that his laboure be in vaine.

Who thinks to stryve against the streame,  
And for to sayle without a maste ;  
Unlesse he thinks perhapps to faine, 15  
His travell ys forelorne and waste ;  
And so in cure of all his paine,  
His travell ys his cheffest gaine.

So

So he lykewife, that goes about  
 To please eche eye and every eare, 20  
 Had nede to have withouten doubt  
 A golden gyft with hym to beare ;  
 For evyll report shall be his gaine,  
 Though he bestowe both toyle and paine.

God grant eche man one to amend ; 25  
 God fend us all a happy place ;  
 And let us pray unto the end,  
 That we may have our princes grace :  
 Amen, amen ! so shall we gaine  
 A dewe reward for all our paine. 30

## VII.

## G L A S G E R I O N.

*An ingenious Friend thinks that the following old Ditty (which is given from the Editor's MS. Collection) may possibly have given birth to the Tragedy of the ORPHAN, in which Polidore intercepts Monimia's intended favours to Castalio.*

**G**lasgerion was a kinges owne sonne,  
 And a harper he was goode :  
 He harped in the kinges chambere,  
 Where cuppe and caudle stood.

And

And foe did he in the queenes chambere,  
 Till ladyes waxed glad.  
 And then bespake the kinges daughter;  
 These were the wordes she sayd.

5

Strike on, strike on, Glasgèrion,  
 Of thy striking doe not blinne:  
 Theres never a stroke comes oer thy harpe,  
 But it glads my harte withinne.

10

Faire might he fall, ladye, quoth hee,  
 Who taught you nowe to speake!  
 I have loved you, ladye, seven longe yeare  
 My minde I never durst breake.

15

But come to my bower, my Glasgeriòn,  
 When all men are att rest:  
 As I am a ladye true of my promise,  
 Thou shalt bee a welcome guest.

20

Home then came Glasgèrion,  
 A glad man, lord! was hee.  
 And, come thou hither, Jacke my boy;  
 Come hither unto mee.

For the kinges daughter of Normandye  
 Hath granted mee my boone:

25

And

And att her chambere must I bee  
Beffore the cocke have crowen.

O master, master, then quoth hee,  
Lay your head heere on this stone : 30  
For I will waken you, master deare,  
Afore it be time to gone.

But up then rose that lither ladd,  
And hofe and shoone did on :  
A coller he cast upon his necke, 35  
He seemed a gentleman.

And when he came to the ladyes chambere,  
He thrilled upon a pinn.  
The lady was true of her promise,  
And rose and lett him in. 40

He did not take the lady gaye  
To boulster nor to bed :  
' Nor thoughe hee had his wicked wille,  
' A fingle word he fed.

He did not kisse that ladyes mouthe, 45  
Nor when he came, nor yode :  
And fore that ladye did mistrust  
He was of some churls blode.

But

But home then came that lither ladd,  
And did off his hose and shoone ; 50  
And cast the coller from off his necke :  
He was but a churlès sonne.

Awake, awake, my deere master,  
The cock hath well-nigh crowen.  
Awake, awake, my master deere, 55  
I hold it time to be gone.

For I have saddled your horse, master,  
Well bridled I have your steede :  
And I have served you a good breakfast :  
For thereof ye have need. 60

Up then rose, good Glasgeriòn,  
And did on hose and shoone ;  
And cast a coller about his necke :  
For he was a kinge his sonne.

And when he came to the ladyes chambere, 65  
He thrilled upon the pinne :  
The ladye was more than true of promise,  
And rose and let him inn.

O whether have you left with me  
Your bracelet or your glove ? 70

Or



Or are you returned backe againe  
To know more of my love ?

Glasgèrion swore a full great othe,  
By oake, and ashe, and thorne ;  
Ladye, I was never in your chambère,  
Sith the time that I was borne. 75

O then it was your lither foot-page,  
He hath beguiled mee.  
Then shee pulled forth a little pen-kniffe,  
That hanged by her knee. 80

Sayes, there shall never noe churlès blood  
Within my bodye spring :  
No churlès blood shall eer defile  
The daughter of a kinge.

Home then went Glasgèrion, 85  
And woe, good lord, was hee.  
Sayes, come thou hither, Jacke my boy,  
Come hither unto mee.

If I had killed a man to night,  
Jacke, I would tell it thee : 90  
But if I have not killed a man to night  
Jacke, thou hast killed three.

And

And he pulled out his bright browne sworde,  
 And dryed it on his sleeve,  
 And he smote off that lither ladds head, 95  
 Who did his ladye grieve.

He sett the swords poynt till his brest,  
 The pummil untill a stone :  
 Throw the falsenesse of that lither ladd,  
 These three lives all were gone. 100

*Ver. 100. werne all. MS.*

### VIII.

#### OLD SIR ROBIN OF PORTINGALE.

*From an ancient copy in the Editor's MS collection.*

**L**ET never again foe old a man  
 Marrye foe yonge a wife,  
 As did old 'fir' Robin of Portingale ;  
 Who may rue all the dayes of his life.

For the mayors daughter of Lin, god wott, 5  
 He chose her to his wife,  
 And thought with her to have lived in love,  
 But they fell to hate and strife.

They scarce were in their wed-bed laid,  
 And scarce was hœe asleepe, 10  
 But upp she rose, and forth shee goes,  
 To the steward, and gan to weepe.

Sleepe you, wake you, faire sir Gyles?  
 Or be you not withinn?  
 Sleepe you, wake you, faire sir Gyles, 15  
 Arise and let me inn.

O, I am waking, sweete, he said;  
 Sweete ladye, what is your wille?  
 I have bethought me of a wyle  
 How my wed-lord weell spille. 20

Twenty-four good knights, shee sayes,  
 That dwell about this towne,  
 Even twenty-four of my near cozens,  
 Shall helpe to ding him downe.

All this beheard his litle footepage, 25  
 As he watered his masters steed;  
 And for his masters sad perille  
 His verry heart did bleed.

He mourned, sighed, and wept full sore:  
 I sweare by the holy roode 30  
 The teares he for his master wept  
 Were blent water and bloode.

VOL. III E All

All that beheard his deare maſtèr

As he ſtood at his garden pale :

Sayes, Ever alacke, my litle foot-page, 35

What cauſes thee to wail ?

Hath any one done to thee wronge

Any of thy fellowes here ?

Or is any 'one' of thy good friends dead,

That thou ſhedſt manye a teare ? 40

Or if it be my head bookes-man,

Aggrieved he ſhal bee :

For no man here within my howſe,

Shall doe wrong unto thee.

O, it is not your head bookes-man, 45

Nor none of his degree :

But 'on' to-morrow ere it be noone

All doomed to die are yee.

And of that bethank your head ſteward,

And thank your gay ladèe. 50

If this be true, my litle foot-page,

The heyre of my land thouſt bee.

If it be not true, my dear maſtèr,

No good death let me die.

If it bee not true, thou litle foot-page, 55

A dead corſe ſhalt thou lie.

O call

O call now downe my faire ladye,

O call her downe to mee :

And tell my ladye gay how sicke,

And like to die I bee.

60

Downe then came his ladye faire,

All clad in purple and pall :

The rings that were on her fingers,

Cast light throughout the hall.

What is your will, my owne wed-lord ?

65

What is your will with mee ?

O see, my ladye deere, how sicke,

And like to die I bee.

And thou be sicke, my own wed-lord,

Soe fore it grieveth mee :

70

But my five maydens and my selfe

Will make the bedde for thee :

And at the waking of your first sleepe,

We will a hot drinke make :

And at the waking of your first sleepe,

75

Your forrowes we will flake.

He put a silk cote on his backe,

And mail of manye a fold :

And hee putt a steele cap on his head,

Was gilt with good red gold.

80

He layd a bright browne sword by his side,  
 And another att his feete :  
 And twentye good knights he placed at hand,  
 To watch him in his sleepe.

And about the middle time of the night, 85  
 Came twentye-four traitours inn :  
 Sir Giles he was the foremost man,  
 The leader of that ginn.

The old knight with his bright browne sword,  
 Sir Gyles head soon did winn : 90  
 And scant of all those twenty-foure,  
 Went out one quick agenn.

None save only a litle foot page,  
 Crept forth at a window of stone :  
 And he had two armes when he came in, 95  
 And he went back with one.

Upp then came that ladie gaye  
 With torches burning bright :  
 She thought to have brought sir Gyles a drinke,  
 Butt she found her owne wedd knight. 100

The first thinge that she stumbled on  
 It was sir Gyles his foote :  
 Sayes, Ever alacke, and woe is mee !  
 Here lyes my sweete hart-roote.

The



The next thing that she stumbled on 105

It was fir Gyles his heade :

Sayes, Ever, alacke, and woe is me !

Heere lyes my true love deade.

Hee cutt the pappes beside her brest,

And did her body spille ; 110

He cutt the eares beside her heade,

And bade her love her fille.

He called then up his litle foot-page,

And made him there his heyre ;

And sayd henceforth my worldlye goodes 115

And countrie I forswear.

He shope the crosse on his right shouldèr,

Of the white ' clothe ' and the redde\*,

And went him into the holy land,

Whereas Christ was quicke and deade. 120

*Ver. 118. fleshe. MS.*

\* Every person, who went on a CROISADE to the Holy Land, usually wore a cross on his upper garment, on the right shoulder, as a badge of his profession. Different nations were distinguished by crosses of different colours: The English wore white; the French red; &c. This circumstance seems to be confounded in the ballad. [*Vide Spelmanni Glossar. Chambers Dict. &c.*]

## C H I L D W A T E R S.

CHILD is frequently used by our old writers, as a Title. It is repeatedly given to Prince Arthur in the *Fairie Queen*: and the son of a king is in the same poem called Child Tristram. [B. 5. c. 11. st. 8. 13.---B. 6. c. 2. st. 36.--- Ibid. c. 8. st. 15.] In an old ballad quoted in Shakespeare's *K. Lear*, the hero of *Ariosto* is called Child Roland. Mr. Theobald supposes this use of the word received along with their romances from the Spaniards, with whom Infante signifies a Prince. A more eminent critic tells us, that "in the old times of chivalry, the noble youth, who were candidates for knighthood, during the time of their probation were called Infans, Varlets, Damoyfels, Bacheliers. The most noble of the youth were particularly called Infans." [Vid. *Warb. Shakesp.*] A late commentator on Spenser observes, that the Saxon word *cnihz knight*, signifies also a Child. [See Upton's gloss to the *F. Q.*]

The Editor's MS. collection, whence the following piece is taken, affords several other ballads, wherein the word Child occurs as a title: but in none of these it signifies "Prince." See the song intitled *Gil Morrice*, in this volume.

It ought to be observed that the Word CHILD or CHIELD is still used in North Britain to denominate a Man, commonly with some contemptuous character affixed to him: but sometimes to denote Man in general.

C Hilde Waters in his stable stoode  
And stroakt his milke-white steede:  
To him a fayre yonge ladye came  
As ever ware womans weede.

Sayes, Christ you save, good Childe Waters; 5

Sayes, Christ you save, and see:

My girdle of gold that was too longe,

Is now too short for mee.

And all is with one childe of yours,

I feele sturre at my side: 10

My gowne of greene it is too straichte;

Before, it was too wide.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,

Be mine as you tell mee;

Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both, 15

Take them your owne to bee.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,

Be mine, as you doe sweare;

Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,

And make that childe your heyre. 20

Shee sayes, I had rather have one kisse,

Childe Waters, of thy mouth;

Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,

That lye by north and southe.

And I had rather have one twinkling, 25

Childe Waters, of thine ee:

Then I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,

To take them mine owne to bee.

To morrowe, Ellen, I must forth ryde  
Farr into the north countree ; 30  
The fayrest ladye that I can finde,  
Ellen, must goe with mee,

‘ Though I am not that ladye fayre,  
‘ Yet let me go with thee ’ :  
And ever I pray you, Childe Waters, 35  
Your foot-page let me bee.

If you will my foot-page bee, Ellèn,  
As you doe tell to mee ;  
Then you must cut your gowne of greene,  
An inch above your knee : 40

Soe must you doe your yellowe lockes,  
An inch above your ee :  
You must tell no man what is my name ;  
My footpage then you shall bee.

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode, 45  
Ran barefoote by his syde ;  
Yet was he never soe courteous a knighte,  
To say, Ellen, will you ryde ?

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,  
Ran barefoote thorow the broome ; 50  
Yet was hee never soe courteous a knighte,  
To say, put on your shoone.

Ride

Ride softlye, shee sayd, O Childe Waters,

Why doe you ryde so fast?

The childe, which is no mans but thine,

My bodye itt will braft.

55

Hee sayth, seeft thou yond water, Ellen,

That flows from banke to brimme. —

I trust in God, O Childe Waters,

You never will see me swimme.

60

But when shee came to the water fyde,

Shee sayled to the chinne :

Nowe the Lord of heaven be my speede,

For I must learne to swimme.

The salt waters bare up her clothes ;

Our Ladye bare up her chinne :

Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,

To see faire Ellen swimme.

65

And when shee over the water was

Shee then came to his knee.

Hee sayd, Come hither, thou fayre Ellèn,

Loe yonder what I see.

70

Seeft thou not yonder hall, Ellèn ?

Of red gold shines the yate :

Of twenty foure faire ladyes there

The fairest is my mate.

75

Seeft



Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellèn ?

Of red golde shines the towre :

There are twenty four fayre ladyes there,

The fayrest is my paramoure. 80

I see the hall now, Childe Waters,

Of red golde shines the yate :

God give you good now of yourselfe,

And of your worthy mate. 85

I see the hall now, Childe Waters, 85

Of red golde shines the towre :

God give you good now of yourselfe,

And of your paramoure.

There twenty four fayre ladyes were

A playing at the ball : 90

And Ellen the fayrest ladye there,

Must bring his steed to the stall.

There twenty four fayre ladyes were,

A playenge at the chesse ;

And Ellen the fayrest ladye there, 95

Must bring his horse to grasse.

And then bespake Childe Waters sifter,

These were the wordes sayd shee :

You have the prettyest page, brothèr,

That ever I did see. 100

But



But that his bellye it is foe bigge,  
 His girdle stands foe hye :  
 And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,  
 Let him in my chamber lye.

It is not fit for a little foot page,  
 That has run throughe mosse and myre,  
 To lye in the chamber of any ladye,  
 That weares foe riche attyre.

It is more meete for a little foot page,  
 That has run throughe mosse and myre, 110  
 To take his supper upon his knee,  
 And lye by the kitchen fyre,

Now when they had supped every one,  
 To bedd they tooke theyr waye :  
 He sayd, come hither, my little foot-page, 115  
 And hearken what I saye.

Goe thee downe into yonder towne,  
 And lowe into the streete ;  
 The fayrest ladye that thou canst finde,  
 Hyre in mine armes to sleepe, 120  
 And take her up in thine armes twaine,  
 For filing\* of her feete.

Ellen is gone into the towne,  
 And lowe into the streete :

The

\* i. e. defiling. See Warton's *Observ.* Vol. 2. p. 158.

The fayrest ladye that shee colde finde,      125  
 She hyred in his armes to sleepe;  
 And tooke her up in her armes twayne,  
 For filing of her feete.

I praye you nowe, good Childe Watèrs,  
 Let mee lye at your feete:      130  
 For there is noe place about this house,  
 Where I may faye a sleepe.

‘ He gave her leave, and faire Ellèn  
 ‘ Down at his beds feet laye:  
 This done the nighte drove on apace,      135  
 And when it was neare the daye,

Hee sayd, Rise up, my little foot-page,  
 Give my steede corne and haye;  
 And give him nowe the good black oats,  
 To carry mee better awaye.      140

Up then rose the fayre Ellèn  
 And gave his steede corne and haye:  
 And foe shee did the good black oates,  
 To carry him the better awaye.

She leaned her back to the manger side,      145  
 And grievouslye did groane:  
 Shee leaned her back to the manger side,  
 And there shee made her moane.

And

And that beheard his mother deare,  
Shee heard 'her woefull woe.' 150  
Shee sayd, Rise up, thou Childe Watèrs,  
And into thy stable goe.

For in thy stable is a ghost,  
That grievouslye doth grone :  
Or else some woman laboures with childe, 155  
Shee is so woe-begone.

Up then rose Childe Waters soone,  
And did on his shirte of filke ;  
And then he put on his other clothes,  
On his bodye as white as milke. 160

And when he came to the stable dore,  
Full still there hee did stand,  
That hee mighte heare his fayre Ellèn,  
Howe shee made her monànd.

Shee sayd, Lullabye, mine own dear childe, 165  
Lullabye, deare childe, deare :  
I wolde thy father were a kinge,  
Thy mothere layd on a biere.

Peace nowe, hee sayd, good faire Ellèn,  
Bee of good cheere, I praye ; 170  
And the bridall and the churchinge bothe  
Shall bee upon one daye.

X. PHIL-

## X.

## PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

*This Sonnet is given from a small quarto MS. in the editor's possession, written in the time of Q. Elizabeth. Another Copy of it, containing some variations, is reprinted in the MUSES LIBRARY p. 295. from an ancient miscellany, intitled ENGLAND'S HELICON 1600. 4to. The author was NICHOLAS BRETON, a writer of some fame in the reign of Elizabeth; who also published an interlude intitled "An old man's lesson and a young man's love." 1605. 4to. and many other little pieces in prose and verse, the titles of which may be seen in Winstanley, Ames' Typog. and Osborne's Harl. catalog. &c.—He is mentioned with great respect by MERES, in his 2d pt of Wit's Common-wealth. 1598. f. 283. and is alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher's SCORNFUL LADY, Act 2. and again in WIT WITHOUT MONEY, A. 3.—See Whalley's Ben Jonson, vol. 3. p. 103.*

**I**N the merrie moneth of Maye,  
In a morne by break of daye,  
With a troope of damselles playing  
Forthe 'I yode' forsooth a maying:

When anon by a wood side,  
Where that Maye was in his pride,  
I espied all alone  
Phillida and Corydon.

Muche adoe there was, god wot;  
He wold love, and she wold not:

10  
She

She sayde, never man was trewe ;  
He sayes, never false to you.

He sayde, hee had lovde her longe :  
She sayes, love should have no wronge.  
Corydon wold kisse her then :  
She sayes, maydes must kisse no men,

15

Tyll they doe for good and all :  
When she made the shepperde call  
All the heavens to wytne truthe,  
Never loved a truer youthe.

20

Then with manie a prettie othe,  
Yea and nay, and, faith and trothe ;  
Suche as feelie shepperdes use  
When they would not love abuse ;

Love, that had bene long deluded,  
Was with kisses sweete concluded ;  
And the mayde with garlands gaye  
' Crownde ' the lady of the Maye.

25

*Ver. 28. Was the. MS.*

## XI.

## LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD.

*This ballad is ancient, and has been popular : we find it  
quoted in many old plays. See Beaum. and Fletcher's Knight  
of*

of the Burning Pestle. 4<sup>to</sup>. 1613. Act 5. The Varietie, a comedy, 12<sup>mo</sup>. 1649. Act 4. Sc. In Sir William Davenant's play, The Witts, A. 3, a gallant thus boasts of himself,

“ Limber and sound ! besides I sing Musgrave,  
 “ And for Chevy-chace no lark comes near me.

In the Pepys Collection is an imitation of this old song, in a different measure, by a more modern pen, with many alterations, but evidently for the worse.

This is given from an old printed copy in the British Museum, corrected in part by the Editor's folio manuscript.

**A**S it fell out on a highe holye daye,  
 As many bee in the yeare,  
 When yong men and maides together do goe  
 Their masses and mattins to heare,

Little Musgrave came to the church door, 5  
 The priest was at the mass ;  
 But he had more mind of the fine women,  
 Then he had of our Ladyes grace.

And some of them were clad in greene,  
 And others were clad in pall ; 10  
 And then came in my lord Barnardes wife,  
 The fairest among them all.

Shee cast an eye on little Musgrave,  
 As bright as the summer sunne :  
 O then bethought him little Musgrave, 15  
 This ladyes heart I have wonne.

Quoth



Quoth she, I have loved thee, little Musgrave,  
 Fulle long and manye a daye.  
 So have I loved you, ladye faire,  
 Yet word I never durst faye. 20

I have a bower at Bucklesford-Bury,  
 Full daintilye bedight,  
 If thoult wend thither, my little Musgrave,  
 Thoult lig in mine armes all night.

Quoth hee, I thanke yee, ladye faire, 25  
 This kindnes yee shew to mee;  
 And whether it be to my weale or woe,  
 This night will I lig with thee.

All this beheard a tiney foot-page,  
 By his ladyes coach as he ranne : 30  
 Quoth he, thoughe I am my ladyes page,  
 Yet Ime my lord Barnardes manne.

My lord Barnard shall knowe of this  
 Although I lose a limbe.  
 And ever whereas the bridges were broke, 35  
 He layd hin downe to swimme.

Asleep or awake, thou lord Barnard,  
 As thou art a man of life,  
 Lo! this fame night at Bucklesford-Bury  
 Little Musgraves abed with thy wife. 40

If it be trewe, thou tiney foot-page,  
 This tale thou hast told to mee,  
 Then all my lands in Bucklesford-Bury  
 I freelye will give to thee.

But and it be a lye, thou tiney foot-page, 45  
 This tale thou hast told to mee,  
 On the higheft tree in Bucklesford-Bury  
 All hanged shalt thou bee.

Rife up, rife up, my merry men all,  
 And faddle to me my steede; 50  
 This night muft I to Bucklesford-Bury;  
 God wott, I had never more neede.

Then some they whiftled, and some they fang,  
 And some did loudlye faye,  
 Whenever lord Barnardes horne it blewe 55  
 Awaye, Muſgrave, away.

Methinkes I hear the throſtle cocke,  
 Methinkes I heare the jaye,  
 Methinkes I heare lord Barnardes horne;  
 I would I were awaye. 60

Lye ſtill, lye ſtill, thou little Muſgrave,  
 And huggle me from the cold;  
 For it is but ſome ſhephardes boye  
 A whiſtling his ſheepe to the fold.

# 2 CAN D BALLADS. 67

Is not thy hawke upon the pearche, 65  
 Thy horſe eating corne and haye ?  
 And thou a gaye ladye within thine armes :  
 And wouldſt thou be awaye ?

With that lord Barnard came to the dore,  
 And lighted upon a ſtone ; 70  
 And he pulled out three ſilver keyes,  
 And opened the dores eche one.

He liſted up the coverlett,  
 He liſted up the ſheete ;  
 How now, how now, thou little Muſgrave, 75  
 Doſt find my gaye ladye ſweete ?

I find her ſweete, quoth little Muſgrave,  
 The more is my griefe and paine ;  
 Ide gladlye give three hundred poundes  
 That I were on yonder plaine. 80

Arife, arife, thou little Muſgrave,  
 And put thy cloathes now on,  
 It ſhall never be ſaid in my countree,  
 That I killed a naked man.

I have two ſwordes in one ſcabbarde, 85  
 Full deare they coſt my purſe ;  
 And thou ſhalt have the beſt of them,  
 And I will have the worſe.

The first stroke that little Musgrave stricke,  
 He hurt lord Barnard sore ; 90  
 The next stroke that lord Barnard stricke,  
 Little Musgrave never stricke more.

With that bespake the ladye faire,  
 In bed whereas she laye,  
 Althoughe thou art dead, my little Musgrave, 95  
 Yet for thee I will praye :

And wishe well to thy soule will I,  
 So long as I have life ;  
 So will I not do for thee, Barnard,  
 Thoughe I am thy wedded wife. 100

He cut her pappes from off her brest ;  
 Great pitye it was to see  
 Some drops of this fair ladyes bloode  
 Run trickling downe her knee.

Wo worth, wo worth ye, my merrie men all, 105  
 You never were borne for my goode :  
 Why did you not offer to slay my hande,  
 When you see me wax so woode ?

For I have slaine the fairest sir knighte,  
 That ever rode on a steede ; 110  
 So have I done the fairest ladye,  
 That ever ware w<sup>o</sup>mans weede.

A grave,

A grave, a grave, lord Barnard cryde,  
 To putt these lovers in ;  
 But lay my ladye o' the upper hande,  
 For shee comes o' the better kin.

XII.

THE EW-BUGHTS MARION.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

*This sonnet is said to be of great antiquity: that and it's  
 simplicity of sentiment have recommended it to a place here.*

**W**ILL ze gae to the ew-bughts, Marion,  
 And wear in the sheip wi' mee?

The sun shines sweit, my Marion,

But nae half fae sweit as thee.

O Marion's a bonnie lass ;

And the blyth blinks in her ee :

And fain wad I marrie Marion,

Gin Marion wad marrie mee.

Theirs gowd in zour garters, Marion ;  
 And filk on zour white haufs-bane  
 10 Fou faine wad I kisse my Marion  
 At eene quhan I cum hame.  
 Theirs braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,  
 Quha gape and glowr wi' their ee  
 At kirk, quhan they see my Marion ;  
 15 Bot nane of tham lues like mee.

Ive nine milk-ews, my Marion,  
 A cow and a brawney quay :  
 Ife gie tham au to my Marion,  
 20 Just on her bridal day.  
 And zees get a grein fey apron,  
 And waistcote o' London broun ;  
 And wow bot ze will be vaporing  
 Quhaneer ze gang to the toun.

Ime yong and stout, my Marion,  
 25 Nane dance lik mee on the greine ;  
 And gin ze forsak me, Marion,  
 Ife een gae draw up wi' Jeane.  
 Sae put on zour pearlins, Marion,  
 And kirtle oth cramasie ;  
 30 And sune as my chin has nae haire on,  
 I sall cum west, and see zee.



## XIII.

## THE KNIGHT, AND SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

*This ballad (given from an old black-letter Copy) was popular in the time of 2. Elizabeth, being usually printed with her picture before it, as HEARNE informs us in his preface to "Gul. Neubrig. Hist. Oxon. 1719. 8vo. vol. 1. p. lxx." It is quoted in Fletcher's comedy of the Pilgrim, Act. 4. sc. 1.*

**T**HERE was a shepherds daughter  
 Came tripping on the waye ;  
 And there by chance a knighte shee mett,  
 Which caused her to staye.

Good morrowe to you, beauteous maide, 5  
 These words pronounced hee :  
 O I shall dye this daye, he sayd,  
 If Ive not my wille of thee.

The Lord forbid, the maide replyde,  
 That you shold waxe so wode ! 10  
 ' But for all that shee could do or saye,  
 ' He wold not be withstood.

Sith you have had your will of mee,  
 And put me to open shame,  
 Now, if you are a courteous knighte, 15  
 Tell me what is your name ?

Some do call mee Jacke, sweet heart,  
 And some do call mee Jille ;  
 But when I come to the kings faire courte  
 They call me Wilfulle Wille. 20

He sett his foot into the stirrup,  
 And awaye then he did ride ;  
 She tuckt her girdle about her middle  
 And ranne close by his side.

But when she came to the brode water, 25  
 She sett her brest and swamme ;  
 And when she was got out againe,  
 She tooke to her heels and ranne,

He never was the courteous knighte,  
 To faye, faire maide, will ye ride ? 30  
 Nor she was never so loving a maide  
 To faye, fir knighte abide.

When she came to the kings faire courte,  
 She knocked at the ring ;  
 So readye was the king himself 35  
 To let this faire maide in.

Now

Now Christ you save, my gracious liege,

Now Christ you save and see,

You have a knichte within your courte,

This daye hath robbed mee. 40

What hath he robbed thee of, sweet heart?

Of purple or of pall?

Or hath he took thy gaye gold ring

From off thy finger small?

He hath not robbed mee, my leige, 45

Of purple nor of pall:

But he hath gotten my maiden head,

Which grieves mee worst of all.

Now if he be a batchelor,

His bodye Ile give to thee; 50

But if he be a married man,

High hanged hee shall bee.

He called downe his merrie men all,

By one, by two, by three;

Sir William used to bee the first, 55

But nowe the last came hee.

*Ver. 50. His bodye Ile give to thee.] This was agreeable to the feudal customs: The Lord had a right to give a wife to his vassals. See Shakespeare's, "All's well, that ends well."*

He

He brought her downe full fortye pounde,  
Tyed up withinne a glove;

Faire maid, Ile give the same to thee;

Go, seeke thee another love. 60

O Ile have none of your gold, she sayde,

Nor Ile have none of your fee;

But your faire bodye I must have

The king hath granted mee.

Sir William ranne and fetchd her then 65

Five hundred pound in golde,

Saying, faire maide, take this to thee,

Thy fault will never be tolde.

Tis not the gold that shall mee tempt,

These words then answered shee, 70

But your own bodye I must have,

The king hath granted mee.

Would I had dranke the water cleare,

When I did drinke the wine,

Rather than any shepherds brat 75

Shold bee a ladye of mine!

Would I had drank the puddle foule,

When I did drink the ale,

Rather than ever a shepherds brat

Shold tell me such a tale! 80

A shep-

A shepherds brat even as I was,  
 You mote have let me bee,  
 I never had come to the kings faire courte,  
 To crave any love of thee.

.VIX

He sett her on a milk-white steede, 85  
 And himself upon a graye;  
 He hung a bugle about his necke,  
 And soe they rode away.

But when they came unto the place,  
 Where marriage-rites were done, 90  
 She proved herself a dukes daughter,  
 And he but a squires sonne,

Now marrye me, or not, sir knight,  
 Your pleasure shall be free:  
 If you make me ladye of one good towne, 95  
 Ile make you lord of three;

Ah! curfed bee the gold, he sayd,  
 If thou hadst not been trewe,  
 I shold have forsaken my sweet love,  
 And have changd her for a newe. 100

And now their hearts being linked fast,  
 They joyned hand in hande:  
 Thus he had both purse, and person too,  
 And all at his commande.

## XIV.

## THE SHEPHERD'S ADDRESS TO HIS MUSE.

*From the small MS volume, mentioned above in page 62.*

**G**OOD Muse, rocke me aslepe  
 With some sweete harmony :  
 This wearie eyes is not to kepe  
 Thy wary company.

Sweete Love, begon a while,  
 Thou fecst my heavines :  
 Beautie is borne but to beguyle  
 My harte of happines.

See howe my little flocke,  
 That lovde to feede on highe,  
 Doe headlonge tumble downe the rocke,  
 And in the valley dye.

The bushes and the trees,  
 That were so freshe and greene,  
 Doe all their deintie colors leese,  
 And not a leafe is seene.

The



The blacke birde and the thrushe,  
That made the woodes to ringe,  
With all the rest, are now at hushe,  
And not a note do finge. 20

Swete Philomene, the birde  
That hath the heavenly throte,  
Doth nowe, alas ! not once afforde  
Recordinge of a note.

The flowers have had a frost, 25  
The herbs have losse their favoure ;  
' For haples Corydon' hath lost  
' His lovelye Phyllis' favoure.

And therefore, my sweete Muse,  
That knowest what helpe is best, 30  
Doe nowe thy heavenlie conninge use  
To sett my harte at rest :

And in a dreame bewraie  
What fate shal be my frende ;  
Whether my life shall still decaye, 35  
Or soone my sorrowes ende.

## XV.

## LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELLINOR.

*From an ancient copy in black letter, in the Pepys collection, intitled, "A tragical ballad on the unfortunate love of lord Thomas and fair Ellinor, together with the downfall of the browne girl."—In the same collection may be seen an attempt to modernize this old song, and reduce it to a different measure. A proof of it's popularity.*

**L**ORD Thomas he was a bold forrester,  
 And a chafer of the kings deere;  
 Faire Ellinor was a fine womàn,  
 And lord Thomas he loved her deare.

Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, he sayd, 5  
 And riddle us both as one;  
 Whether I shall marrye with faire Ellinor,  
 And let the browne girl alone!

The browne girl she has got houses and lands,  
 Faire Ellinor she has got none, 10  
 And therefore I charge thee on my blessing,  
 To bring me the browne girl home.

And

And as it befelle on a high holidaye,  
As many there are beside,  
Lord Thomas he went to faire Ellinòr,  
That should have been his bride.

15

And when he came to faire Ellinors bower,  
He knocked there at the ring,  
And who was so readye as faire Ellinòr,  
To lett lord Thomas withinn.

20

What newes, what newes, lord Thomas, she sayd?  
What newes dost thou bring to mee?  
I am come to bid thee to my wedding,  
And that is bad newes for thee.

O God forbid, lord Thomas, she sayd,  
That such a thing should be done;  
I thought to have been thy bride my selfe,  
And thou to have been the bridegrome.

25

Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, she sayd,  
And riddle it all in one;  
Whether I shall goe to lord Thomas his wedding,  
Or whether shall tarry at home?

30

There are manye that are your friendes, daughtèr,  
And manye that are your foe,  
Therefore I charge you on my blessing,  
To lord Thomas his wedding don't goe.

35

There are manye that are my friendes, mothèr ;  
But if thousands there were my foe,  
Betide me life, betide me death,  
To lord Thomas his wedding lld goe. 40

She cloathed herself in gallant attire,  
And her merrie men all in greene,  
And as they rid through everye towne,  
They took her to be some queene.

But when she came to lord Thomas his gate, 45  
She knocked there at the ring ;  
And who was so readye as lord Thomàs,  
To lett faire Ellinor in.

Is this your bride, faire Ellinor sayd ?  
Methinks she looks wonderous browne ; 50  
Thou mightest have had as faire a womàn,  
As ever trod on the grounde.

Despise her not, fair Ellin, he sayd,  
Despise her not unto mee ;  
For better I love thy little finger, 55  
Than all her whole bodèe.

This browne bride had a little penknife,  
That was both long and sharpe,  
And betwixt the short ribs and the long,  
She prickd faire Ellinor's harte. 60

O Christ

O Christ thee save, lord Thomas hee sayd,  
Methinks thou lookst wonderous wan;  
Thou usedst to look with as fresh a colour,  
As ever the sun shone on.

Oh, art thou blind, lord Thomas? she sayd, 65  
Or canst thou not very well see?  
Oh! dost thou not see my owne hearts bloode  
Run trickling down my knee.

Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side;  
As he walked about the halle, 70  
He cut off his brides head from her shouldèrs,  
And threw it against the walle.

He set the hilde against the ground,  
And the point against his harte.  
There never three lovers together did meete, 75  
That sooner againe did parte.

\* \* *The reader will find a Scottish song on a similar subject to this, towards the end of this volume, intituled*  
“ LORD THOMAS AND LADY ANNET.”

O Child thee true, lord Thomas hee sayd,  
 Wherewith thou lookest wondrous way;  
 Thou needst to look with as fresh a colour,  
 As ever the sun thine on.

Oh, art thou blind, Thomas, the sayd, XVI.

Or canst thou not see my own blood?  
 Oh! dost thou not see my own blood?  
**CUPID AND CAMPASPE.**

*This elegant little sonnet is found in the third act of an old play intitled, "Alexander and Campaspe," written by John Lilye, a celebrated writer in the time of queen Elizabeth. This play was first printed in 1591: but the song is given from a later edition.*

**C**UPID, and my Campaspe playd  
 At cardes for kisses; Cupid payd:

He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,

His mothers doves, and teame of sparrows;

Loses them too; then down he throws

The coral of his lippe, the rose

Growing on's cheek, (but none knows how)

With these, the cryстал of his browe,

And then the dimple of his chinne;

All these did my Campaspe winne.

At last he set her both his eyes,

She won, and Cupid blind did rise.

O Love! has she done this to thee?

What shall, alas! become of mee?

XVII. THE



They came upon us in the night;  
And broke my bower, and slew my knight;  
And trembling hid in many a crevice,

I learnt with little ease.

## XVII.

## THE LADY TURNED SERVING-MAN, I

—is given from a written copy, containing some improvements, (perhaps modern ones) upon the old popular ballad, intituled, “The famous flower of Serving-men: or the Lady turned Serving-man.”

**Y**OU beauteous ladies, great and small,  
I write unto you one and all,  
Whereby that you may understand  
What I have suffered in the land.

I was by birth a lady faire,  
An ancient barons only heire,  
And when my good old father dyed,  
Then I became a young knightes bride.

And there my love built me a bower,  
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower;  
A braver bower you ne'er did see  
Then my true-love did build for mee.

And there I livde a ladye gay,  
Till fortune wrought our loves decay;  
For there came foes so fierce a band,  
That soon they over-run the land.

They came upon us in the night,  
 And brent my bower, and slew my knight;  
 And trembling hid in mans array,  
 I scant with life escap'd away.

20

In the midft of this extremitie,  
 My servants all did from me flee:  
 Thus was I left myself alone,  
 With heart more cold than any stone.

Yet though my heart was full of care, 25  
 Heaven would not suffer me to dispaire,  
 Wherefore in hafte I chang'd my name  
 From faire Elife, to sweet Williame:

And therewithall I cut my haire,  
 Refolv'd my man's attire to weare; 30  
 And in my beaver, hofe and band,  
 I travell'd far through many a land.

At length all wearied with my toil,  
 I fate me downe to rest awhile;  
 My heart it was fo fill'd with woe, 35  
 That downe my cheeke the teares did flow.

It chanc'd the king of that fame place  
 With all his lords a hunting was,  
 And feeing me weepe, upon the fame  
 Ask't who I was, and whence I came.

40

Then

20 Then to his grace I did replye,  
 I am a poore and friendlesse boye,  
 Though nobly borne, nowe forc'd to bee  
 A serving-man of lowe degree.

Stand up, faire youth, the king reply'd, 45  
 For thee a service I'll provyde;  
 But tell me first what thou canst do,  
 Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

Wilt thou be usher of my hall,  
 To wait upon my nobles all? 50  
 Or wilt be taster of my wine,  
 To 'tend on me when I shall dine?

Or wilt thou be my chamberlaine,  
 About my person to remaine?  
 Or wilt thou be one of my guard, 55  
 And I will give thee great reward?

Chuse, gentle youth, said he, thy place.  
 Then I reply'd, if it please your grace,  
 To shew such favour unto mee,  
 Your chamberlaine I faine would bee. 60

The king then smiling gave consent,  
 And straitwaye to his court I went;  
 Where I behavde so faithfullie,  
 That hee great favour shoud to mee.

Now marke what fortune dld provide ; 65  
 The king he would a hunting ride  
 With all his lords and noble traine,  
 Sweet William must at home remaine,

Thus being left alone behind,  
 My former state came in my mind, 70  
 I wept to see my mans array,  
 No longer now a ladye gay.

And meeting with a ladyes vest,  
 Within the same myself I drest 75  
 With filken robes, and jewels rare,  
 I deckt me as a ladye faire.

And taking up a lute straitwaye,  
 Upon the same I strove to play,  
 And sweetly to the same did sing,  
 'As made both hall and chamber ring. 80

" My father was as brave a lord,  
 " As ever Europe did afford ;  
 " My mother was a lady bright ;  
 " My husband was a valiant knight :

" And I myself a ladye gay, 85  
 " Bedeckt with gorgeous rich array ;  
 " The happiest lady in the land,  
 " Had not more pleasure at command.

" I had

“ I had my musicke every day  
 “ Harmonious lessons for to play; 90  
 “ I had my virgins fair and free,  
 “ Continually to wait on mee.

“ But now, alas! my husband's dead,  
 “ And all my friends are from me fled,  
 “ My former days are past and gone, 95  
 “ And I am now a serving-man.”

And fetching many a tender sigh,  
 As thinking no one then was nigh,  
 In pensive mood I laid me lowe,  
 My heart was full, the tears did flowe. 100

The king, who had a huntinge gone,  
 Grewe weary of his sport anone,  
 And leaving all his gallant traine,  
 Turn'd on the sudden home againe:

And when he reach'd his statelye tower, 105  
 Hearing one sing within his bower,  
 He stopt to listen, and to see  
 Who sung there so melodiouslie.

Thus heard he everye word I fed,  
 And sawe the pearlye teares I shed, 110  
 And found to his amazement there,  
 Sweete William was a ladye faire.

Then stepping in, Faire ladye, rise,  
 And dry, said he, those lovelye eyes,  
 For I have heard thy mournful tale,  
 The which shall turne to thy availe. 115

A crimson dye my face orespred;  
 I blusht for shame, and hung my head,  
 To find my sex and story knowne,  
 When as I thought I was alone. 120

But to be brieft, his royall grace  
 Grewe soe enamour'd of my face,  
 The richest gifts he proffered mee,  
 His mistress if that I would bee.

Ah! no, my liege, I firmlye sayd,  
 I'll rather in my grave be layd,  
 And though your grace hath won my heart,  
 I ne'er will aft soe base a part. 125

Faire ladye, pardon me, sayde hee,  
 Thy virtue shall rewarded bee,  
 And since it is soe fairly tryde  
 Thou shalt become my royal bride. 130

Then strait to end his amorous strife,  
 He tooke sweet William to his wife:  
 The like before was never seene,  
 A serving-man became a queene. 135



## XVIII.

## GIL MORRICE.

## A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

*The following piece has lately run thro' two editions in Scotland: the second was printed at Glasgow in 1755. 8vo. Prefixed to them both is an advertisement, setting forth that the preservation of this poem was owing "to a lady, who" "favoured the printers with a copy, as it was carefully" "collected from the mouths of old women and nurses;" And "any reader that can render it more correct or complete," is desired to oblige the public with such improvements. In consequence of this advertisement sixteen additional verses have been produced and handed about in manuscript, which are here inserted in their proper places: (these are from ver. 109. to ver. 121. and from ver. 124. to ver. 129. and are perhaps after all only an ingenious interpolation.)*

*As this poem lays claim to a pretty high antiquity, we have assigned it a place among our early pieces: though, after all, there is reason to believe it has received very considerable modern improvements: for in the Editor's ancient MS collection is a very old imperfect copy of the same ballad: wherein though the leading features of the story are the same, yet the colouring here is so much improved and heightened, and so many additional strokes are thrown in, that it is evident the whole has undergone a revision.*

*N. B. The Editor's MS instead of "lord Barnard", has "John Stewart"; and instead of "Gil Morrice", CHILD MAURICE, which last is probably the original title. See above p. 54.*

**G**IL Morrice was an erlès son,  
His name it waxed wide;

It was nae for his great richès,  
 Nor zet his mickle pride;  
 Bot it was for a lady gay,  
 That livd on Carron side.

5

Quhair fall I get a bonny boy,  
 That will win hose and shoen;  
 That will gae to lord Barnards ha',  
 And bid his lady cum?  
 And ze maun rin errand Willie;  
 And ze may rin wi' pride;  
 Quhen other boys gae on their foot,  
 On horse-back ze fall ride.

10

O no! Oh no! my master dear!  
 I dare nae for my life;  
 I'll no gae to the bauld baròns,  
 For to triest furth his wife.  
 My bird Willie, my boy Willie;  
 My dear Willie, he sayd:  
 How can ze strive against the stream?  
 For I shall be obeyd.

15

20

Bot, O my master dear! he cryd,  
 In grene wod ze're zour lain;  
 Gi owre sic thochts, I walde ze rede,  
 For fear ze should be tain.  
 Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',  
 Bid hir cum here wi' speid:

25

If

*Ver. 11. something seems wanting here.*

27 If ze refuse my heigh command,  
Ill gar zour body bleid. 30

Gae bid hir take this gay mantèl,  
'Tis a' gowd bot the hem ;

30 Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,  
And bring nane bot hir lain :  
And there it is, a filken farke, 35  
Hir ain hand sewd the fleive ;  
And bid hir cum to Gill Morice,  
Speir nae bauld barons leave.

Yes, I will gae zour black errand,  
Though it be to zour cost ; 40  
Sen ze by me will nae be warn'd,  
In it ze fall find frost.

32 The baron he is a man of might,  
He neir could bide to taunt,  
As ze will see before its nicht, 45  
How sma' ze hae to vaunt.

And sen I maun zour errand rin  
Sae fair against my will,  
I'll mak a vow and keip it trow,  
It fall be done for ill. 50

And quhen he came to broken brigue,  
He bent his bow and swam ;  
And quhen came to grafs growing,  
Set down his feet and ran.

And

And quhen he came to Barnards ha', 55

Would neither chap nor ca' :

Bot set his bent bow to his breift,

And lichtly lap the wa'.

He wauld nae tell the man his errand,

Though he stude at the gait ; 60

Bot straiht into the ha' he cam,

Quhair they were set at meit.

Hail ! hail ! my gentle fire and dame !

My message winna waite ;

Dame, ze maun to the gude grene wod 65

Before that it be late.

Ze're bidden tak this gay mantèl,

Tis a' gowd bot the hem :

Zou maun gae to the gude grene wode,

Ev'n by your fel alane. 70

And there it is, a filken farke,

Your ain hand sewd the fleive ;

Ze maun gae speik to Gill Morice ;

Speir nae bauld barons leave.

The lady stamped wi' hir foot, 75

And winked wi' hir ee ;

Bot a' that she coud say or do,

Forbidden he wad nae bee.

Its surely to my how'r-womàn ;

It neir could be to me. 80

I brocht

I brocht it to lord Barnards lady ;  
 I trow that ze be she.  
 Then up and spack the wylie nurse,  
 (The bairn upon hir knee)  
 If it be cum frae Gill Morice, 85  
 It's deir welcum to mee.

Ze leid, ze leid, ze filthy nurse,  
 Sae loud's I heire ze lee ;  
 I brocht it to lord Barnards lady ;  
 I trow ze be nae shee. 90  
 Then up and spack the bauld baron,  
 An angry man was hee ;  
 He's tain the table wi' his foot,  
 Sae has he wi' his knee ;  
 Till filler cup and ezar dish 95  
 In flinders he gard flee.

Gae bring a robe of zour clidìng,  
 That hings upon the pin ;  
 And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,  
 And speik wi' zour lemmàn. 100  
 O bide at hame, now lord Barnàrd,  
 I warde ze bide at hame ;  
 Neir wyte a man for violence,  
 That neir wate ze wi' nane.

*Ver. 88. Perhaps, loud fay I heire.*

Gil Morice sat in gude grene wode, 105

He whistled and he sang :

O what mean a' the folk coming,

My mother tarries lang.

His hair was like the threeds of gold,

Drawne frae Minervas loome, 110

His lipps like roses drapping dew,

His breath was a' perfume.

His brow was like the mountain snae,

Gilt by the morning beam :

His cheeks like living roses glow :

His een like azure stream.

The boy was clad in robes of grene,

Sweete as the infant spring :

And like the mavis on the bush,

He gart the vallies ring. 120

The baron came to the grene wode,

Wi' mickle dule and care,

And there he first spied Gill Morice

Kameing his zellow hair :

That sweetly wavyd around his face,

That face beyond compare :

He sang sae sweet it might dispel,

A' rage but fell dispair.

Nae

*Ver. 128. So Milton,*

*Vernal delight and joy : able to drive*

*All sadness but despair.*

B. iv. v. 155.



Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Morice,  
 My lady loed thee weel, 130  
 The fairest part of my body  
 Is blacker than thy heel.  
 Zet neir the less now, Gill Morice,  
 For a' thy great bewty,  
 Ze's rew the day ze eir was born ; 135  
 That head fall gae wi' me.  
 Now he has drawn his trusty brand,  
 And slaited on the strae ;  
 And thro' Gill Morice' fair body  
 He's gar cauld iron gae. 140  
 And he has tain Gill Morice' head  
 And set it on a speir :  
 The meanest man in a' his train  
 Has gotten that head to bear.  
 And he has tain Gill Morice up, 145  
 Laid him acrofs his steid,  
 And brocht him to his painted bowr,  
 And laid him on a bed.  
 The lady sat on castil wa',  
 Beheld baith dale and doun ; 150  
 And there she saw Gill Morice' head  
 Cum trailing to the toun.  
 Far better I loe that bluidy head,  
 Bot and that zellow hair,

Than lord Barnard, and a' his lands, 155

As they lig here and thair.

And she has tain her Gill Morice,

And kists baith mouth and chin:

I was once as fow of Gill Morice,

As the hip is o' the stean. 160

I got ze in my father's house,

Wi' mickle sin and shame;

I brocht thee up in gude grene wode,

Under the heavy rain:

Oft have I by thy cradle sitten, 165

And fondly seen thee sleip;

Bot now I gae about thy grave,

The faut tears for to weip.

And syne she kists his bluidy cheik,

And syne his bluidy chin: 170

O better I loe my Gill Morice

Than a' my kith and kin!

Away, away, ze ill womàn,

And an il deith mait ze dee:

Gin I had kend he'd bin zour son, 175

He'd neir bin slain for mee.

Obraid me not, my lord Barnard!

Obraid me not for shame!

Wi that sailm speir O pierce my heart!

And put me out o' pain. 180

Since

Since nothing bot Gill Morice head  
 Thy jelous rage could quell,  
 Let that faim hand now tak hir life,  
 That neir to thee did ill.

To me nae after days nor nights 185  
 Will eir be fast or kind ;  
 I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,  
 And greet till I am blind.  
 Enouch of blood by me's bin spilt,  
 Seek not zour death frae mee ; 190  
 I rather lourd it had been my sel  
 Than eather him or thee.

With waefo wae I hear zour plaint ;  
 Sair, fair I rew the deid,  
 That eir this cursed hand of mine 195  
 Had gard his body bleid.  
 Dry up zour tears, my winsom dame,  
 Ze neir can heal the wound ;  
 Ze fee his head upon the speir,  
 His heart's blude on the ground. 200

I curse the hand that did the deid,  
 The heart that thocht the ill ;  
 The feet that bore me wi' sik speid,  
 The comely zouth to kill.  
 I'll ay lament for Gill Morice, 205  
 As gin he were my ain ;

I'll neir forget the dreiry day  
On which the zouth was slain.\*

\* *The foregoing ballad is said to have furnished the plot to the tragedy of DOUGLAS.*

*It may be proper to mention that other copies read ver. 110. thus*

*“ Shot frae the golden sun.”*

*And ver. 116. as follows*

*“ His een like azure sheene.”*

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



AN ANCESTRAL  
SONGS AND BALLADS,  
ETC.

SERIES THE THIRD.  
BOOK II.

I.

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUY

— contains a short summary of the exploits of this famous champion, as recorded in the old story books; and is commonly intitled, “A pleasant song of the valiant deeds of chivalry atchieved by that noble knight sir Guy of Warwick, who, for the love of fair Phelis, became a  
H 2 “hermit,

“ hermit, and dyed in a cave of craggy rocke, a mile  
“ distant from Warwick.”

The history of sir Guy, tho’ now very properly resigned to children, was once admired by all readers of wit and taste: for taste and wit had once their childhood. Tho’ of English growth, it was early a favourite with other nations: it appeared in French in 1525: and is alluded to the old Spanish romance *Tirante el blanco*, which it is believed was written not long after the year 1430. See advertisement to the French translation, 2 vols. 12mo.

The original whence all these stories are extracted is a very ancient romance in old English verse, which is quoted by Chaucer as a celebrated piece even in his time, (viz.

“ Men speken of romances of price,

“ Of Horne childe and Ippotis,

“ Of Bevis, and sir Guy, &c. R. of Thop.)

and was usually sung to the harp at Christmas dinners and brideales, as we learn from Puttenham’s art of poetry, 4to. 1589.

This ancient romance is not wholly lost. An imperfect copy in black letter, “ Imprynted at London ---- for Wylliam “ Copland.” in 34 sheets 4to. without date, is still preserved among Mr. Garrick’s collection of old plays. As a specimen of the poetry of this antique rhymers, take his description of the dragon mentioned in ver. 105 of the following ballad,

--- “ A messenger came to the king.

“ Syr king, he sayd, lysten me now,

“ For bad tydinges I bring you,

“ In Northumberlande there is no man,

“ But that they be slayne everychone:

“ For there dare no man route,

“ By twenty myle rounde aboute,

“ For doubt of a fowle dragon,

“ That sleath men and beastes downe,

“ He is blacke as any cole,

“ Rugged as a rough sole;

“ His bodye from the navill upwarde

“ No man may it pierce it is so harde;

“ His



- " His neck is great as any summere ;  
 " He renneth as swifte as any distrere ;  
 " Pawes he hath as a lyon :  
 " All that he toucheth he sleath dead downe.  
 " Great winges he hath to flight,  
 " That is no man that bare him might.  
 " There may no man fight him agayne,  
 " But that he sleath him certayne :  
 " For a fowler beast then is he,  
 " Ywis of none never heard ys."

The accurate Dugdale is of opinion that the story of Guy is not wholly apocryphal, tho' he acknowledges the monks have sounded out his praises too hyperbolically. In particular, he gives the duel fought with the Danish champion as a real historical truth, and fixes the date of it in the year 929, *Ætat. Guy, 70.* See his *Warwickshire*.

The following is written upon the same plan, as ballad V. Book I. but which is the original and which the copy, cannot be decided. This song is ancient, as may be inferred from the idiom preserved in the margin, ver. 94. 102: and was once popular, as appears from Fletcher's *Knight of the burning pestle*, act. 2. sc. ult.

Printed from an ancient MS copy in the Editor's old folio volume, collated with two printed ones, one of which is in black letter in the Pepys collection.

**W**AS ever knight for ladyes sake  
 Soe tost in love, as I fir Guy  
 For Phelis fayre, that lady bright  
 As ever man beheld with eye?

Shee gave me leave myself to try,  
 The valiant knight with sheeld and speare,  
 Ere that her love shee wold grant me;  
 Which made mee venture far and neare.

Then proved I a baron bold,  
 In deeds of armes the doughtyest knight 10  
 That in those dayes in England was,  
 With sworde and speare in feild to fight.

An English man I was by birthe:  
 In faith of Christ a christyan true:  
 The wicked lawes of infidells 15  
 I fought by prowesse to subdue.

'Nine' hundred twenty yeere and odde  
 After our Saviour Christ his birthe,  
 When king Athèlstone wore the crowne,  
 I lived heere upon the earthe. 20

Sometime I was of Warwicke erle,  
 And, as I sayd, of very truthe  
 A ladyes love did me constraine  
 To seeke strange ventures in my youthe.

To win me fame by feates of armes 25  
 In strange and sundry heathen lands;  
 Where I atchieved for her sake  
 Right dangerous conquests with my hands.

For first I sayled to Normandye,  
 And there I stoutlye wan in fight 30  
 The emperours daughter of Almayne,  
 From manye a vallyant worthye knight.

Then

Then passed I the seas to Greece  
 To helpe the emperour in his right;  
 Against the mightye fouldans hoaste 35  
 Of puissant Persians for to fight.

Where I did slay of Sarazens,  
 And heathen pagans, manye a man;  
 And slew the fouldans cozen deare,  
 Who had to name doughtye Coldràn. 40

Eskeldered a famous knight  
 To death likewise I did pursue:  
 And Elmayne king of Tyre alsoe,  
 Most terrible in fight to viewe.

I went into the fouldans hoast, 45  
 Being thither on embassage sent,  
 And brought his head away with mee,  
 I having slaine him in his tent.

There was a dragon in that land  
 Most fiercely mett me by the way 50  
 As hee a lyon did pursue,  
 Which I myself did alsoe slay.

Then soon I past the seas from Greece,  
 And came to Pavye land aright:  
 Where I the duke of Pavye killd, 55  
 His hainous treason to requite.

To England then I came with speede,  
 To wedd faire Phelis ladye bright :  
 For love of whome I travelled farr  
 To try my manhood and my might.      60

But when I had espoused her,  
 I stayd with her but fortye dayes,  
 Ere that I left this ladye faire,  
 And went from her beyond the seas.

All cladd in gray, in pilgrime fort,      65  
 My voyage from her I did take  
 Unto the blessed Holy-land,  
 For Jesus Chrift my Saviours sake.

Where I erle Jonas did redeeme,  
 And all his fonnes which were fifteene,      70  
 Who with the cruell Sarazens  
 In prifon for long time had beene.

I flew the gyant Amarant  
 In battel fiercelye hand to hand :  
 And doughty Barknard killed I,      75  
 A treacherous knight of Paye land.

Then I to England came againe,  
 And here with Colbronde fell I fought :  
 An ugly gyant, which the Danes  
 Had for their champion hither brought.      80

I overcame him in the feild,  
 And flewe him soone right valliantlye;  
 Wherebye this land I did redeeme  
 From Danish tribute utterlye.

And afterwards I offered upp 85  
 The use of weapons solemnye  
 At Winchester, whereas I fought,  
 In fight of manye farr and nye.

' But first,' neare Winfor, I did slaye  
 A bore of passing might and strength ; 90  
 Whose like in England never was  
 For hugeness both in bredth, and length.

Some of his bones in Warwicke yet,  
 Within the castle there doe lye :  
 One of his sheild-bones to this day 95  
 Hangs in the citye of Coventrye.

On Dunsmore heath I alsoe slewe  
 A monstrous wyld and cruell beast,  
 Calld the Dun-cow of Dunsmore heath ;  
 Which manye people had opprest. 100

Some of her bones in Warwicke yett  
 Still for a monument doe lye ;  
 Which unto every lookers viewe  
 As wonderous strange, they may espye.

A dragon

A dragon in Northumberland, 105  
 I alsoe did in fight destroye,  
 Which did bothe man and beast oppresse,  
 And all the countrie fore annoye.

At length to Warwicke I did come,  
 Like pilgrime poore and was not knowne; 110  
 And there I livd a hermites life  
 A mile and more out of the towne.

Where with my hands I hewed a house  
 Out of a craggy rocke of stone;  
 And lived like a palmer poore 115  
 Within that cave myself alone:

And dailye came to begg my bread  
 Of Phelis at my castle gate;  
 Not knowne unto my loving wife,  
 Who dailye mourned for her mate. 120

Till at the last I fell sore sicke,  
 Yea sicke foe sore that I must die;  
 I sent to her a ringe of golde,  
 By which she knewe me presentlye.

Then shee repairing to the cave 125  
 Before that I gave up the ghost;  
 Herself closd up my dying eyes:  
 My Phelis faire, whom I lov'd most.

Thus



Thus dreadful death did me arrest,  
 To bring my corpes unto the grave; 130  
 And like a palmer dyed I,  
 Wherby I fought my soule to save.

My body that endured this toyle,  
 Though now it be consumed to mold;  
 My statue faire engraven in stone, 135  
 In Warwicke fill you may behold.

II.

GUY AND AMARANT.

*The Editor found this Poem in his ancient folio manuscript among the old ballads; he was desirous therefore that it should still accompany them; and as it is not altogether devoid of merit, its insertion here will be pardoned.*

*Although this piece seems not imperfect, there is reason to believe that it is only a part of a much larger poem, which contained the whole history of sir Guy: for upon comparing it with the common story book 12mo, we find the latter to be nothing more than this poem reduced to prose: which is only effected by now and then altering the rhyme, and throwing out some few of the poetical ornaments. The disguise is so slight that it is an easy matter to pick complete stanzas in any page of that book.*

*The author of this poem has shown some invention. Though he took the subject from the old romance quoted before, he has adorned it afresh, and made the story intirely his own.*

GUY

ANCIENT SONGS

**G**UY journeyed ore the sanctified ground,  
Whereas the Jewes fayre citie sometime stood,  
Wherin our Saviours sacred head was crownd,

And where for sinfull man he shed his blood :  
To see the sepulcher was his intent, 5  
The tombe that Joseph unto Iesus lent.

With tedious miles he tyred his wearye feet,  
And passed defart places full of danger,  
At last with a most woefull wight \* did meet,  
A man that unto sorrow was noe stranger :  
For he had fifteen sonnes, made captives all  
To slavish bondage, in extremeſt thrall.

A gyant called Amarant detain'd them,  
Whom noe man durst encounter for his strength :  
Who in a castle, which he held, had chain'd them : 15  
Guy questions, where ? and understands at length  
The place not farr.—Lend me thy sword, quoth hee,  
Ile lend my manhood all thy sonnes to free.

With that he goes, and lays upon the dore,  
Like one, he sayes, that must, and will come in : 20  
The gyant he was nere foe rowzd before ;  
For noe such knocking at his gate had bin :  
Soe takes his keyes, and clubb, and goeth out  
Staring with ireful countenance about.

Sirra,

\* Erle Jonas, mentioned in the foregoing ballad.

Sirra, sayes hee, what busines hast thou heere ? 25

Art come to feast the crowes about my walls ?

Didst never heare, noe ranfome cold him cleere,

That in the compas of my furye falls :

For making me to take a porters paines,

With this same clubb I will dash out thy braines. 30

Gyant, sayes Guy, y'are quarrelsome I see,

Choller and you are something neere of kin :

Most dangerous at a clubb belike you bee,

I have bin better armd, though nowe goe thin ;

But shew thy utmost hate, enlarge thy spight, 35

Keene is my weapon, and must doe me right.

Soe takes his sword, salutes him with the same

About the head, the shoulders, and the sides :

Whilst his erected clubb doth death proclaime,

Standinge with huge Colossus' spacious strides, 40

Putting such vigour to his knotted beame,

That like a furnace he did smoke extreame.

But on the ground he spent his strokes in vaine,

For Guy was nimble to avoyde them still,

And ere he cold recover his clubb againe, 45

Did beate his plated coat against his will :

Att such advantage Guy wold never fayle,

To beat him soundlye in his coate of mayle.

Att

Att last through 'lacke of' strength hee feeble grewe,  
 And sayd to Guy, as thou'rt of humane race,      50  
 Shew itt in this, give natures wants their dewe,  
 Let me but goe, and drinke in yonder place :  
 Thou canst not yeeld to 'me' a smaller thing,  
 Than to grant life, thats given by the spring.

I give thee leave, sayes Guye, goe drinke thy last,      55  
 Go pledge the dragon, and the savage bore\* :  
 Succeed the tragedyes that they have past,  
 But never thinke to drinke cold water more :  
 Drinke deepe to Death and unto him carouse :  
 Bid him receive thee in his earthen house.      60

Soe to the spring he goes, and flakes his thirst ;  
 Takeing the water in extremely like  
 Some wracked shipp that on some rocke is burst,  
 Whose forced hulke against the stones does stryke ;  
 Scoping it in soe fast with both his hands,      65  
 That Guy admiring to behold him stands.

Come on, quoth Guy, lets to our worke againe,  
 Thou stayest about thy liquor overlong ;  
 The fish, which in the river doe remaine,  
 Will want thereby ; thy drinking doth them wrong :  
 But I will 'have' their satisfaction made,      71  
 With gyants blood they must, and shall be payd.

\* Which Guy had slain before.

Ver. 64. bulke. MS.

Villaine, quoth Amarant, Ile crush thee streight ;  
 Thy life shall pay thy daring touns offence :  
 This clubb, which is about some hundred weight, 75  
 Has deathes commission to dispatch thee hence :  
 Dresse thee for ravens dyett I must needes ;  
 And breake thy bones, as they were made of reedes.

Incensed much att this bold pagans bostes,  
 Which worthye Guy cold ill endure to heare, 80  
 He hewes upon those bigg supporting postes,  
 Which like two pillars did his body beare :  
 Amarant for those wounds in choller growes,  
 And desperatelye att Guy his clubb he throwes :

Which did directly on his body light, 85  
 Soe heavy, and so weighty there-withall,  
 That downe to ground on suddenn came the knight ;  
 And, ere he cold recover from his fall,  
 The gyant gott his clubb againe in fist,  
 And aimed a blowe that wonderfullye mist. 90

Traytor, quoth Guy, thy falshood Ile repay,  
 This coward act to intercept my bloode.  
 Sayes Amarant, Ile murther any way,  
 With enemyes all vantages are good :  
 O cold I poyson in thy nostrills blowe, 95  
 Befure of it I wold destroy thee foe.

Its well, said Guy, thy honest thoughts appeare,  
 Within that beastlye bulke where devills dwell,  
 Which are thy tenants while thou livest heare,  
 But will be landlords when thou comest in hell : 100  
 Vile miscreant, prepare thee for their den,  
 Inhumane monster, hurtfull unto men.

But breathe thy selfe a time, while I goe drinke,  
 For flameing Phœbus with his fyerye eye  
 Torments me foe with burning heat, I thinke 105  
 My thirst wold serve to drinke an ocean drye :  
 Forbear a litle, as I delt with thee.  
 Quoth Amarant, thou hast noe foole of mee.

Noe, fillye wretch, my father taught more witt,  
 How I shold use such enemyes as thou, 110  
 By all my gods I doe rejoyce at itt,  
 To understand that thirst constraines thee now ;  
 For all the treasure, that the world containes,  
 One drop of water shall not coole thy vaines.

Releeve my foe ! why, 'twere a madmans part : 115  
 Refresh an adversarye to my wrong :  
 If thou imagine this, a child thou art :  
 Noe, fellow, I have known the world too long  
 'To be foe simple : now I know thy want,  
 A minutes space to thee I will not grant. 120

And with these words heaving aloft his clubb  
 Into the ayre, he swings the same about :

Then



Then shakes his lockes, and doth his temples rubb,  
 And, like the Cyclops, in his pride doth shout,  
 Sirra, sayes hee, I have you at a lift, 125  
 Now you are come unto your latest shift.

Perish forever: with this stroke I send thee  
 A medicine, will doe thy thirst much good;  
 Take noe more care of drinke before I end thee,  
 And then weelee have carouses of thy blood: 130  
 Here's at thee with a butchers downright blow,  
 To please my furye with thine overthrow.

Infernall, false, obdurate feend, said Guy,  
 That seemst a lumpe of crueltye from hell;  
 Ungratefull monster, since thou dost deny 135  
 The thing to mee wherein I used thee well:  
 With more revenge, than ere my sword did make,  
 On thy accursed head revenge Ile take.

Thy gyants longitude shall shorter shrinke,  
 Except thy sun-scorcht skin be weapon proof: 140  
 Farewell my thirst; I doe disdaine to drinke,  
 Streames keepe your waters to your owne behoof;  
 Or let wild beasts be welcome thereunto;  
 With those pearle drops I will not have to do.

Here, tyrant, take a taste of my good-will, 145  
 For thus I doe begin my bloodye bout:  
 You cannot chuse but like the greeting ill;  
 It is not that same clubb will beare you out

And take this payment on thy shaggie crowne.—  
 A blowe that brought him with a vengeance downe. 150

Then Guy sett foot upon the monsters brest,  
 And from his shoulders did his head divide,  
 Which with a yawninge mouth did gape unblest,  
 Noe dragons jawes were ever seene soe wide  
 To open and to shut, till life was spent. 155  
 Then Guy tooke keyes and to the castle went.

Where manye woefull captives he did find,  
 Which had beene tyred with extremitye,  
 Whom he in freindly manner did unbind,  
 And reasoned with them of their miserye: 160  
 Eche told a tale with teares, and fighes, and cryes,  
 All weeping to him with complaining eyes.

There tender ladyes in darke dungeon lay,  
 That were surpris'd in the desart wood,  
 And had noe other dyett everye day, 165  
 Than flesh of humane creatures for their food:  
 Some with their lovers bodyes had beene fed,  
 And in their wombes their husbands buried.

Now he bethinkes him of his being there,  
 To enlarge the wronged brethren from their woes; 170  
 And, as he seareth, doth great clamours heare,  
 By which sad sounds direction on he goes,  
 Untill he findes a darksome obscure gate,  
 Armd strongly ouer all with iron plate.

That

That he unlockes, and enters, where appears 175

The strangest object that he ever saw ;

Men that with famishment of many yeares,

Were like deathes picture, which the painters draw ;

Divers of them were hanged by eche thumb :

Others head-downward : by the middle some. 180

With diligence he takes them from the walls,

With libertye their thraldome to acquaint :

Then the perplexed knight the father calls,

And sayes, Receive thy sonnes though poore and faint :

I promised you their lives, accept of that; 185

But did not promise you they should be fat.

The castle I doe give thee, heeres the keyes,

Where tyranye for many yeeres did dwell :

Procure the gentle tender ladyes ease,

For pittyes sake, use wronged women well: 190

Men easilye revenge the wrongs men do:

But poore weake women have no strength thereto.

The good old man, even overjoyed with this,

Fell on the ground, and wold have kist Guys feete :

Father, quoth he, refraine foe base a kifs, 195

For age to honor youth I hold unmeete :

Ambitious pryde hath hurt mee all it can,

I goe to mortifie a sinfull man.

\* \* *The foregoing poem on GUY AND AMARANT has been discovered to be a fragment of, " the famous historie of*

“ *Guy earl of Warwicke*, by SAMUEL ROWLANDS. London, printed by J. Bell. 1649. 4to.” in xii cantos, beginning thus

“ When dreadful Mars in armour every day.”

*Whether the edition in 1649, was the first, is not known, but the author SAM. ROWLANDS was one of the minor poets, who lived in the reigns of Q. Elizabeth, and James I. and perhaps later. His other poems are chiefly of the religious kind, which makes it probable that the hist. of Guy was one of his earliest performance:—There are extant of his (1.) “ The betraying of Christ, Judas in dispaire, the seven words of our Saviour on the crosse, with other poems on the passion, &c. 1598. 4to. [Ames Typ. p. 428.]—(2.) A “ Theatre of delightful Recreation. Lond. printed for A. Johnson. 1605.” 4to. (Penes editor.) This is a book of poems on subjects chiefly taken from the old Testament. (3.) “ Memory of Christ’s miracles, in verse. Lond. 1618. 4to.” (4.) “ Heaven’s glory, earth’s vanity, and hell’s horror. Lond. 1638. 8vo. [These 2 in Bod. Cat.]*

### III.

## THE AULD GOOD-MAN.

### A SCOTTISH SONG.

*We have not been able to meet with a more ancient copy of this humorous old song, than that printed in the Tea-Table miscellany, &c. which seems to have admitted some corruptions.*

L ATE in an evening forth I went  
 A little before the sun gade down,  
 And there I chanc’t, by accident,  
 To light on a battle new begun :

A man

A man and his wife wer fawn in a strife, 5  
 I canna weel tell ye how it began;  
 But aye she wail'd her wretched life,  
 Cryeng, Evir alake, mine auld goodman!

HE.

Thy auld goodman, that thou tells of,  
 The country kens where he was born, 10  
 Was but a filly poor vagabond,  
 And ilka'ane leugh him to scorn:  
 For he did spend and make an end  
 Of gear ' his fathers nevir' wan;  
 He gart the poor stand frae the door; 15  
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

My heart, alake! is liken to break,  
 Whan I think on my winsome John,  
 His blinkan ce, and gait sae free,  
 Was naithing like thee, thou dosend drone; 20  
 Wi' his rosie face, and flaxen hair,  
 And a skin as white as ony swan,  
 He was large and tall, and comely withall;  
 Thou'lt nevir be like mine auld goodman.

HE.

Why dost thou plein? I thee maintein; 25  
 For meal and mawt thou disna want;  
 But thy wild bees I canna please,  
 Now whan our gear gins to grow scant:

Of household stuff thou hast enough ;

Thou wants for neither pot nor pan ; 30

Of sicklike ware he left thee bare ;

Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

Yes I may tell, and fret my fell,

To think on those blyth days I had,

Whan I and he, together ley 35

In armes into a well-made bed :

But now I figh and may be sad,

Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,

Thou falds thy feet and fa's asleep ;

Thou'lt nevir be like mine auld goodman. 40

Then coming was the night sae dark,

And gane was a' the light of day ?

The carle was fear'd to miss his mark,

And therefore wad nae longer stay :

Then up he gat, and ran his way, 45

I trowe, the wife the day she wan ;

And aye the owreword of the fray

Was, Evir alake ! mine auld goodman.



## IV.

## FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

*This seems to be the old song quoted in Fletcher's "Knight of the burning pestle." AEs 2d and 3d; altho' the six lines there preserved are somewhat different from those in the ballad, as it stands at present. The Reader will not wonder at this, when he is informed that this is only given from a modern printed copy picked up on a stall. It's full title is "Fair Margaret's Misfortunes; or Sweet William's frightful dreams on his wedding night, with the sudden death and burial of those noble lovers."*—

*The lines preserved in the play are this distich,*

*"You are no love for me, Margaret,*

*"I am no love for you."*

*And the following stanza,*

*"When it was grown to dark midnight,*

*"And all were fast asleep,*

*"In came Margaret's grimly ghost*

*"And stood at William's feet."*

*These lines have acquired an importance by giving birth to one of the most beautiful ballads in our own or any language. See the song intituled MARGARET'S GHOST, at the end of this volume.*

*In this second edition some improvements are inserted, which were communicated by a lady of the first distinction, as she had heard this song repeated in her infancy.*

**A**S it fell out on a long summer's day  
 Two lovers they sat on a hill;  
 They sat together that long summer's day,  
 And could not talk their fill.

I see no harm by you, Margare't, 5  
 And you see none by mee;  
 Before to-morrow at eight o'clock  
 A rich wedding you shall see.

Fair Margaret sat in her bower-window,  
 Combing her yellow hair; 10  
 There she spyed sweet William and his bride,  
 As they were a riding near.

Then down she layd her ivory combe,  
 And braided her hair in twain:  
 She went alive out of her bower, 15  
 But ne'er came alive in't again.

When day was gone, and night was come,  
 And all men fast asleep,  
 There came the spirit of fair Marg'ret,  
 And stood at Williams feet. 20

Are you awake, sweet William? shee said;  
 Or, sweet William, are you asleep?  
 God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,  
 And me of my winding-sheet.

When day was come, and night was gone, 25

And all men wak'd from sleep,

Sweet William to his lady sayd,

My dear, I have cause to weep.

I dreamt a dream, my dear ladyè,

Such dreames are never good : 30

I dreamt my bower was full of red swine,

And my bride-bed full of blood.

Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured Sir,

They never do prove good ;

To dream thy bower was full of ' red ' swine, 35

And thy bride-bed full of blood.

He called up his merry men all,

By one, by two, and by three ;

Saying, I'll away to fair Marg'rets bower,

By the leave of my ladyè. 40

And when he came to fair Marg'ret's bower,

He knocked at the ring ;

And who so ready as her seven brethrèn

To let sweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet,

Pray let me see the dead : 45

Methinks she does look pale and wan,

She has lost her cherry red.

I'll do more for thee, Margarèt,  
Than any of thy kin; 50  
For I will kifs thy pale wan lips,  
Though a smile I cannot win.

With that bespake the seven brethrèn,  
Making most piteous mone :  
You may go kifs your jolly brown bride, 55  
And let our sifter alone.

If I do kifs my jolly brown bride,  
I do but what is right ;  
I neer made a vow to yonder poor corpse  
By day, nor yet by night. 60

Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,  
Deal on your cake and your wine ;  
For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,  
Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine.

Fair Margaret dyed to-day, to-day, 65  
Sweet William dyed the morrow :  
Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love,  
Sweet William dyed for sorrow.

Margaret was buried in the lower chancèl,  
And William in the higher : 70  
Out of her brest there sprang a rose,  
And out of his a briar.

Thy

They grew till they grew unto the church-top,  
 And then they could grow no higher;  
 And there they tyed in a true lovers knot, 75  
 Which made all the people admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,  
 As you this truth shall hear,  
 And by misfortune cut them down,  
 Or they had now been there. 80

V.

BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY.

*Given, with some corrections, from an old printed copy in the editor's possession, intituled, "Barbara Allen's cruelty, or the young man's tragedy."*

**I**N Scarlet towne, where I was borne,  
 There was a faire maid dwellin,  
 Made every youth crye, wel-awaye!  
 Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merrie month of may, 5  
 When greene buds they were swellin,  
 Yong Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,  
 For love of Barbara Allen.

He

He sent his man unto her then,  
 To the town, where shee was dwellin ; 10  
 You must come to my master deare,  
 Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

For death is printed on his face,  
 And ore his hart is stealin :  
 Then haste away to comfort him, 15  
 O lovelye Barbara Allen.

Though death be printed on his face,  
 And ore his harte is stealin,  
 Yet little better shall he bee,  
 For bonny Barbara Allen. 20

So slowly, slowly, she came up,  
 And slowly she came nye him ;  
 And all she sayd, when there she came,  
 Yong man, I think y'are dying.

He turnd his face unto her strait, } 25  
 With deadlye sorrow fighting ;  
 O lovely maid, come pity mee,  
 Ime on my death-bed lying.

If on your death-bed you doe lye,  
 What needs the tale you are tellin : 30  
 I cannot keep you from your death ;  
 Farewell, sayd Barbara Allen.

He



He turnd his face unto the wall,  
As deadlye pangs he fell in :  
Adieu ! adieu ! adieu to you all,  
Adieu to Barbara Allen.

35

As she was walking ore the fields,  
She heard the bell a knellin ;  
And every stroke did seem to saye,  
Unworthy Barbara Allen.

40

She turnd her bodye round about,  
And spied the corps a coming :  
Laye downe, laye down the corps, she sayd,  
That I may look upon him.

With scornful eye she looked downe,  
Her cheeke with laughter swellin ;  
Whilst all her friends cryd out amaine,  
Unworthye Barbara Allen.

45

When he was dead, and laid in grave,  
Her harte was struck with sorrowe,  
O mother, mother, make my bed,  
For I shall dye to morrowe.

50

Hard harted creature him to slight,  
Who loved me so dearlye :  
O that I had beene more kind to him,  
When he was live and neare me !

55

She

She, on her death-bed as she laye,  
 Beg'd to be buried by him :  
 And sore repented of the daye,  
 That she did ere denye him.

60

Farewell, she sayd, ye virgins all,  
 And shun the fault I fell in :  
 Henceforth take warning by the fall  
 Of cruel Barbara Allen.



## VI.

## SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

## A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

*From Allan Ramsay's Tea Table miscellany. The concluding stanza of this piece seems modern.*

**T**HERE came a ghost to Margaret's door,  
 With many a grievous grone,  
 And ay he tirl'd at the pin ;  
 But answer made she none.

Is this my father Philip ?  
 Or is't my brother John ?  
 Or is't my true love Willie,  
 From Scotland new come home ?

5

Tis

Tis not thy father Philip ;  
 Nor yet thy brother John : 10  
 But tis thy true love Willie  
 From Scotland new come home.

O sweet Margret ! O dear Margret !  
 I pray thee speak to mee :  
 Give me my faith and troth, Margret, 15  
 As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou'se nevir get,  
 ' Of me shalt nevir win,'  
 Till that thou come within my bower,  
 And kifs my cheek and chin. 20

If I should come within thy bower,  
 I am no earthly man :  
 And should I kifs thy rosy lipp,  
 Thy days will not be lang.

O sweet Margret, O dear Margret, 25  
 I pray thee speak to mee :  
 Give me my faith and troth, Margret,  
 As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou'se nevir get,  
 ' Of me shalt nevir win,' 30  
 Till thou take me to yon kirk yard,  
 And wed me with a ring.

My

My bones are buried in a kirk yard  
Afar beyond the sea,  
And it is but my sprite, Margret, 35  
That's speaking now to thee.

She stretched out her lilly-white hand,  
As for to do her best :  
Hae there your faith and troth, Willie,  
God send your soul good rest. 40

Now she has kilted her robes of green,  
A piece below her knee :  
And a' the live-lang winter night  
The dead corps followed thee.

Is there any room at your head, Willie? 45  
Or any room at your feet ?  
Or any room at your side, Willie,  
Wherein that I may creep ?

There's nae room at my head, Margret,  
There's nae room at my feet, 50  
There's no room at my side, Margret,  
My coffin is made so meet.

Then up and crew the red red cock,  
And up then crew the gray :  
Tis time, tis time, my dear Margret, 55  
That you were gane away.

No

No more the ghost to Margret said,  
But, with a grievous grone,  
Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,  
And left her all alone.

60

O stay, my only true love, stay,  
The constant Margret cried:  
Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,  
Stretch'd her fast limbs, and died.

VII.

SIR JOHN GREHME AND BARBARA ALLAN.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

*Printed, with a few conjectural emendations, from a  
written copy.*

**I**T was in and about the Martinmas time,  
When the greene leaves wer a fallan;  
That Sir John Grehme o' the west countrye,  
Fell in luvè wi' Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down throw the towne,  
To the plaice wher she was dwellan:

O haste and cum to my maister deare,  
Gin ye bin Barbara Allan.

O hooly, hooly, raise she up,  
 To the plaice wher he was lyan ; 10  
 And whan she drew the curtain by,  
 Young man, I think ye're dyan\*.

O its I'm sick, and very very sick,  
 And its a' for Barbara Allan :  
 O the better for me ye'll never be, 15  
 Though your harts blude wer spillan.

Remember ye nat in the tavern, fir,  
 Whan ye the cups wer fillan ;  
 How ye maide the healths gae round and round,  
 And slighted Barbara Allan ? 20

He turn'd his face unto the wa',  
 And death was with him dealan ;  
 Adieu ! adieu ! my dear friends a',  
 Be kind to Barbara Allan.

Then hooly, hooly, raise she up, 25  
 And hooly, hooly left him ;  
 And sighan said, she could not stay,  
 Since death of life had rest him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,  
 Whan she heard the deid-bell knellan ; 30  
 And everye jow the deid-bell geid,  
 Cried, wae to Barbara Allan !

\* An ingenious friend thinks the rhymes *Dyand* and *Lyand* ought to be transposed ; as the taunt *Young man, I think ye're lyand*, would be very characteristic.



O mither, mither, mak my bed,  
 O mak it fast and narrow :  
 Since my luvè died for me to day, 35  
 He die for him to morrowe.

• •

## VIII.

## THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

*From an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, with some improvements communicated by a lady as she had heard the same recited in her youth. The full title is " True love requited : Or, the Bailiffs daughter of Islington."*

ISLINGTON in Norfolk is probably the place here meant.

Here was a youthe, and a well-beloved youthe,  
 And he was a squires son :  
 He loved the bayliffes daughter deare,  
 That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coye and would not believe 5  
 That he did love her soe,  
 Noe nor at any time would she  
 Any countenance to him showe.

But when his friendes did understand  
 His fond and foolish minde,      10  
 They sent him up to faire London  
 An apprentice for to binde.

And when he had been seven long yeares,  
 And never his love could see :  
 Many a teare have I shed for her sake.      15  
 When she little thought of mee.

Then all the maids of Islington  
 Went forth to sport and playe,  
 All but the bayliffes daughter deare ;  
 She secretly stole awaye.      20

She pulled off her gowne of greene,  
 And put on ragged attire,  
 And to faire London she would go  
 Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high-road,      25  
 The weather being hot and drye,  
 She sat her downe upon a green bank,  
 And her true love came riding bye.

She started up, with a colour soe redd,  
 Catching hold of his bridle-reine ;      30  
 One penny, one penny, kind sir, she sayd,  
 Will ease me of much paine.

3      Before

Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,  
Praye tell me where you were borne.

At Islington, kind sir, sayd shee, 35  
Where I have had many a scorne.

I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to mee,  
O tell me, whether you knowe  
The bayliffes daughter of Islington.  
She is dead, sir, long agoe. 40

If she be dead, then take my horse,  
My faddle and my bowe ;  
For I will into some farr countrye,  
Where noe man shall me knowe.

O staye, O staye, thou goodlye youthe, 45  
She standeth by thy side ;  
She is here alive, she is not dead,  
And readye to be thy bride.

O farewell grieve, and welcome joye,  
Ten thousand times therefore ; 50  
For nowe I have founde mine owne true love,  
Whom I thought I should never see more.

## IX.

## THE WILLOW-TREE.

## A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

*From the small black-letter collection, intituled, "The Golden Garland of princely delights;" collated with two other copies and corrected by conjecture.*

WILLY.

**H**O W now, shepherde, what meanes that ?  
 Why that willowe in thy hat ?  
 Why thy scarffes of red and yellowe  
 Turn'd to branches of greene willowe ?

CUDDY,

They are chang'd, and so am I ;  
 Sorrowes live, but pleasures die ;  
 Phillis hath forsaken mee,  
 Which makes me weare the willowe-tree.

WILLY.

Phillis ! shee that lov'd thee long ?  
 Is shee the lasf hath done thee wrong ?  
 Shee that lov'd thee long and best,  
 Is her love turn'd to a jest ?

CUDDY,

CUDDY.

Shee that long true love profest,  
She hath robb'd my heart of rest :  
For she a new love loves, not mee ; 15  
Which makes me wear the willowe-tree.

WILLY.

Come then, shepherde, let us joine,  
Since thy happ is like to mine :  
For the maid I thought most true  
Mee hath also bid adieu. 20

CUDDY.

Thy hard happ doth mine appease,  
Companye doth sorrowe ease :  
Yet, Phillis, still I pine for thee,  
And still must weare the willowe-tree.

WILLY.

Shepherde, be advis'd by mee, 25  
Cast off grief and willowe-tree :  
For thy grief brings her content,  
She is pleas'd if thou lament.

CUDDY.

Herdsmen, I'll be rul'd by thee,  
There lyes grief and willowe-tree : 30  
Henceforth I will do as they,  
And love a new love every day.

\*\*\*

## X.

## THE LADY'S FALL,

—is given from the editor's ancient folio MS, collated with two printed copies in black letter; one in the British Museum, the other in the Pepys collection. Its old title is, "*A lamentable ballad of the Lady's fall. To the tune of, 'In Pescod Time, &c.'*"—The ballad here referred to is preserved in the MUSES LIBRARY 8vo. p. 281. It is an allegory or vision, intitled "*THE SHEPHERDS SLUMBER,*" and opens with some pretty rural images, viz.

"*In pescod time when bound to horn*

"*Gives eare till buck be kil'd,*

"*And little lads with pipes of corne*

"*Sate keeping beasts a-field,*

"*I went to gather strawberries*

"*By woods and groves full fair," &c.*

**M**ARKE well my heavy dolefull tale,

You loyall lovers all,

And heedfully beare in your brest,

A gallant ladies fall.

Long was she woo'd, ere she was wonne,

To lead a wedded life,

But folly wrought her overthrowe

Before shee was a wife.

Too



Too soone, alas ! shee gave consent  
 And yeelded to his will, 10  
 Though he protested to be true,  
 And faithfull to her still.  
 Shee felt her body altered quite,  
 Her bright hue waxed pale,  
 Her lovelye cheeks chang'd color white, 15  
 Her strength began to fayle.

Soe that with many a sorrowful sigh,  
 This beauteous ladye milde,  
 With greeved hart, perceiv'd herselfe  
 To have conceiv'd with childe. 20  
 Shee kept it from her parents sight  
 As close as close might bee,  
 And soe put on her silken gowne  
 None might her swelling seee.

Unto her lover secretly 25  
 Her greefe shee did bewray,  
 And walking with him hand in hand,  
 These words to him did say ;  
 Behold, quoth shee, a maids distresse  
 By love brought to thy bowe, 30  
 Behold I goe with childe by thee,  
 But none thereof doth knowe.

The little babe springs in my wombe  
 To heare its fathers voyce,  
 Lett it not be a bastard call'd,      35  
 Sith I made thee my choyce:  
 Come, come, my love, perform thy vowe  
 And wed me out of hand;  
 O leave me not in this extreme,  
 In grieve alwayes to stand.      40

Thinke on thy former promises,  
 Thy oathes and vowes eche one;  
 Remember with what bitter teares  
 To mee thou madest thy moane.  
 Convey me to some secrett place,      45  
 And marry me with speede;  
 Or with thy rapyer end my life,  
 Ere further shame proceede.

Alacke! my dearest love, quoth hee,  
 My greatest joye on earthe,      50  
 Which waye can I convey thee hence,  
 Without a sudden death?  
 Thy friends are all of hye degree,  
 And I of meane estate;  
 Full hard it is to gett thee forthe      55  
 Out of thy fathers gate.

Dread not thy life to save my fame,  
 For if thou taken bee,  
 My felfe will ſtep betweene the ſwords,  
 And take the harme on mee : 60  
 Soe ſhall I ſcape diſhonor quite ;  
 And if I ſhould be flaine  
 What could they ſay, but that true love  
 Had wrought a ladyes bane.

And feare not any further harme ; 65  
 My felfe will ſoe deviſe,  
 That I will ryde away with thee  
 Unknowne of mortal eyes :  
 Diſguiſed like ſome pretty page,  
 Ile meete thee in the darke, 70  
 And all alone Ile come to thee,  
 Hard by my fathers parke.

And there, quoth hee, Ile meete my deare  
 If God ſoe lend me life,  
 On this day month without all faile 75  
 I will make thee my wife.  
 Then with a ſweet and loving kiſſe,  
 They parted preſentlye,  
 And att their partinge briniſh teares  
 Stood in eche others eye. 80

Att

Att length the wished day was come,  
On which this beauteous mayd,  
With longing eyes, and strange attire,

For her true lover stayd :  
When any person shee espyed 85  
Come ryding ore the plaine,  
She hop'd it was her owne true love ;  
But all her hopes were vaine,

Then did shee weepe and fore bewayle  
Her most unhappy fate ; 90

Then did shee speake these woefull words,  
As succourless shee fate :

O false, forsworne, and faithlesse man,  
Disloyall in thy love,  
Hast thou forgott thy promise past, 95  
And wilt thou perjur'd prove ?

And hast thou now forsaken mee  
In this my great distresse,  
To end my dayes in open shame,  
Which thou mightst well redresse ? 100

Woe worth the time I eer believ'd  
That flattering tongue of thine ;  
Would God that I had never seene  
The teares of thy false eyne.

And

And thus with many a sorrowful sigh, 105

Homewards she went againe;

Noe rest came in her waterye eyes,

Shee felt such privye paine.

In travail strong shee fell that night,

With many a bitter throwe; 110

What woefull pangs shee then did feel,

Doth eche good woman knowe.

Shee called up her waiting mayd,

That lay at her bedds feete,

Who musing at her mistres woe, 115

Began full fast to weepe.

Weepe not, said shee, but shutt the dores,

And windowes round about,

Let none bewray my wretched state,

But keepe all persons out. 120

O mistres, call your mother deare,

Of women you have neede,

And of some skilfull midwifes helpe,

That better you may speed.

Call not my mother for thy life, 125

Nor fetch no women here,

The midwifes helpe comes all too late,

My death I doe not feare.

With

With that the babe sprang from her wombe  
 No creature being nye, 130  
 And with one fighe, which brake her heart,  
 This gallant dame did dye.  
 The lovely little infant yonge,  
 The mother being dead,  
 Religned its new received breath 135  
 To him that had it made.

Next morning came her own true love,  
 Affrighted at the newes,  
 And he for sorrow slew himselfe,  
 Whom eche one did accuse. 140  
 The mother with her new borne babe,  
 Were both laid in one grave,  
 Their parents overcome with woe,  
 No joy thenceforth cold have.

Take heed, you daintye damselles all, 145  
 Of flattering words beware,  
 And of the honour of your name  
 Have an especial care.  
 Too true, alas! this story is,  
 As many one can tell. 150  
 By others harmes learne to be wise,  
 And you shall do full well.



## XI.

## WALY WALY, LOVE BE BONNY.

## A SCOTTISH SONG.

*This is a very ancient song, but we could only give it from modern copies. Some editions instead of the four last lines in the second stanza have these, which have too much merit to be wholly suppressed,*

“*Whan cockle shells turn filler bells,*

“*And muscles grow on every tree,*

“*When fröst and snaw fall warm us aw’,*

“*Than fall my love prove true to me.*”

*See the Orpheus Caledonius, &c.*

*Arthur-seat mentioned in ver. 17. is a hill near Edinburgh; at the bottom of which is St. Anthony’s well.*

O Waly waly up the bank,  
And waly waly down the brae,

And waly waly yon burn side,

Where I and my love wer wont to gae.

I leant my back unto an aik, 5

I thought it was a trusty tree;

But first it bow’d, and syne it brak,

Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, gin love be bonny,

A little time while it is new, 10

But when its auld, it waxeth cauld,

And fades awa’ like morning dew.

O wherfore shuld I busk my head?

Or wherfore shuld I kame my hair?

For my true love has me forfook,

15

And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-feat fall be my bed,

The sheets fall neir be fyl'd by me:

Saint Anton's well fall be my drink,

Since my true love has forsaken me.

20

Marti'mas wind, whan wilt thou blaw,

And shake the green leaves aff the tree?

O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum?

For of my life I am wearie.

Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,

25

Nor blawing snaws inclemencie;

Tis not sic cauld, that makes me cry,

But my loves heart grown cauld to me.

Whan we came in by Glasgowe town,

We were a comely fight to see,

30

My love was cled i' th' black velvet,

And I my fell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kist,

That love had been sae ill to win;

I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,

35

And pinnd it with a filler pin.

Oh,

Oh oh ! if my young babe were born,

And set upon the nurfes knee,

And I my fell were dead and gane!

For a maid again Iſe never be.

40

XII.

THE WANTON WIFE OF BATH.

*From an ancient copy in black-print, in the Pepys collection.  
Mr. Addiſon has pronounced this an excellent ballad? See  
the Spectator, N<sup>o</sup>. 248.*

**I**N Bath a wanton wife did dwelle,

As Chaucer he doth write;

Who did in pleaſure ſpend her dayes,

And many a fond delight.

Upon a time fore ſicke ſhe was,

5

And at the length did dye;

And then her ſoul at heaven gate

Did knocke moſt mightilye.

Fiſt Adam came unto the gate:

Who knocketh there? quoth hee,

10

I am the wife of Bath, ſhe ſayd,

And faine would come to thee.

Thou art a sinner, Adam sayd,  
And here no place shalt have.

And so art thou, I trowe, quoth shee ; 15

Now, gip, you doting knave.

I will come in, in spight, she sayd,  
Of all such churles as thee ;

Thou wert the causer of our woe,  
Our paine and misery ; 20

And first broke Gods commandiments,

In pleasure of thy wife. —

When Adam heard her tell this tale,  
He ranne away for life.

Then downe came Jacob at the gate, 25

And bids her packe to hell ;

Thou false deceiving knave, quoth she,

Thou mayst be there as well.

For thou deceiv'dst thy father deare,

And thine own brother too. 30

Away ' slunk' Jacob presently,

And made no more adoo.

*Ver. 16. Gip, gep, or guep, is a common interjection of contempt in our old poets. See Gray's Hudibras, pt. 1. canto 3. v. 202. note.*

She

She knockes again with might and maine,  
 And Lot he chides her straite.  
 How now, quoth she, thou drunken as, 35  
 Who bade thee here to prate?

With thy two daughters thou didst lye,  
 On them two bastardes got.  
 And thus most tauntingly she chafte  
 Against poor filly Lot. 40

Who calleth there, quoth Judith then,  
 With such shrill sounding notes?  
 This fine minckes surely came not here,  
 Quoth she, for cutting throats.

Good Lord, how Judith blush'd for shame, 45  
 When she heard her say foe!  
 King David hearing of the same,  
 He to the gate would goe.

Quoth David, Who knockes there so loud,  
 And maketh all this strife? 50  
 You were more kinde, good Sir, she sayd,  
 Unto Uriah's wife.

And when thy servant thou didst cause  
 In battle to be slaine;  
 Thou causedst far more strife than I, 55  
 Who would come here so faine.

The woman's mad, quoth Solomon,  
That thus doth taunt a king.

28 Not half so mad as you, she sayd  
I trowe, in manye a thing. 60

Thou hadst seven hundred wives at once,  
For whom thou didst provide;  
And yet, god wot, three hundred whores  
32 Thou must maintaine beside:

And they made thee forsake thy God, 65  
And worship stockes and stones;  
Besides the charge they put thee to  
In breeding of young bones.

34 Hadst thou not bin beside thy wits,  
Thou wouldst not thus have ventur'd; 70  
And therefore I do marvel much,  
How thou this place hast enter'd.

I never heard, quoth Jonas then,  
40 So vile a scold as this.  
Thou whore-son run-away, quoth she, 75  
Thou diddest more amiss.

' They say' quoth Thomas, womens tongues  
Of aspen-leaves are made.

22 Thou unbelieving wretch, quoth she,  
All is not true that's sayd. 80  
When



When Mary Magdalen heard her then,  
 She came unto the gate.  
 Quoth she, good woman, you must think  
 Upon your former state.

No sinner enters in this place 85  
 Quoth Mary Magdalene. Then  
 'Twere ill for you, fair mistress mine,  
 She answered her agen :

You for your honestye, quoth she,  
 Had once been ston'd to death ; 90  
 Had not our Saviour Christ come by,  
 And written on the earth.

It was not by your occupation,  
 You are become divine :  
 I hope my soul in Christ his passion, 95  
 Shall be as safe as thine,

Uprose the good apostle Paul,  
 And to this wife he cryed,  
 Except thou shake thy sins away,  
 Thou here shalt be denyed. 100

Remember, Paul, what thou hast done,  
 All through a lewd desire :  
 How thou didst persecute God's church,  
 With wrath as hot as fire.

Then up starts Peter at the last, 105  
 And to the gate he hies :  
 Fond fool, quoth he, knock not so fast,  
 Thou weariest Christ with cries.

Peter, said she, content thyselfe,  
 For mercye may be won ; 110  
 I never did deny my Christ,  
 As thou thyselfe hast done.

When as our Saviour Christ heard this,  
 With heavenly angels bright,  
 He comes unto this sinful soul ; 115  
 Who trembled at his fight.

Of him for mercye she did crave.  
 Quoth he, thou hast refus'd  
 My proffer'd grace, and mercy both,  
 And much my name abus'd. 120

Sore have I finned, Lord, she sayd,  
 And spent my time in vaine ;  
 But bring me like a wandring sheepe  
 Into thy fold againe.

O Lord my God, I will amend 125  
 My former wicked vice :  
 The thief for one poor silly word  
 Past into paradise.

My

My lawes and my commandiments,  
 Saith Christ, were knowne to thee ; 130  
 But of the same in any wise,  
 Not yet one word did yee.

I grant the same, O Lord, quoth she ;  
 Most lewdly did I live ;  
 But yet the loving father did 135  
 His prodigal son forgive.

So I forgive thy soul, he sayd,  
 Through thy repenting crye ;  
 Come enter then into my rest,  
 I will not thee denye. 140

XIII.

D U L C I N A.

*Given from two ancient copies, one in black-print, in the Pepys collection ; the other in the editor's folio MS. The fourth stanza is not found in MS, and seems redundant.*

*This song is quoted as very popular in Walton's Compleat Angler, chap. 2. It is more ancient than the song of ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW printed below, which yet is supposed to have been written by Ben Jonson.*

**A**S at noone Dulcina rested  
 In her sweete and shady bower ;  
 Came a shepherd, and requested  
 In her lappe to sleep an hour.

But from her looke 5  
 A wounde he tooke  
 So deepe, that for a further boone  
 The nymphe he prayes :  
 Whereto she sayes,  
 Foregoe me now, come to me soone. 10

But in vayne shee did conjure him  
 To departe her prefence foe ;  
 Having a thousand tongues to allure him,  
 And but one to bid him goe :  
 Where lippes invite, 15  
 And eyes delight,  
 And cheekes, as fresh as rose in june,  
 Persuade delay ;  
 What boots to say,  
 Foregoe me now, come to me soone ? 20

He demands what time for pleasure  
 Can there be more fit than now :  
 She sayes, night gives love that leifure,  
 Which the day doth not allow.  
 He sayes, the sight 25  
 ‘ Improves delight :  
 ‘ Which shee denies ; nights mirkie noone  
 In Venus’ playes  
 Makes bold, she sayes ;  
 Foregoe me now, come to mee soone. 30

But

But what promise or profession  
 From his hands could purchase scope?  
 Who would sell the sweet possession  
 Of such beauty for a hope?  
     Or for the fight 35  
     Of lingering night  
 Foregoe the present joys of noone?  
     Though ne'er so faire  
     Her speeches were,  
 Foregoe me now, come to me soone. 40

How, at last, agreed these lovers?  
 Shee was fayre, and he was young:  
 The tongue may tell what th'eye discovers;  
 Joys unseene are never fung.  
     Did shee consent, 45  
     Or he relent;  
 Accepts hee night, or grants shee noone;  
     Left he her mayd,  
     Or not; she sayd  
 Foregoe me now, come to me soone. 50

## XIV.

## THE LADY ISABELLA'S TRAGEDY.

*This ballad is given from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, collated with another in the British Museum, H. 263. folio. It is there intitled, "The Lady Isabella's Tragedy, or the Step-Mother's Cruelty: being a relation of a lamentable and cruel murther, committed on the body of the lady Isabella, the only daughter of a noble duke, &c. To the tune of the Lady's Fall." To some copies are annexed eight more modern stanzas, intitled, "The Dutchess's and Cook's Lamentation."*

**T**HERE was a lord of worthy fame,  
 And a hunting he would ride,  
 Attended by a noble traine  
 Of gentrye by his side.

And while he did in chafe remaine,  
 To see both sport and playe ;  
 His ladye went, as she did feigne,  
 Unto the church to praye.

5

This



This lord he had a daughter deare,  
 Whose beauty shone so bright, 10  
 She was belov'd, both far and neare,  
 Of many a lord and knight.

Fair Isabella was she call'd,  
 A creature faire was shee ;  
 She was her fathers only joye; 15  
 As you shall after see.

Therefore her cruel step-mothèr  
 Did envye her so much;  
 That daye by daye she sought her life,  
 Her malice it was such. 20

She bargain'd with the master-cook,  
 To take her life awaye:  
 And taking of her daughters book,  
 She thus to her did saye.

Go home, sweet daughter, I thee praye, 25  
 Go hasten presentlie ;  
 And tell unto the master-cook  
 These wordes that I tell thee.

And bid him dresse to dinner streight  
 That faire and milk-white doe, 30  
 That in the parke doth shine so bright,  
 There's none so faire to showe.

This

This ladye fearing of no harme,  
 Obey'd her mothers will;  
 And presentlye she hasted home,  
 Her pleasure to fulfill. 35

She streight into the kitchen went,  
 Her message for to tell;  
 And there she spied the master-cook,  
 Who did with malice swell. 40

Nowe, master-cook, it must be foe,  
 Do that which I thee tell:  
 You needes must dresse the milk-white doe,  
 Which you do knowe full well.

Then streight his cruell bloodye hands, 45  
 He on the ladye layd;  
 Who quivering and shaking stands,  
 While thus to her he sayd:

Thou art the doe, that I must dresse;  
 See here, behold my knife;  
 For it is pointed presently 50  
 To ridd thee of thy life.

O then, cried out the scullion-boye,  
 As loud as loud might bee:  
 O save her life, good master-cook, 55  
 And make your pyes of mee!

For pityes sake do not destroye  
 My ladye with your knife ;  
 You know shee is her father's joye,  
 For Christes sake save her life. 60

I will not save her life, he sayd,  
 Nor make my pyes of thee ;  
 Yet if thou dost this deed bewraye,  
 Thy butcher I will bee.

Now when this lord he did come home 65  
 For to sit downe and eat ;  
 He called for his daughter deare,  
 To come and carve his meat.

Now sit you downe, his ladye sayd,  
 O sit you downe to meat : 70  
 Into some nunnery she is gone ;  
 Your daughter deare forget.

Then solemnye he made a vowe,  
 Before the companie :  
 That he would neither eat nor drinke,  
 Until he did her see. 75

O then bespake the scullion-boye,  
 With a loud voice so hye :  
 If now you will your daughter see,  
 My lord, cut up that pye : 80

Wherein her fleshe is minced small,  
 And parched with the fire ;  
 All caused by her step-mother,  
 Who did her death desire.

And cursed bee the master-cook, 85  
 O cursed may he bee !  
 I proffered him my own hearts blood,  
 From death to fet her free.

Then all in blacke this lord did mourne ;  
 And for his daughters sake, 90  
 He judged her cruell step-mother  
 To be burnt at a stake.

Likewise he judg'd the master-cook  
 In boiling lead to stand ;  
 And made the simple scullion-boye 95  
 The heire of all his land.

## XV.

## A HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID.

*This Poem, which is in imitation of the first Idyllium of Moschus, is extracted from Ben Jonson's Masque at the marriage of lord viscount Hadington, on Shrove-Tuesday 1608. One stanza full of dry mythology we have omitted, as we found it dropt in a copy of this song printed in a small volume called "Le Prince d'amour. Lond. 1660." 8vo.*

**B**EAUTIES, have yee seen a toy,  
 Called Love, a little boy,  
 Almost naked, wanton, blinde ;  
 Cruel now ; and then as kinde ?  
 If he be amongst yee, say ;  
 He is Venus' run-away.

5

Shee, that will but now discover  
 Where the winged wag doth hover,  
 Shall to-night receive a kisse,  
 How and where herselfe would wish ;  
 But who brings him to his mother  
 Shall have that kisse, and another.

10

Markes he hath about him plentie ;  
 You may know him among twentie :

All his body is a fire,  
 And his breath a flame entire :  
 Which, being shot like lightning in,  
 Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

15

Wings he hath, which though yee clip,  
 He will leape from lip to lip,  
 Over liver, lights, and heart ;  
 Yet not stay in any part.

20

And, if chance his arrow misses,  
 He will shoot himselfe in kisses.

He doth beare a golden bow,  
 And a quiver hanging low,

25

Full of arrowes, which outbrave  
 Dian's shafts ; where, if he have  
 Any head more sharpe than other,  
 With that first he strikes his mother ;

30

Still the fairest are his fuell,  
 When his daies are to be cruell ;

Lovers hearts are all his food,  
 And his baths their warmest blood :  
 Nought but wounds his hand doth season,

35

And he hates none like to Reason.

Trust him not : his words, though sweet,  
 Seldome with his heart doe meet :

All his practice is deceit ;  
 Everie gift is but a bait :

40

Not



Not a kisse but poyson beares ;  
And most treason in his teares.

Idle minutes are his raigne ;  
Then the straggler makes his gaine,  
By presenting maids with toyes 45  
And would have yee thinke hem joyes :  
'Tis the ambition of the elfe,  
To have all childish, as himselfe.

If by these yee please to know him,  
Beauties, be not nice, but show him. 50  
Though yee had a will to hide him,  
Now, we hope, yee'le not abide him,  
Since yee heare this falser's play,  
And that he is Venus' run-away.

XVI.

THE KING OF FRANCE'S DAUGHTER.

*The story of this Ballad seems to be taken from an incident in the domestic history of Charles the Bald, king of France. His daughter Judith was betrothed to Ethelwulph king of England : but before the marriage was consummated, Ethelwulph died, and she returned to France : whence she was carried off by Baldwyn, Forrester of Flanders ; who after many crosses and difficulties, at length obtained the king's consent to their marriage, and was made Earl of Flanders. This happened about A. D. 863.—See Rapin, Henault, and the French Historians.*

*The following copy is given from the editor's ancient folio MS. collated with another in black letter in the Pepys Collection, intitled, "An excellent Ballad of a prince of England's courtship to the king of France's daughter, &c. To the tune of Crimson Velvet."*

*Many breaches having been made in this old song by the hand of time, principally (as might be expected) in the quick returns of the rhyme; we have attempted to repair them.*

**I**N the dayes of old,  
When faire France did flourish,  
Storyes plaine have told,

Lovers felt annoye.

The queene a daughter bare,

Whom beautye's queene did nourish :

She was lovelye faire,

She was her fathers joye.

A prince of England came,

Whose deeds did merit fame,

But he was exil'd, and outcast :

Love his soul did fire,

Shée granted his desire,

Their hearts in one were linked fast.

Which when her father proved,

Sorelye he was moved,

And tormented in his minde.

He sought for to prevent them ;

And, to discontent them,

Fortune cross'd these lovers kinde.

When these princes twaine

Were thus barr'd of pleasure,

Through the kinges disdaine,

Which their joyes withstoode: Sweete, I come, I see

The lady soone prepar'd Sweete, I come to see 25

Her jewells and her treasure;

Having no regard For my long delaying;

For state and royall blood;

In homelye poore array - Soone amends he makes

She went from court away, 30

To meet her joye and hearts delight;

Who in a forrest great

Had taken up his seat,

To wayt her coming in the night.

But, lo! what sudden danger 35

To this princely stranger

Chanced, as he sate alone!

By outlawes he was robbed,

And with ponyards stabbed,

Uttering many a dying grone. 40

The princeesse, arm'd by love,

And by chaste desire,

All the night did rove

Without dread at all:

Still unknowne she past 45

In her strange attire;

Coming at the last

Within echoes call,—

You faire woods, quoth shee,

Honoured may you bee, 50

Harbouring my hearts delight;

Which encompasses here

My joye and only deare,

My trustye friend, and comelye knight.

Sweete, I come unto thee, 55

Sweete, I come to woo thee ;

That thou mayst not angrye bee

For my long delaying ;

For thy curteous staying

Soone amendes Ile make to thee. 60

Paffing thus alone

Through the silent forest,

Many a grievous grone

Sounded in her eares :

She heard one complayne 65

And lament the forest,

Seeming all in payne,

Shedding deadly teares.

Farewell, my deare, quoth hee,

Whom I must never see ; 70

For why my life is att an end,

Through villaines crueltie:

For thy sweet fake I dye,

To show I am a faithfull friend.

Here I lye a bleeding, 75

While my thoughts are feeding

On the rarest beautye found.

O hard happ, that may be!

Little knowes my ladye

My heartes blood lyes on the ground. 80

With that a grone he sends

Which did burst in sunder

All the tender 'bands'

Of his gentle heart.

She, who knewe his voice,

85

At his wordes did wonder ;

All her formerjoyes

Did to grieve convert.

Straight she ran to see,

Who this man shold bee,

90

That foe like her love did seeme :

Her lovely lord she found

Lye slaine upon the ground,

Smear'd with gore a ghastlye streame.

Which his lady spying,

95

Shrieking, fainting, crying,

Her sorrows could not uttered bee :

Fate, she cryed, too cruell !

For thee—my dearest jewell,

Would God ! that I had dyed for thee.

100

His pale lippes, alas !

Twentye times she kissed,

And his face did wash

With her trickling teares :

Every gaping wound

105

Tenderlye she pressed,

And did wipe it round

With her golden haire.

Speake, faire love, quoth shee,

Speake, faire prince, to mee,

110

One sweete word of comfort give :

Lift up thy deare eyes,

Listen to my cries,

Thinke in what sad grieve I live.

All in vaine she sued, 115

28 All in vaine she wooed,

The prince's life was fled and gone.

There stood she still mourning,

Till the suns retourning,

And bright day was coming on. 120

60 In this great distresse

Weeping, wayling ever,

Oft shee cryed, alas!

What will become of mee?

20 To my fathers court 125

I returne will never:

But in lowlye fort

Will a servant bee.

While thus she made her mone,

60 Weeping all alone, 130

In this deepe and deadlye feare:

A for'ster all in greene,

Most comelye to be seene,

Ranging the woods did find her there:

Moved with her sorrowe; 135

60 Maid, quoth he, good morrowe,

What hard happ has brought thee here?

Harder happ did never

Two kinde hearts dissever:

Here lyes slaine my brother deare: 140

60 Where may I remaine,

Gentle for'ster, shew me,

Till



Till I can obtaine

A service in my neede ?

Paines I will not spare: 145

This kinde favour doe me,

It will ease my care;

Heaven shall be thy meede.

The for'ter all amazed,

On her beautye gazed, 150

Till his heart was set on fire,

If, faire maid, quoth hee,

You will goe with mee,

You shall have your hearts desire.

He brought her to his mother, 155

And above all other

He sett forth this maidens praise.

Long was his heart inflamed,

At length her love he gained,

And fortune crown'd his future dayes. 160

Thus unknowne he wedde

With a kings faire daughter ;

Children seven they had,

Ere she told her birth.

Which when once he knew, 165

Humblye he besought her,

He to the world might shew

Her rank and princelye worth.

He cloath'd his children then,

(Not like other men)

170

In partye-colours strange to see ;

The right side cloth of gold,  
 The left side to behold,  
 Of woollen cloth still framed hee\*.  
 Men thereatt did wonder ; 175  
 Golden fame did thunder  
 This strange deede in every place :  
 The king of France came thither,  
 It being pleasant weather,  
 In these woods the hart to chafe. 180

The children then they bring,  
 So their mother will'd it,  
 Where the royall king  
 Must of force come bye :  
 Their mothers riche array, 185  
 Was of crimson velvet :  
 Their fathers all of gray,  
 Seemelye to the eye.  
 Then this famous king,  
 Noting every thing, 190

\* This will remind the reader of the livery and device of Charles Brandon, a private gentleman, who married the Queen Dowager of France, sister of Henry VIII. At a tournament which he held at his wedding, the trappings of his horse were half Cloth of gold, and half Frieze, with the following Motto,

" Cloth of Gold, do not dispise,  
 " Tho' thou art matcht with Cloth of Frieze ;  
 " Cloth of Frieze, be not too bold,  
 " Tho' thou art matcht with Cloth of Gold."

See Sir W. Temple's Misc. vol. 3. p. 336.

Askt how he durst be so bold  
 To let his wife foe weare,  
 And decke his children there,  
 In costly robes of pearl and gold.  
 The forrester replying, 195  
 And the cause descrying\*,  
 To the king these words did say,  
 Well may they, by their mother,  
 Weare rich clothes with other,  
 Being by birth a princeesse gay. 200

The king aroufed thus,  
 More heedfullye beheld them,  
 Till a crimson blush  
 His remembrance croft.  
 The more I fix my mind 205  
 On thy wife and children,  
 The more methinks I find  
 The daughter which I lost.  
 Falling on her knee,  
 I am that child, quoth shee ; 210  
 Pardon mee, my soveraine liege.  
 The king perceiving this,  
 His daughter deare did kifs,  
 While joyfull teares did stopp his speeche.  
 With his traine he tourned. 215  
 And with them sojourned.  
 Strait he dubb'd her husband knight;  
 Then made him erle of Flanders,

\* i. e. describing. See Gloss.

And chiefe of his commanders :

Thus were their sorrowes put to flight. 220

XVII.

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

*This little madrigal (extracted from Ben Jonson's Silent Woman, Act 1. Sc. 1. First acted in 1609.) is in imitation of a Latin poem printed at the end of the Variorum Edit. of Petronius, beginning 'Semper munditias, semper Basiliffa, decoras, &c.' See Whalley's Ben Jonson, vol. 2. p. 420.*

STILL to be neat, still to be dress,

As you were going to a feast :

Still to be pou'dred, still perfum'd :

• Lady, it is to be presum'd,

Though art's hid causes are not found,

All is not sweet, all is not found.

Give me a looke, give me a face,

That makes simplicitie a grace ;

Robes loosely flowing, haire as free :

Such sweet neglect more taketh me,

Than all th' adulteries of art,

That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

XVIII.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

*The subject of this very popular ballad (which has been set in so favourable a light by the Spectator, N<sup>o</sup> 85.) seems to be taken from an old play, intitled, "Two lamentable Tragedies, The one of the murder of Maister Beech, a chandler in Thames-streete, &c. The other of a young child murdered in a wood by two ruffins, with the confession of his unkle. By Rob. Yarrington, 1601. 4to." Our ballad-maker has strictly followed the play in the description of the father and mother's dying charge: in the uncle's promise to take care of their issue: his hiring two ruffians to destroy his ward, under pretence of sending him to school: their chusing a wood to perpetrate the murder in: one of the ruffians relenting, and a battle ensuing, &c. In other respects he has departed from the play. In the latter the scene is laid in Padua: there is but one child: which is murdered by a sudden stab of the unrelenting ruffian: he is slain himself by his less bloody companion, but ere he dies gives the other a mortal wound: the latter living just long enough to impeach the uncle: who in consequence of this impeachment is arraigned and executed by the hand of justice, &c. Whoever compares the play with the ballad, will have no doubt but the former is the original: the language is far more obsolete, and such a vein of simplicity runs thro' the whole performance, that had the ballad been written first, there is no doubt but every circumstance of it would have been received into the drama: whereas this was probably built on some Italian novel.*

*Printed from two ancient copies, one of them in black letter in the Pepys Collection. It's title at large is, "The Children in the Wood: or, The Norfolk Gentleman's Last Will and Testament: To the tune of Rogero, &c."*

**N**O W ponder well, you parents deare,  
 These wordes, which I shall write ;  
 A doleful story you shall heare,  
 In time brought forth to light :  
 A gentleman of good account      5  
 In Norfolke dwelt of late,  
 Who did in honour far surmount  
 Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,  
 No helpe his life could save ;      10  
 His wife by him as sicke did lye,  
 And both posselt one grave.  
 No love between these two was lost,  
 Each was to other kinde,  
 In love they liv'd, in love they dyed,      15  
 And left two babes behinde :

The one a fine and pretty boy,  
 Not passing three yeares olde ;  
 The other a girl more young than he,  
 And fram'd in beautyes molde.      20  
 The father left his little son,  
 As plainly doth appeare,  
 When he to perfect age should come,  
 Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane      25  
 Five hundred poundes in gold,  
 To be paid downe on marriage-day,  
 Which might not be controll'd :



But if the children chance to dye,  
Ere they to age should come, 30  
Their uncle should possesse their wealth;  
For so the wille did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man,  
Look to my children deare;  
Be good unto my boy and girl, 35  
No friendes else have they here:  
To God and you I recommend  
My children deare this daye;  
But little while be sure we have  
Within this world to staye. 40

You must be father and mother both,  
And uncle all in one;  
God knowes what will become of them,  
When I am dead and gone.  
With that bespake their mother deare, 45  
O brother kinde, quoth shee,  
You are the man must bring our babes  
To wealth or miserie:

And if you keep them carefully,  
Then God will you reward; 50  
But if you otherwise should deal,  
God will your deedes regard.  
With lippes as cold as any stone,  
They kist their children small:  
God blefs you both, my children deare; 55  
With that the teares did fall.

- These speeches then their brother spake  
 To this sicke couple there,  
 The keeping of your little ones  
 Sweet sifter, do not feare ;  
 God never prosper me nor mine,  
 Nor aught else that I have,  
 If I do wrong your children deare,  
 When you are layd in grave.  
 The parents being dead and gone,  
 The children home he takes,  
 And brings them straite unto his house,  
 Where much of them he makes.  
 He had not kept these pretty babes  
 A twelvemonth and a daye,  
 But, for their wealth, he did devise  
 To make them both awaye.  
 He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,  
 Which were of furious mood,  
 That they should take these children young,  
 And slaye them in a wood :  
 He told his wife an artful tale,  
 He would the children send  
 To be brought up in faire London,  
 With one that was his friend.  
 Away then went these pretty babes,  
 Rejoycing at that tide,  
 Rejoycing

Rejoycing with a merry minde,  
 They should on cock-horse ride.  
 They prate and prattle pleasantly,  
 As they rode on the waye,  
 To those that should their butchers be,  
 And work their lives decaye.

85

So that the pretty speeche they had,  
 Made Murder's heart relent;  
 And they that undertooke the deed,  
 Full fore did now repent.  
 Yet one of them more hard of heart,  
 Did vowe to do his charge,  
 Because the wretch, that hired him,  
 Had paid him very large.

90

95

The other won't agree thereto,  
 So here they fall to strife;  
 With one another they did fight,  
 About the childrens life;  
 And he that was of mildest mood,  
 Did slaye the other there,  
 Within an unfrequented wood,  
 While babes did quake for feare.

100

He took the children by the hand,  
 Teares standing in their eye,  
 And bad them fraitwaye follow him,  
 And look they did not crye:

105

And

And two long miles he ledd them on,  
While they for food complaine : 110  
Staye here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,  
When I come back againe.

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,  
Went wandering up and downe;  
But never more could see the man 115  
Approaching from the town :  
Their prettye lippes with black-berries,  
Were all befmeared and dyed,  
And when they sawe the darksome night,  
They sat them downe and cryed. 120

Thus wandered these poor innocents,  
Till deathe did end their grief,  
In one anothers armes they dyed,  
As wanting due relief:  
No burial 'this' pretty 'pair' 125  
Of any man receives,  
Till Robin-red-breast piously  
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God  
Upon their uncle fell ; 130  
Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,  
His conscience felt an hell :  
His barnes were fir'd, his goodes consum'd,  
His landes were barren made,

His

His cattle dyed within the field,  
And nothing with him stayd. 135

And in a voyage to Portugal  
Two of his sonnes did dye ;  
And to conclude, himselfe was brought  
To want and miserye : 140  
He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land  
Ere seven yeares came about.  
And now at length this wicked act  
Did by this meanes come out :

The fellowe, that did take in hand  
These children for to kill, 145  
Was for a robbery judg'd to dye,  
Such was Gods blessed will ;  
Who did confesse the very truth,  
As here hath been display'd : 150  
Their uncle having dyed in gaol,  
Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,  
And overseers eke  
Of children that be fatherless, 155  
And infants mild and meek ;  
Take you example by this thing,  
And yield to each his right,  
Lest God with such like miserye  
Your wicked minds requite. 160

## XIX.

## A L O V E R O F L A T E.

*From the Editor's folio Manuscript.*

**A** Lover of late was I,  
 For Cupid would have it foe,  
 The boye that hath never an eye,  
 As everye man doth knowe :  
 I fighed and fobbed, and cryed, alas ! 5  
 For her that laught, and call'd me afs.

Then knew not I what to doe,  
 When I saw it was all in vaine  
 A ladye so coy to woe,  
 Who gave me the asse so plaine : 10  
 Yet would I her asse freelye bee,  
 Soe shee would helpe and beare with mee.

An' I were as faire as shee,  
 Or shee were as fond as I,  
 What paire could have made, as wee, 15  
 So prettye a sympathye :  
 I was as fond as shee was faire,  
 But for all this we could not paire.



Paire with her that will for mee,  
 With her I will never paire ;  
 That cunningly can be coy,  
 For being a little faire.  
 The asse I'll leave to her disdaine ;  
 And now I am myselfe againe.

## XX.

## THE KING AND MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

*It has been a favourite subject with our English ballad-makers to represent our kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind, besides this song of the King and the Miller ; we have K. Henry and the Soldier ; K. James I. and the Tinker ; K. William III. and the Forrester, &c. Of the latter sort, are K. Alfred and the Shepherd ; K. Edward IV. and the Tanner ; K. Henry VIII. and the Cobler, &c. — A few of the best of these we have admitted into this collection. Both the author of the following ballad, and others who have written on the same plan, seem to have copied a very ancient poem, intituled JOHN THE REEVE, which is built on an adventure of the same kind, that happened between K. Edward Longshanks, and one of his Reeves or Bailiffs. This is a piece of great antiquity, being written before the time of Edward IV. and for its genuine humour, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of rustic manners, is infinitely superior to all that have been since written in imitation of it. The editor has a copy in his ancient folio MS. but its length rendered it improper for this volume, it consisting of more than 900 lines. It contains also some corruptions, and the editor chuses to defer its publication in hopes that some time or other he shall be able to remove them.*

*The following is printed from the editor's ancient folio MS. collated with an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, intitled "A pleasant ballad of K. Henry II. and "the Miller of Mansfield, &c."*

## P A R T   T H E   F I R S T .

**H**ENRY, our royall king, would ride a hunting  
 To the greene forest so pleasant and faire ;  
 To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping :  
 Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire :  
 Hawke and hound were unbound, all things prepar'd  
 For the game, in the same, with good regard.

All a long summers day rode the king pleasantlie,  
 With all his princes and nobles eche one ;  
 Chasing the hart and hind, and the bucke gallantlye,  
 Till the dark evening forc'd all to turne home.      10  
 Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite  
 All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

Wandering thus wearilye, all alone, up and downe,  
 With a rude miller he mett at the last :  
 Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham ;      15  
 Sir, quoth the miller, I meane not to jest,  
 Yet I thinke, what I thinke, sooth for to say,  
 You doe not lightiye ride out of your way.

Why, what dost thou think of me, quoth our king merrily,  
 Passing thy judgment upon me so brieve ?      20  
 Good

Good faith, sayd the miller, I meane not to flatter thee ;

I guesse thee to bee but some gentleman thiefe :  
Stand thee backe, in the darke ; light not adowne,  
Lest that I presentlye cracke thy knaves crowne.

Thou dost abuse me much, quoth the king, saying thus ;

I am a gentleman ; lodging doe lacke.  
Thou hast not, quoth th' miller, one groat in thy purse ;  
All thy inheritance hanges on thy backe.  
I have gold to discharge all that I call  
If it be forty pence, I will pay all.

If thou beeest a true man, then quoth the miller,

I sweare by my toll-dish, I'll lodge thee all night.  
Here's my hand, quoth the king, that was I ever.  
Nay, soft, quoth the miller, thou may'st be a sprite.  
Better I'll know thee, ere hands we will shake ;  
With none but honest men hands will I take.

Thus they went all along unto the millers house ;

Where they were seething of puddings and souse :  
The miller first enter'd in, after him went the king ;  
Never came hee in soe smoakye a house.  
Now, quoth hee, let me see here what you are.  
Quoth our king, looke your fill, and doe not spare.

I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face ;

With my son Richard this night thou shalt lye.  
Quoth his wife, by my troth, it is a handsome youth,

Yet it's best, husband, to deal warilye.  
 Art thou no run-away, prythee, youth, tell ?  
 Shew me thy passport, and all shal be well.

Then our king presentlye, making lowe courtesye,  
 With his hatt in his hand, thus he did say ;      50  
 I have no passport, nor never was servitor,  
 But a poor courtyer, rode out of my way :  
 And for your kindness here offered to mee,  
 I will requite you in everye degree :

Then to the miller his wife whisper'd secretlye,      55  
 Saying, it seemeth, this youth's of good kin,  
 Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners ;  
 To turne him out, certainlye, were a great sin.  
 Yea, quoth hee, you may see, he hath some grace,  
 When he doth speake to his betters in place.      60

Well, quo' the millerswife, young man, ye' rewel come here ;  
 And, though I say it, well lodged shall be :  
 Fresh straw will I have, laid on thy bed so brave,  
 And good brown hempen sheetes likewise, quoth shee.  
 Aye, quoth the good man ; and when that is done,      65  
 Thou shalt lye with no worse, than our own sonne.

Nay, first, quoth Richard, good-fellowe, tell me true,  
 Hast thou noe creepers within thy gay hose ?  
 Or art thou not troubled with the scabbado ?

I pray, quoth the king, what creatures are those ?      70

Art thou not lowfy, nor scabby? quoth he :  
If thou beest, surely thou lyeest not with mee.

This caus'd the king, suddentlye, to laugh most heartilye,  
Till the teares trickled fast downe from his eyes.  
Then to their supper were they set orderlye, 75  
With hot bag-puddings, and good apple-pyes ;  
Nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle,  
Which did about the board merrilye trowle.

Here, quoth the miller, good fellowe, I drinke to thee,  
And to all 'cuckolds, wherever they bee.' 80  
I pledge thee, quoth our king, and thanke thee heartilye  
For my good welcome in everye degree :  
And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy sonne.  
Do then, quoth Richard, and quicke let it come.

Wife, quoth the miller, fetch me forth lightfoote, 85  
That we of his sweetnesse a little may taste :  
A fair ven'son pastye brought she out presentlye ;  
Eate, quoth the miller, but, sir, make no waste.  
Here's dainty lightfoote, in faith, sayd the king,  
I never before eate so daintye a thing. 90

I wis, quoth Richard, no daintye at all it is,  
For we doe eate of it everye day.  
In what place, sayd our king, may be bought like to this?  
We never pay pennye for itt, by my fay :

N 4

From

*Ver. 80. courtballs, that courteous be. MS. and P.*

From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here;      95  
Now and then we make bold with our kings deer.

Then I thinke, sayd our king, that it is venifon.

Eche foole, quoth Richard, full well may know that:  
Never are wee without two or three in the roof,

Very well fleshed, and excellent fat:      100  
But, prythee, say nothing wherever thou goe;  
We wold not, for two pence, the king should it knowe.

Doubt not, then sayd the king, my promist secrefye;

The king shall never know more on't for mee.  
A cupp of lambs-wool they dranke unto him then,      105  
And to their bedds they past presentlie.

The nobles, next morning, went all up and down,  
For to seeke out the king in everye towne.

At last, at the millers 'cott', soone they espy'd him out,  
As he was mounting upon his faire steede;      110

Towhom they came presently, falling down on their knee;  
Which made the millers heart wofully bleede:

Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,  
Thinking he should have been hang'd, by the rood.

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling,      115  
Drew forth his sword, but nothing he sed:

The miller downe did fall, crying before them all,  
Doubting the king would have cut off his head:

But he his kind courtesye for to requite,  
Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a knight.      120



## PART THE SECOND.

WHen as our royall king came home from Nottingham,  
And with his nobles at Westminster lay;  
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had taken,  
In this late progress along on the way;  
Of them all, great and small, he did protest, 5  
The miller of Mansfield's sport liked him best.

And now, my lords, quoth the king, I am determin'd  
Against St. Georges next sumptuous feast,  
That this old miller, our new confirmed knight,  
With his son Richard, shall here be my guest: 10  
For, in this merrymment, 'tis my desire  
To talke with the jolly knight, and the young squire.

When as the noble lords saw the kinges pleasantness,  
They were right joyfull and glad in their hearts;  
A pursuivant there was sent straight on the business, 15  
The which had often-times been in those parts.  
When he came to the place, where they did dwell,  
His message orderlye then 'gan he tell.

God save your worshippe, then said the messenger,  
And grant your ladye her owne hearts desire; 20  
And to your sonne Richard good fortune and happines;  
That sweet, gentle, and gallant young squire.  
Our king greets you well, and thus he doth say,  
You must come to the court on St. Georges day;

Therefore

Therefore, in any case, faile not to be in place. 25

I wis, quoth the miller, this is an odd jest :

What should we doe there? faith, I am halfe afraid.

I doubt, quoth Richard, to be hang'd at the least.

Nay, quoth the messenger, you doe mistake ;

Our king he provides a great feast for your sake. 30

Then sayd the miller, By my troth, messenger,

Thou hast contented my worshippe full well.

Hold here are three farthings, to quite thy gentleness,

For these happy tydings, which thou dost tell.

Let me see, hear thou mee; tell to our king, 35

We'll wayt on his mastershipp in everye thing.

The pursuivant smiled at their simplicitie,

And, making many leggs, tooke their reward ;

And taking then his leave with great humilitie

To the kings court againe he repair'd ; 40

Shewing unto his grace, merry and free,

The knightes most liberall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus gan the miller say,

Here come expences and charges indeed ;

Now must we needs be brave, tho' we spend all we have ;

For of new garments we have great need : 46

Of horses and serving-men we must have store,

With bridles and saddles, and twentye things more.

Tushe,

Tushe, fir John, quoth his wife, why should you fret, or  
 You shall n'er be att no charges for mee; [frowne?  
 For I will turne and trim up my old russet gowne, 51  
 With everye thing else as fine as may bee;  
 And on our mill-horfes swift we will ride,  
 With pillowes and pannells as we shall provide.

In this most statelye fort, rode they unto the court, 55  
 Their jolly sonne Richard rode foremost of all;  
 Who set up, by good hap, a cocks feather in his cap,  
 And so they jettet downe to the kings hall;  
 The merry old miller with hands on his side;  
 His wife, like maid Marian, did mince at that tide. 60

The king and his nobles, that heard of their coming,  
 Meeting this gallant knight with his brave traine;  
 Welcome, fir knight, quoth he, with your gay lady:  
 Good fir John Cockle, once welcome againe:  
 And so is the squire of courage soe free. 65  
 Quoth Dicke, Abots on you; do you know mee?

Quoth our king gentlye, how should I forget thee?  
 That wast my owne bed-fellow, well it I wot.  
 Yea, fir, quoth Richard, and by the same token,  
 Thou with thy farting didst make the bed hot. 70  
 Thou whore-son unhappy knave, then quoth the knight,  
 Speake cleanly to our king, or else go shite.

The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartily,  
 While the king taketh them both by the hand ;  
 With ladyes and their maids, like to the queen of spades  
 The millers wife did foe orderly stand,      76  
 A milk-maids courtesye at every word ;  
 And downe the folkes were set to the board :

Where the king royally, in princelye majesty,  
 Sate at his dinner with joy and delight ;      80  
 When they had eaten well, then hee to jesting fell,  
 And in a bowle of wine dranke to the knight :  
 Here's to you both, in wine, ale and beer ;  
 Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer.

Quoth sir John Cockle, I'll pledge you a pottle,      85  
 Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire :  
 But then said our king, now I think of a thing ;  
 Some of your lightfoote I would we had here.  
 Ho ! ho ! quoth Richard, full well I may say it,  
 'Tis knavery to eate it, and then to betray it.      90

Why art thou angry ? quoth our king merrilye ;  
 In faith, I take it now very unkind :  
 I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine heartily.  
 Quoth Dicke, You are like to stay till I have din'd :  
 You feed us with twatling dishes foe small ;      95  
 Zounds, a blacke-pudding is better than all.

Aye,

Aye, marry, quoth our king, that were a daintye thing,  
Could a man get but one here for to eate. [hose,  
With that Dicke straite arose, and pluckt one from his  
Which with heat of his breech gan to sweate. 100  
The king made a proffer to snatch it away:—  
'Tis meat for your master: good fir, you must stay.

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly spent;  
And then the ladyes prepared to dance:  
Old Sir John Cockle, and Richard, incontinent 105  
Unto their paces the king did advance:  
Here with the ladyes such sport they did make,  
The nobles with laughing did make their sides ake.

Many thanks for their paines did the king give them,  
Asking young Richard then, if he would wed; 110  
Among these ladyes free, tell me which liketh thee?  
Quoth he, Jugg Grumball, Sir, with the red head:  
She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed;  
She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead.

Then fir John Cockle the king call'd unto him, 115  
And of merry Sherwood made him o'er-seer;  
And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearlye;  
Now take heede you steale no more of my deer:  
And once a quarter let's here have your view;  
And now, fir John Cockle, I bid you adieu. 120

## XXI.

## THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

*This beautiful old song was written by a poet, whose name would have been utterly forgotten, if it had not been preserved by SWIFT, as a term of contempt. "DRYDEN" and WITHER are coupled by him like the BAVIUS and MÆVIUS of Virgil. DRYDEN however has had justice done him by posterity: and as for WITHER, though of subordinate merit, that he was not altogether devoid of genius, will be judged from the following stanzas. The truth is, WITHER was a very voluminous party-writer: and as his political and satyrical strokes rendered him extremely popular in his life time; so afterwards, when their date was out, they totally consigned his writings to oblivion.*

*GEORGE WITHER was born June 11. 1588, and in his younger years distinguished himself by some pastoral pieces, that were not inelegant; but growing afterwards involved in the political and religious disputes in the times of James I, and Charles I, he employed his poetical vein in severe pasquils on the court and clergy, and was occasionally a sufferer for the freedom of his pen. In the civil war that ensued, he exerted himself in the service of the Parliament, and became a considerable sharer in the spoils. He was even one of those provincial tyrants, whom Oliver distributed over the kingdom, under the name of Major Generals; and had the fleecing of the county of Surrey: but surviving the Restoration, he outlived both his power and his affluence; and giving vent to his chagrin in libels on  
the*



*the court, was long a prisoner in Newgate and the Tower. He died at length on the 2d of May, 1667.*

*During the whole course of his life, WITHER was a continual publisher ; having generally for opponent, TAYLOR the Water-poet. The long list of his productions may be seen in Wood's Athænæ. Oxon. vol. 2. His most popular satire, is intitled, " Abuses whipt and stript." 1613. His most poetical pieces were eclogues, intitled, " The Shepherd's Hunting." 1615, 8vo. and others printed at the end of Browne's " Shepherd's Pipe." 1614. 8vo. The following sonnet is extracted from a long pastoral piece of his, intitled, " The Mistresse of Philarete." 8vo. which is said in the preface to be one of the Author's first poems : and may therefore be dated as early as any of the foregoing.*

S H A L L I, waisting in dispaire,

Dye because a woman's faire ?

Or make pale my cheeks with care,

'Cause another's rosie are ?

Be shee fairer then the day,

5

Or the flowry meads in may ;

If she think not well of me,

What care I how faire shee be ?

Shall my heart be griev'd or pin'd,

Cause I see a woman kind ?

10

Or a well-disposed nature

Joyned with a lovely feature ?

Be shee meeker, kinder, than

The turtle-dove or pelican :

If shee be not so to me,

15

What care I how kind shee be ?

Shall

Shall a womans virtues move  
 Me, to perish for her love ?  
 Or, her well-deservings knowne,  
 Make me quite forget mine owne ? 20  
 Be shee with that goodnesse blest,  
 Which may merit name of Best;  
     If she be not such to me,  
     What care I how good she be ?

Cause her fortune seemes too high, 25  
 Shall I play the foole and dye ?  
 Those that beare a noble minde,  
 Where they want of riches find,  
 Thinke what with them they would doe,  
 That without them dare to woe ; 30  
     And, unlesse that minde I see,  
     What care I, though great she be ?  
 Great or good, or kind or faire,  
 I will ne'er the more dispaire :  
 If she love me, this beleieve ; 35  
 I will die ere she shall grieve.  
 If she slight me, when I wooe ;  
 I can scorne and let her goe :  
     For, if shee be not for me,  
     What care I for whom she be ? 40

## XXII.

## THE WANDERING PRINCE OF TROY.

*This excellent old ballad, which perhaps ought to have been placed earlier in the volume, is given from the editor's folio MS. collated with two different printed copies, both in black letter in the Pepys collection.*

*The reader will smile to observe with what natural and affecting simplicity, our ancient ballad-maker has engrafted a Gothic conclusion on the classic story of Virgil, from whom, however, it is probable he had it not. Nor can it be denied, but he has dealt out his poetical justice with a more impartial hand, than that celebrated poet.*

WHEN Troy towne had, for ten yeares 'past,'  
Withstood the Greeks in manful wise,

Then did their foes increase so fast,

That to resist nought could suffice :

Waste lye those walls, that were foe good, 5

And corn now grows where Troy towne stood.

Æneas, wandering prince of Troy,

When he for land long time had sought,

At length arriving with great joy,

To mighty Carthage walls was brought; 10

Where Dido queen, with sumptuous feast,

Did entertaine this wandering guest.

*Ver. 1. 21. war. MS. and PP.*

And, as in hall at meate they fate,  
 The queen, desirous newes to hear,  
 ' Says, of thy Troys unhappy fate' 15  
 Declare to me thou Trojan dear:  
 The heavy hap and chance so bad,  
 Which thou, poore wandering prince, hast had.

And then anon this comely knight,  
 With words demure, as he could well, 20  
 Of their unhappy ten yeares ' fight',  
 So true a tale began to tell,  
 With words so sweet, and sighs so deepe,  
 That oft he made them all to weepe.

And then a thousand sighes he fet, 25  
 And everye sighe brought teares amaine;  
 That where he fate the place was wet,  
 As though he had seene those warrs againe;  
 Soe that the queene, with ruth therefore  
 Sayd, worthy prince, enough, no more. 30

And now the darksome night drew on,  
 And twinkling starres the skye bespred;  
 When he his dolefull tale had done,  
 And everye one was laid in bed:  
 Where they full sweetlye took their rest, 35  
 Save only Dido's boyling breast.

This feely woman never slept,  
 But in her chamber, all alone, As

As one unhappy, alwaies wept,  
And to the walls shee made her mone ; 40

That shee should still desire in vaine  
The thing, she never must obtaine.

And thus in grieve shee spent the night,  
Till twinkling starres the skye were fled,  
And Phœbus, with his glistering light, 45  
Through misty cloudes appeared red ;

Then tidings came to her anon,  
That all the Trojan shippes were gone.

And then the queene against her life  
Did arme her heart as hard as stone, 50  
Yet, ere she bared the bloody knife,  
In woefull wise shee made her mone ;

And, rolling on her carefull bed,  
With sighes and sobs, these words shee fed :

O wretched Dido queene ! quoth shee, 55  
I see thy end approacheth neare ;  
For he is fled away from thee,  
Whom thou didst love and hold so deare :

What is he gone, and passed bye ?  
O heart, prepare thyself to dye. 60

In vaine thou pleadst I should forbear,  
And stay my hand from bloody stroke ;  
Thee, treacherous heart, I must not spare,  
Which fettered me in Cupids yoke.

Come death, quoth shee, resolve my smart :— 65  
And with those words she pierc'd her heart.

When death had pierc'd the tender heart  
Of Dido, Carthaginian queene ;  
Whose bloody knife did end the smart,  
Which shee sustain'd in mournfull teene ; 70  
Æneas being shipt and gone,  
Whose flattery caused all her mone ;

Her funerall most costly made,  
And all things finisht mournfullye ;  
Her bodye fine in mold was laid, 75  
Where itt consumed speedilye :  
Her sisters teares her tombe bestrew'd ;  
Her subjects grieve their kindnesse shew'd.

Then was Æneas in an isle  
In Grecia, where he stay'd long space, 80  
Whereatt her sister in short while,  
Writt to him to his vile disgrace ;  
In speeches bitter to his minde  
Shee told him plaine, hee was unkinde.

False-hearted wretch, quoth shee, thou art ; 85  
And traiterouslye thou hast betraid  
Unto thy lure a gentle heart,  
Which unto thee much welcome made ;  
My sister deare, and Carthage' joy,  
Whose folly bred her dere annoy. 90

Yet



Yet on her death-bed when shee laye,  
 Shee prayed for thy prosperitie,  
 Befeeching god, that every day  
 Might breed thee great felicitye:  
 Thus by thy meanes I lost a friend ; 95  
 Heaven send thee such untimely end.

When he these lines, full fraught with gall,  
 Perused had, and weighed them right,  
 His lofty courage 'gan to fall ;  
 And straight appeared in his sight 100  
 Queene Dido's ghost, both grim and pale ;  
 Which made this valliant souldier quail.

Æneas, quoth this ghastly ghost,  
 My whole delight while I did live,  
 Thee of all men I loved most ; 105  
 To thee my fancye I did give ;  
 And for the welcome I thee gave,  
 Unthankfully thou didst me grave.

Therefore prepare thy fleeting soule  
 To wander with me in the ayre ; 110  
 Where deadlye grieve shall make it howle,  
 Because of me thou tookst no care :  
 Delay not time, thy glasse is run,  
 Thy date is past, thy life is done.

O stay a while, thou lovelye spright, 115  
 Be not so hasty to convay

My foule into eternal night,

Where it shall ne'er behold bright day.

O doe not frown, thy angry looke  
Hath all my foule with horror shooke. 120

But, woe is me ! all is in vaine,

And bootlesse is my dismall crye ;

Time will not be recall'd againe,

Nor thou surcease before I dye.

O let me live, and make amends 125

To some of thy most dearest friends.

But seeing thou obdurate art,

And wilt no pitye on me showe,

Because from thee I did depart,

And left unpaid what I did owe : 130

I must content myself, to take

What lott to me thou wilt partake.

And thus, as one-being in a trance,

A multitude of uglye fiends

About this woefull prince did dance ; 135

He had no helpe of any friends :

His body then they tooke away,

And no man knew his dying day.

## XXIII.

## THE WITCHES' SONG

— From Ben Jonson's *Masque of Queens*, presented at Whitehall, Feb. 2, 1609.

The editor thought it incumbent on him to insert some old pieces on the popular superstition concerning witches, hobgoblins, fairies, and ghosts. The last of these make their appearance in most of the tragical ballads; and in the following songs will be found some description of the former.

It is true, this song of the Witches, falling from the learned pen of Ben Jonson, is rather an extract from the various incantations of classic antiquity, than a display of the opinions of our own vulgar. But let it be observed, that a parcel of learned wiseacres had just before busied themselves on this subject, with our British Solomon James I. at their head: and these had so ransacked all writers ancient and modern, and so blended and kneaded together the several superstitions of different times and nations, that those of genuine English growth could no longer be traced out and distinguished.

By good luck the whimsical belief of fairies and goblins could furnish no pretences for torturing our fellow-creatures, and therefore we have this banded down to us pure and unsophisticated.

## I. WITCH.

I Have beene all day looking after  
A raven feeding upon a quarter;  
And, soone as she turn'd her beak to the south,  
I snatch'd this morsell out of her mouth.

## 2 WITCH.

I have beene gathering wolves haire,  
The mad dogges foame, and adders eares;

5

The spurning of a deadmans eyes :  
And all since the evening starre did rise.

## 3 WITCH.

I last night lay all alone  
O' the ground, to heare the mandrake grone ;      10  
And pluckt him up, though he grew full low :  
And, as I had done, the cocke did crow.

## 4 WITCH.

And I ha' beene chusing out this scull  
From charnell houses that were full ;  
From private grots, and publike pits ;      15  
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

## 5 WITCH.

Under a cradle I did creepe  
By day ; and, when the childe was a-sleepe  
At night, I suck'd the breath ; and rose,  
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.      20

## 6 WITCH.

I had a dagger : what did I with that ?  
Killed an infant to have his fat.  
A piper it got, at a church-ale,  
I bade him again blow wind i' the taile.

## 7 WITCH.

A murderer, yonder, was hung in chaines ;      25  
The sunne and the wind had shrunke his veines :

I bit

I bit off a finew ; I clipp'd his haire ;  
I brought off his ragges, that danc'd i'the ayre.

8 WITCH.

The scrich-owles egges, and the feathers blacke,  
The bloud of the frogge, and the bone in his backe 30  
I have been getting ; and made of his skin  
A purfet, to keepe fir Cranion in.

9 WITCH.

And I ha' beene plucking (plants among)  
Hemlock, henbane, adders-tongue,  
Night-shade, moone-wort, libbards-bane ; 35  
And twise by the dogges was like to be tane.

10 WITCH.

I from the jawes of a gardiner's bitch  
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch :  
Yet went I back to the house againe,  
Kill'd the blacke cat, and here is the braine. 40

11 WITCH.

I went to the toad, breedes under the wall,  
I charmed him out, and he came at my call ;  
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owle before ;  
I tore the batts wing : what would you have more ?

DAME.

Yes : I have brought, to helpe your vows, 45  
Horned poppie, cypresse boughes,

The

The fig-tree wild, that growes on tombes,  
 And juice, that from the larch-tree comes,  
 The basiliskes bloud, and the vipers skin :  
 And now our orgies let's begin. 50

## XXIV.

## ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW,

—alias PUCKE, alias HOBOGoblin, in the creed of ancient superstition, was a kind of merry sprite, whose character and atchievements are recorded in this ballad, and in those well-known lines of Milton's *L'Allegro*, which the antiquarian Peck supposes to be owing to it ;

“ Tells how the drudging GOBLIN swet

“ To earn his cream-bowle duly set ;

“ When in one night, ere glimpse of morne,

“ His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn

“ That ten day-labourers could not end ;

“ Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,

“ And stretch'd out all the chimneys length,

“ Basks at the fire his hairy strength,

“ And crop-full out of doors he flings,

“ Ere the first cock his matins rings.”

The reader will observe that our simple ancestors had reduced all these whimsies to a kind of system, as regular, and perhaps more consistent, than many parts of classic mythology : a proof of the extensive influence and vast antiquity of these superstitions. Mankind, and especially the common people, could not every where have been so unanimously agreed concerning these arbitrary notions, if they had not prevailed among them for many ages. Indeed, a learned friend in Wales assures the editor, that the existence of Fairies and Goblins is alluded to by the most ancient British Bards, who mention them under various names, one of the most common of  
which



which signifies, "The spirits of the mountains." See also Preface to Song XXV.

This song (which Peck attributes to Ben Jonson, tho' it is not found among his works) is given from an ancient black letter copy in the British Museum. It seems to have been originally intended for some Masque. See the last page of this volume.

FROM Oberon, in fairye land,  
The king of ghosts and shadowes there,  
Mad Robin I, at his command,  
Am sent to viewe the night-sports here.  
What revell rout 5  
Is kept about,  
In every corner where I go,  
I will o'ersee,  
And merry bee,  
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho ! 10

More swift than lightening can I flye  
About this aery welkin soone,  
And, in a minutes space, descrye  
Each thing that's done belowe the moone.  
There's not a hag 15  
Or ghost shall wag,  
Or cry, ware Goblins ! where I go ;  
But Robin I  
Their feates will spy,  
And send them home, with ho, ho, ho ! 20

Whene'er such wanderers I meete,  
As from their night-sports they trudge home ;  
2 With

With counterfeiting voice I greeke  
And call them on, with me to roame  
Thro' woods, thro' lakes, 25  
Thro' bogs, thro' brakes ;  
Or else, unseene, with them I go,  
All in the nicke  
To play some tricke  
And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho ! 30

Sometimes I meete them like a man ;  
 Sometimes, an ox ; sometimes, a hound ;  
 And to a horse I turn me can ;  
 To trip and trot about them round.  
 But if, to ride,  
 My backe they stride,  
 More swift than wind away I go,  
 O're hedge and lands,  
 Thro' pools and ponds,  
 I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho !

When lads and lasses merry be,  
With possets and with juncates fine ;  
Unseene of all the company,  
I eat their cakes and sip their wine ;  
And, to make sport, 45  
I fart and snort ;  
And out the candles I do blow :  
The maids I kifs ;  
They shrieke—Who's this ?  
I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho ! 50  
Yet

Yet now and then, the maids to please,  
 At midnight I card up their wooll ;  
 And while they sleepe, and take their ease,  
 With wheel to threads their flax I pull.  
     I grind at mill 55  
     Their malt up still ;  
 I drefs their hemp, I spin their tow.  
     If any 'wake,  
     And would me take,  
 I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho ! 60

When house or harth doth fluttish lye,  
 I pinch the maidens blacke and blue ;  
 The bed-clothes from the bed pull I,  
 And lay them naked all to view.  
     'Twixt sleepe and wake, 65  
     I do them take,  
 And on the key-cold floor them throw.  
     If out they cry,  
     Then forth I fly,  
 And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho ! 70

When any need to borrowe ought,  
 We lend them what they do require ;  
 And for the use demand we nought ;  
 Our owne is all we do desire.  
     If to repay, 75  
     They do delay,  
 Abroad amongst them then I go,

And

And night by night,  
 I them affright  
 With pinchings, dreames, and ho, ho, ho ! 80

When lazie queans have nought to do,  
 But study how to cog and lye ;  
 To make debate and mischief too,  
 'Twixt one another secretlye :  
 I marke their gloze, [ 85  
 And it disclose,  
 To them whom they have wronged so ;  
 When I have done,  
 I get me gone,  
 And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho ! 90

When men do traps and engins set  
 In loop-holes, where the vermine creepe,  
 Who from their foldes and houses, get  
 Their duckes and geese, and lambes and sheepe :  
 I spy the gin, 95  
 And enter in,  
 And seeme a vermine taken so ;  
 But when they there  
 Approach me neare,  
 I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho ! 100

By wells and rills, in meadowes greene,  
 We nightly dance our hey-day guise ;  
 And to our fairye king, and queene,  
 We chant our moon-light minstrellies.

When

When larks 'gin sing, 105  
 Away we fling ;  
 And babes new-borne steal as we go,  
 An elfe in bed  
 We leave instead,  
 And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho ! 110

From hag-bred Merlins time have I  
 Thus nightly revell'd to and fro ;  
 And for my pranks men call me by  
 The name of Robin Good-fellòw.  
 Fiends, ghosts, and sprites, 115  
 Who haunt the nightes,  
 The hags and goblins do me know ;  
 And beldames old  
 My feates have told ;  
 So *Vale, Vale* ; ho, ho, ho ! 120

XXV.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

*We have here a short display of the popular belief concerning FAIRIES. It will afford entertainment to a contemplative mind to trace these whimsical opinions up to their origin. Whoever considers, how early, how extensively, and how uniformly they have prevailed in these nations, will not readily assent to the hypothesis of those, who fetch them from the east so late as the time of the Croisades. Whereas it is well known that our Saxon ancestors long before they left their German forests, believed the existence of*  
*a kind*

*a kind of diminutive demons, or middle species between men and spirits, whom they called DUERGAR or DWARFS, and to whom they attributed many wonderful performances, far exceeding human art. Vid. Hervarer Saga Olaf Verelj. 1675. Hickes Thesaur. &c.*

*This Song is given from an old black-letter copy.*

C O M E, follow, follow mee,  
 Ye, fairye elves that bee ;  
 Come follow Mab your queene,  
 And trip it o'er the greene :  
 Hand in hand we'll dance around, 5  
 Because this place is fairye ground.

When mortals are at rest,  
 And snoring in their nest ;  
 Unheard, and un-esp'y'd,  
 Through key-holes we do glide ; 10  
 Over tables, stooles, and shelves,  
 We trip it with our fairye elves.

And, if the house be fould  
 With platter, dish or bowl,  
 Up staires we nimbly creep, 15  
 And find the sluts asleep :  
 Then we pinch their armes and thighs ;  
 None us heares, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,  
 And from uncleanness kept, 20  
 We praise the household maid,  
 And duely she is paid :

Every



Every night before we goe,  
We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroomes head 25  
Our table-cloth we spread;  
A grain of rye, or wheat,  
'The diet that we eat ;  
Pearly drops of dew we drink  
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink. 30

The braines of nightingales,  
With unctuous fat of snailcs,  
Between two cockles stew'd,  
Is meat that's easily chew'd ;  
Tayles of wormes, and marrow of mice 35  
Do make a dish, that's wonderous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,  
Serve for our minstrelsy,  
Grace said, we dance a while,  
And so the time beguile : 40  
And if the moon doth hide her head,  
The glow-worm lightes us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grassie  
So nimble we do passe,  
The young and tender stalk 45  
Ne'er bends where we do walk :  
Yet in the morning may be seene  
Where we the night before have beene.

## XXVI.

## THE FAIRIES FAREWELL.

*This humorous old song fell from the hand of the facetious bishop Corbet (probably in his youth), and is printed from his Poëtica Stromata, 1648, 12mo. (compared with the third edition of his poems, 1672.) It is there called, "A proper new Ballad, intituled, The Fairies Farewell, or God-a-mercy Will, to be sung or whistled to the tune of The Meddow brow, by the learned: by the unlearned, to the tune of Fortune."*

*The departure of Fairies is here attributed to the abolition of monkery: Chaucer has, with equal humour, assigned a cause the very reverse.*

- " In the old dayes of king Artour
- " (Of which the Britons speken grete honour)
- " All was this lond fulfilled of fayry;
- " The elf-quene, with her jolly company,
- " Daunsed full oft in many a grene mede.
- " This was an old opinion as I rede:
- " I speke of many hundred yere agoe:
- " But now can no man see no elves moe:
- " For now the grete charite, and prayeres
- " Of Limitours, and other holy freres,
- " That serchen every lond, and every streme,
- " As thicke as motes in the sunne beme,
- " Blessing halles, chambers, kitchins, and bowres,
- " Cities, borowes, castelles, and hie toures,
- " Thropes, and bernies, shepens, and dairies;
- " This maketh that there ben now no fairies:
- " For there as wont to walken was an elfe,
- " There walketh now the Limitour himselve,
- " In undermeles and in morrownynges,
- " And saith his mattins and his holie thinges,

" As

“ *As he goeth in his limitacioune.*  
 “ *Wyemen may now go safely up and doune,*  
 “ *In every bush, and under every tree,*  
 “ *There is none other incubus but he :*  
 “ *And he ne will don hem no dishonour.”*

*Wife of Bath's Tale.*

*Dr. Richard Corbet, having been bishop of Oxford about three years, and afterwards as long Bp. of Norwich, died in 1635, Ætat. 52.*

**F**arewell rewards and Fairies !  
 Good housewives now may say ;  
 For now foule sluts in dairies,  
 Doe fare as well as they :  
 And though they sweepe their hearths no less      5  
 Than mayds were wont to doe,  
 Yet who of late for cleanness  
 Finds fixe-pence in her shoe ?

Lament, lament old Abbies,  
 The fairies lost command ;      10  
 They did but change priests babies,  
 But some have chang'd your land :  
 And all your children stoln from thence  
 Are now growne Puritanes,  
 Who live as changelings ever since,      15  
 For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both  
 You merry were and glad,  
 So little care of sleepe and sloth,  
 These prattie ladies had.      20

When Tom came home from labour,  
 Or Cifs to milking rose,  
 Then merrily went their tabour,  
 And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and rounddelayses      25  
 Of theirs, which yet remaine ;  
 Were footed in queene Maries dayes  
 On many a grassy playne.  
 But since of late Elizabeth  
 And later James came in ;      30  
 They never danc'd on any heath,  
 As when the time hath bin.

By which wee note the fairies  
 Were of the old profession :  
 Their songs were *Ave Maries*,      35  
 Their dances were procession.  
 But now, alas ! they all are dead,  
 Or gone beyond the seas,  
 Or farther for religion fled,  
 Or else they take their ease.      40

A tell-tale in their company  
 They never could endure ;  
 And whofo kept not secretly  
 Their mirth, was punish'd sure :  
 It was a just and christian deed      45  
 To pinch such blacke and blue :  
 O how the common-welth doth need  
 Such justices, as you !

Now they have left our quarters ;  
 A Register they have, 50  
 Who can preserve their charters ;  
 A man both wise and grave.  
 An hundred of their merry pranks  
 By one that I could name  
 Are kept in store ; con twenty thanks 55  
 To William for the fame.

To William Churne of Staffordshire  
 Give laud and praises due,  
 Who every meale can mend your cheare  
 With tales both old and true : 60  
 To William all give audience,  
 And pray yee for his noddle :  
 For all the fairies evidence  
 Were lost, if it were addle.

\* \* After these SONGS on the FAIRIES, the Reader may be curious to see the manner in which they were formerly invoked and bound to human service. In Ashmole's Collection of MSS. at Oxford, [Num. 8259. 14C6. 2.] are the papers of some Alchymist, which contain a variety of Incantations and Forms of Conjuring both FAIRIES, WITCHES and DEMONS, principally, as it should seem, to assist him in his Great Work of transmuting Metals. Most of them are too impious to be reprinted : but the two following may be very innocently laughed at.

Whoever looks into Ben Jonson's ALCHYMIST, will find that these impostors, among their other Secrets, affected to have a power over FAIRIES.

“ AN EXCELLENT WAY to gett a FAYRIE. (*For myself I call MARGARETT BARRANCE; but this will obtaine any one that is not already bound.*)

“ FIRST, gett a broad square christall or Venice glasse, in length and breadth 3 inches. Than lay that glasse or christall in the blood of a white henne, 3 Wednesdaies, or 3 Fridaies. Then take it out, and wash it with holy aq. and fumigate it. Then take 3 hazle sticks, or wands of any yeare groth: pill them sayre and white; and make ‘them’ soe longe, as you write the SPIRITTS name, or FAYRIES name, which you call, 3 times on every sticke being made flatt on one side. Then bury them under some hill, whereas you suppose FAYRIES haunt, the Wednesday before you call her: And the Friday followinge take them uppe, and call her at 8 or 3 or 10 of the clocke, which be good planetts and houres for that turne: but when you call, be in cleane life, and turne thy face towards the east. And when you have her, bind her to that stone or glasse.”

“ AN UNGUENT to annoynt under the Eyelids, and upon the Eyelids evninge and morninge: but especially when you call; or find your sight not perfect.

“ R. A pint of sallet-oyle, and put it into a viall glasse: but first wash it with rose-water, and marygold-water; the flowers ‘to’ be gathered towards the east. Wash it till the oyle come white; then put it into the glasse, ut supra: and then put thereto the buds of holybocke, the flowers of marygold, the flowers or toppes of wild thime, the buds of young hazle: and the thime must be gathered neare the side of a hill where FAYRIES use to be: and ‘take’ the grasse of a fayrie throne, there. All these put into the oyle, into the glasse: and set it to dissolve 3 dayes in the sunne, and then keep it for thy use; ut supra.”

*After this follows a Form of Incantation, wherein the Alchynist conjures a Fairy, named ELABY GATHON, to appear to him in that Chrystal Glass, meeckly and mildly; to resolve him truly in all manner of questions; and to be obedient to all his commands, under pain of Damnation, &c.*

THE END OF BOOK THE SECOND.





AN ANCIENT  
SONGS AND BALLADS,  
&c.

SERIES THE THIRD.  
BOOK III.

I.

THE BIRTH OF ST. GEORGE.

*The incidents in this, and the other ballad of ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, are chiefly taken from the old story-book of the Seven Champions of Christendome; which, tho' now the play-thing of children, was once in high repute. Bp. Hall in his satires, published in 1597, ranks*

*“ St. George’s sorell, and his cross of blood ”  
among the most popular stories of his time: and an ingenious critic thinks that Spencer himself did not disdain to borrow hints from it †; tho’ I much doubt whether this popular romance were written so early as the Faery Queen.*

*The author of this book of the Seven Champions was one Richard Johnson, who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth*

P 4

and

† *Mr. Warton. Vid. Observations on the Fairy Queen, 2 vol. 1762. 12mo. passim.*

and James, as we collect from his other publications: viz.—  
*"The nine werthies of London: 1592. 4to."*—*"The pleasant walks of Moor-fields: 1607. 4to."*—*"A crown garland of Goulden Roses, gathered, &c. 1612. 8vo."*—*"The life and death of Rob. Cecill, E. of Salisbury: 1612. 4to."*—*"The hist. of Tom of Lincoln, 4to."* is also by R. J. who likewise reprinted *"Don Flores of Greece, 4to."*

*The Seven Champions*, tho' written in a wild inflated style, contains some strong Gothic painting; which seems, for the most part, copied from the metrical romances of former ages. At least the story of St. George and the fair Sabra, is taken almost verbatim from the old poetical legend of *"Syr Bevis of Hampton."*

This very antique poem was in great fame in Chaucer's time, [see above pag. 100.] and so continued till the introduction of printing, when it ran thro' several editions; two of which are in black letter, 4to, "imprinted by Wylliam Copland" without date; containing great variations.

As a specimen of the poetic powers of this very old rhimist, and as a proof how closely the author of the *Seven Champions* has followed him, take a description of the dragon slain by sir Bevis.

"——Whan the dragon, that foule is,  
 " Had a syght of syr Bevis,  
 " He cast up a loude cry,  
 " As it had thondred in the sky;  
 " He turned his bely towarde the son;  
 " It was greater than any tonne;  
 " His scales was bryghter then the glas,  
 " And harder they were than any bras:  
 " Betwene his shulder and his tayle,  
 " Was forty fote withoute fayle.  
 " He waltred out of his denne,  
 " And Bevis pricked his stede then,  
 " And to hym a spere he thraste  
 " That all to shyvers he it braste:  
 " The dragon then gan Bevis assayle,  
 " And smote syr Bevis with his tayle;  
 " Then downe went horse and man,  
 " And two rybbes of Bevis brused than.

After

*After a long fight, at length, as the dragon was preparing to fly, sir Bevis*

- “ Hit him under the wyng  
 “ As he was in his flyenge,  
 “ There he was tender without scale,  
 “ And Bevis thought to be his bale.  
 “ He smote after, as I you saye,  
 “ With his good sword Morglaye.  
 “ Up to the hiltes Morglay yode  
 “ Through harte, lyver, bone, and bloude:  
 “ To the ground fell the dragon,  
 “ Great joye syr Bevis begon.  
 “ Under the scales al on hight  
 “ He smote off his head forth right,  
 “ And put it on a spere : &c.

Sign. K. iv.

Sir Bevis's dragon is evidently the parent of that in the *Seven Champions*, see Chap. III. viz. “ The dragon no sooner had a sight of him [St. George] but he gave such a terrible peal, as though it had thundered in the elements. . . . “ Betwixt his shoulders and his tail were fifty feet in distance, his scales glistening as bright as silver, but far more hard than brass; his belly of the colour of gold, but bigger than a tun. Thus weltered he from his den, &c. . . . “ The champion . . . gave the dragon such a thrust with his spear, that it shivered in a thousand pieces : whereat the furious dragon so fiercely smote him with his venomous tail, that down fell man and horse; in which fall two of St. Georges ribs were sore bruised, &c.—At length . . . St. George “ smote the dragon under the wing where it was tender without scale, whereby his good sword Ascalon with an easie passage went to the very hilt through both the dragon's heart, liver, bone and blood—Then St. George—cut off the dragon's head and pitcht it upon the truncheon of a spear, &c.”

The History of the Seven Champions being written just before the decline of books of chivalry was never, I believe, translated into any foreign language : But “ *Le Roman de Beuves of Hantonne*,” was published at Paris in 1502, 4to. Let. Gothique.

The

The learned Selden tells us that about the time of the Norman invasion was Bevis famous with the title of Earl of Southampton, whose residence was at Dunston in Wiltshire; but observes that the monkish enlargements of his story, have made his very existence doubted. See Notes on Poly-Olbion, Song III.

As for the martial History of St. George, it is given up as entirely apocryphal. The equestrian figure, worn by the knights of the garter, has been understood to be an emblem of the christian warrior, in his spiritual armour, vanquishing the old serpent. But a learned writer has lately shewn that it is neither more nor less, than a charm or amulet borrowed from some eastern heretics; which having been originally worn as a protection from the malignity of the air, at length was considered as a preservative from wounds, and a means to insure victory in battle. For it seems the ancient orientals represented the sun by a man on horseback; the sun's rays by a spear; and any noxious exhalation by a serpent. See Peningall's dissertation, 410.

It cannot be denied, but that a great part of the following ballad is modern: for which reason it would have been thrown to the end of the volume, had not its subject procured it a place here.

L I STEN, lords, in bower and hall,  
 I sing the wonderous birth  
 Of brave St. George, whose valorous arm  
 Rid monsters from the earth:

Distressed ladies to relieve  
 He travell'd many a day;  
 In honour of the christian faith,  
 Which shall endure for aye.

In Coventry sometime did dwell  
 A knight of worthy fame,

10  
 High

High steward of this noble realme ;  
 Lord Albret was his name.

He had to wife a princelye dame,  
 Whose beauty did excell.

This virtuous lady, being with child, 15  
 In sudden fadness fell :

For thirty nights no sooner sleepe  
 Had clos'd her wakeful eyes,  
 But, lo ! a foul and fearful dreame  
 Her fancy did surprize : 20

She dreamt a dragon fierce and fell  
 Conceiv'd within her womb ;  
 Whose mortal fangs her body rent  
 Ere he to life could come.

All woe-begone, and sad was she ; 25  
 She nourisht constant woe :  
 Yet strove to hide it from her lord,  
 Lest he should sorrow know.

In vain she strove, her tender lord,  
 Who watch'd her slightest look, 30  
 Discover'd soon her secret paine,  
 And soon that paine partook.

And when to him the fearful cause  
 She weeping did impart,

With

With kindest speech he strove to heal      35  
The anguish of her heart.

Be comforted, my lady deare,  
Those pearly drops refraine ;  
Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
I'll try to ease thy paine.      40

And for this foul and fearful dreame,  
That causeth all thy woe,  
Trust me I'll travel far away  
But I'll the meaning knowe.

Then giving many a fond embrace,      45  
And shedding many a teare,  
To the weird lady of the woods  
He purpos'd to repaire.

To the weird lady of the woods,  
Full long and many a daye,      50  
Thro' lonely shades, and thickets rough  
He winds his weary waye.

At length he reach'd a dreary dell  
With dismal yews o'erhung ;  
Where cypress spred it's mournful boughes,      55  
And pois'nous nightshade sprung.

No chearful gleams here pierc'd the gloome,  
He hears no chearful sound ;

But



But shrill night-ravens yelling screame,  
And serpents hiss around. 60

The shriek of fiends, and damned ghosts  
Ran howling thro' his care:  
A chilling horror froze his heart,  
Tho' all unus'd to feare.

Three times he strives to win his waye, 65  
And pierce those sickly dewes :  
Three times to bear his trembling corse  
His knocking knees refuse.

At length upon his beating breast  
He signs the holy crosse; 70  
And, rousing up his wonted might,  
He treads th' unhallow'd mofse.

Beneath a pendent craggy cliffe,  
All vaulted like a grave,  
And opening in the solid rocke, 75  
He found the enchanted cave.

An iron grate clos'd up the mouthe,  
All hideous and forlorne ;  
And, fasten'd by a silver chaine,  
Near hung a brazen horne. 80

Then offering up a 'secret prayer,'  
Three times he blowes amaine :

Three

Three times a deepe and hollow found  
Did answer him againe.

“ Sir knight, thy lady beares a son, 85  
“ Who, like a dragon bright,  
“ Shall prove most dreadful to his foes,  
“ And terrible in fight.

“ His name advanc’d in future times  
“ On banners shall be worne : 90  
“ But lo ! thy lady’s life must passe  
“ Before he can be borne.”

All fore oppress’d with feare and doubt  
Long time lord Albret flood ;  
At length he winds his doubtful waye 95  
Back thro’ the dreary wood.

Eager to clasp his lovelye dame  
Then fast he travels backe :  
But when he reach’d his castle gate,  
His gate was hung with blacke. 100

In every court and hall he found  
A fullen silence reigne ;  
Save where, amid the lonely towers,  
He heard her maidens ’plaine ;

And bitterly lament and weepe, 105  
With many a grievous grene :

Then fore his bleeding heart misgave,  
His lady's life was gone.

With faltering step he enters in,  
Yet half affraid to goe; 110  
With trembling voice asks why they grieve,  
Yet fears the cause to knowe.

“ Three times the sun hath rose and set;  
They said, then stopt to weepe:  
“ Since heaven hath laid thy lady deare 115  
“ In death's eternal sleepe.

“ For, ah ! in travel fore she fell,  
“ So fore that she must dye;  
“ Unless some shrewd and cunning leech 120  
“ Could ease her presentlye.

“ But when a cunning leech was fet,  
“ Too soon declared hee,  
“ She, or her babe must lose its life;  
“ Both saved could not bee.

“ Now take my life, thy lady said, 125  
“ My little infant save:  
“ And O commend me to my lord,  
“ When I am laid in grave.

“ O tell him how that precious babe  
“ Cost him a tender wife: 130  
“ And

“ And teach my son to list her name,  
 “ Who died to save his life.

“ Then calling still upon thy name,  
 “ And praying still for thee ;  
 “ Without repining or complaint,  
 “ Her gentle soul did flee.”

135

What tongue can paint lord Albret's woe,  
 The bitter tears he shed,  
 The bitter pangs that wrung his heart,  
 To find his lady dead ?

140

He beat his breast : he tore his hair :  
 And shedding many a teare,  
 At length he askt to see his son ;  
 The son that cost so deare.

New sorrowe seiz'd the damsells all :  
 At length they faltering saye ;  
 “ Alas ! my lord, how shall we tell ?  
 “ Thy son is stoln awaye.

145

“ Faire as the sweetest flower of spring,  
 “ Such was his infant mien :  
 “ And on his little body stamp't  
 “ Three wonderous marks were seen ;

150

“ A blood-red cross was on his arme ;  
 “ A dragon on his breast :

“ A little

" A little garter all of gold 155

" Was round his leg exprest.

" Three carefull nurses we provide

" Our little lord to keepe :

" One gave him sucke, one gave him food,

" And one did lull to sleepe. 160

" But lo ! all in the dead of night,

" We heard a fearful sound :

" Loud thunder clapt ; the castle shook ;

" And lightning flasht around.

" Dead with affright at first we lay ; 165

" But rousing up anon,

" We ran to see our little lord :

" Our little lord was gone !

" But how or where we could not tell ;

" For lying on the ground, 170

" In deep and magic slumbers laid,

" The nurses there we found."

O grief on grief ! lord Albret said :

No more his tongue cou'd say,

When falling in a deadly swoone, 175

Long time he lifeless lay.

At length restor'd to life and sense

He nourisht endless woe,

No future joy his heart could taste,  
No future comfort knowe.

180

So withers on the mountain top  
A fair and stately oake,  
Whose vigorous arms are torne away,  
By some rude thunder-stroke.

At length his castle irksome grew,  
He loathes his wonted home ;  
His native country he forsakes  
In foreign lands to roame.

185

There up and downe he wandered far,  
Clad in a palmer's gowne ;  
Till his brown locks grew white as wool,  
His beard as thistle downe.

190

At length, all wearied, down in death  
He laid his reverend head.  
Meantime amid the lonely wilds  
His little son was bred.

195

There the weird lady of the woods  
Had borne him far away,  
And train'd him up in feates of armes,  
And every martial play.

200

\* \*



II.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

*The following ballad is given (with some corrections) from two ancient black-letter copies in the Pepys Collection: one of which is in 12mo, the other in folio.*

OF Hector's deeds did Homer sing;  
And of the sack of stately Troy,  
What griefs fair Helena did bring,  
Which was fir Paris' only joy:  
And by my pen I will recite  
St. George's deeds, an English knight.

5

Against the Sarazens so rude  
Fought he full long and many a day;  
Where many gyants he subdu'd,  
In honour of the christian way :  
And after many adventures past  
To Egypt land he came at last.

10

Now, as the story plain doth tell,  
Within that countrey there did rest  
A dreadful dragon fierce and fell,  
Whereby they were full sore opprest :  
Who by his poisonous breath each day,  
Did many of the city slay.

15

Q 2

The

The grief whereof did grow so great  
Throughout the limits of the land, 20  
That they their wise-men did intreat  
To shew their cunning out of hand;  
What way they might this fiend destroy,  
That did the countrey thus annoy.

The wise-men all before the king 25  
This answer fram'd incontinent;  
The dragon none to death might bring  
By any means they could invent:  
His skin more hard than brasse was found,  
That sword nor spear could pierce nor wound. 30

When this the people understood,  
They cryed out most piteouslye,  
The dragon's breath infects their blood,  
That every day in heaps they dye:  
Among them such a plague it bred, 35  
The living scarce could bury the dead.

No means there were, as they could hear,  
For to appease the dragon's rage,  
But to present some virgin clear,  
Whose blood his fury might assuage; 40  
Each day he would a maiden eat,  
For to allay his hunger great.

This

This thing by art the wise-men found,  
Which truly must observed be ;  
Wherefore throughout the city round 45

A virgin pure of good degree  
Was by the kings commission still  
Taken up to serve the dragon's will.

Thus did the dragon every day  
Untimely crop some virgin flowr, 50

Till all the maids were worn away,  
And none were left him to devour :

Saving the king's fair daughter bright,  
Her father's only heart's delight.

Then came the officers to the king 55

That heavy message to declare,  
Which did his heart with sorrow sting ;  
She is, quoth he, my kingdom's heir :

O let us all be poisoned here,  
Ere she should die, that is my dear. 60

Then rose the people presently,

And to the king in rage they went ;

They said his daughter deare should dye,

The dragon's fury to prevent :

Our daughters all are dead, quoth they, 65

And have been made the dragons prey :

And by their blood we rescued were,  
 And thou hast sav'd thy life thereby;  
 And now in sooth it is but faire,  
 For us thy daughter so should die:      70  
 O save my daughter, said the king;  
 And let ME feel the dragon's sting.

Then fell fair Sabra on her knee,  
 And to her father dear did say,  
 O father, strive not thus for me,      75  
 But let me be the dragon's prey;  
 It may be, for my sake alone  
 This plague upon the land was thrown.

'Tis better I should dye, she said,  
 Than all your subjects perish quite;      80  
 Perhaps the dragon here was laid,  
 For my offence to work his spite:  
 And after he hath suckt my gore,  
 Your land shall feel the grief no more.

What hast thou done, my daughter dear,      85  
 For to deserve this heavy scourge?  
 It is my fault, as may appear,  
 Which makes the gods our state to purge;  
 Then ought I die, to stint the strife,  
 And to preserve thy happy life.      90

Like

Like mad-men, all the people cried,  
Thy death to us can do no good;  
Our safety only doth abide  
In making her the dragon's food.  
Lo ! here I am, I come, quoth she, 95  
Therefore do what you will with me.

Nay stay, dear daughter, quoth the queen,  
And as thou art a virgin bright,  
That hast for vertue famous been,  
So let me cloath thee all in white ; 100  
And crown thy head with flowers sweet,  
An ornament for virgins meet.

And when she was attired so,  
According to her mother's mind,  
Unto the stake then did she go ; 105  
To which her tender limbs they bind :  
And being bound to stake a thrall  
She bade farewell unto them all.

Farewell, my father dear, quoth she,  
And my sweet mother meek and mild ; 110  
Take you no thought nor weep for me,  
For you may have another child :  
Since for my country's good I dye,  
Death I receive most willingly.

The king and queen and all their train 115

With weeping eyes went then their way,

And let their daughter there remain,

To be the hungry dragon's prey :

But as she did there weeping lye,

Behold St. George came riding by. 120

And seeing there a lady bright

So rudely tyed unto a stake,

As well became a valiant knight,

He straight to her his way did take :

Tell me, sweet maiden, then quoth he, 125

What caitif thus abuseth thee ?

And, lo ! by Chrif his cross I vow,

Which here is figured on my breast,

I will revenge it on his brow,

And break my lance upon his chest : 130

And speaking thus whereas he stood,

The dragon issued from the wood.

The lady that did first espy

The dreadful dragon coming so,

Unto St. George aloud did cry, 135

And willed him away to go ;

Here comes that cursed fiend, quoth she,

That soon will make an end of me.



St. George then looking round about,  
The fiery dragon soon espied, 140  
And like a knight of courage stout,  
Against him did most fiercely ride ;  
And with such blows he did him greet,  
He fell beneath his horse's feet.

For with his lance that was so strong, 145  
As he came gaping in his face,  
In at his mouth he thrust along,  
For he could pierce no other place :  
And thus within the lady's view  
This mighty dragon straight he flew. 150

The favour of his poisoned breath  
Could do this holy knight no harm.  
Thus he the lady sav'd from death,  
And home he led her by the arm ;  
Which when king Ptolemy did see, 155  
There was great mirth and melody.

When as that valiant champion there  
Had slain the dragon in the field,  
To court he brought the lady fair,  
Which to their hearts much joy did yield. 160  
He in the court of Egypt staid  
Till he most falsely was betray'd.

That

That lady dearly lov'd the knight,  
He counted her his only joy ; 165  
But when their love was brought to light  
It turn'd unto their great annoy :  
Th' Morocco king was in the court,  
Who to the orchard did resort :

Dayly to take the pleasant air,  
For pleasure sake he us'd to walk, 170  
Under a wall he oft did hear  
St. George with lady Sabra talk :  
Their love he shew'd unto the king,  
Which to St. George great woe did bring.

Those kings together did devise 175  
To make the christian knight away,  
With letters him in courteous wise  
They straightway sent to Persia :  
But wrote to th' sophy him to kill,  
And treacherously his blood to spill. 180

Thus they for good did him reward  
With evil, and most subtilly  
By much vile meanes they had regard  
To work his death most cruelly ;  
Who, as through Persia land he rode, 185  
With zeal destroy'd each idol god.

For which offence he straight was thrown  
 Into a dungeon dark and deep ;  
 Where, when he thought his wrongs upon,  
 He bitterly did wail and weep : 190  
 Yet like a knight of courage stout,  
 At length his way he digged out.

Three grooms of the king of Persia  
 By night this valiant champion slew,  
 Though he had fasted many a day ; 195  
 And then away from thence he flew  
 On the best steed the sophy had ;  
 Which when he knew he was full mad.

Towards Christendom he made his flight,  
 But met a gyant by the way, 200  
 With whom in combat he did fight  
 Most valiantly a summer's day :  
 Who yet, for all his bats of steel,  
 Was forc'd the sting of death to feel.

Back o'er the seas with many bands 205  
 Of warlike souldiers soon he past,  
 Vowing upon those heathen lands  
 To work revenge ; which at the last,  
 Ere thrice three years were gone and spent,  
 He wrought unto his heart's content. 210

Save

Save onely Egypt land he spar'd  
 For Sabra bright her only fake,  
 And, ere for her he had regard,  
 He meant a tryal kind to make :  
 Mean while the king o'ercome in field 215  
 Unto faint George did quickly yield.

Then straight Morocco's king he flew,  
 And took fair Sabra to his wife,  
 But meant to try if she were true  
 Ere with her he would lead his life : 220  
 And, tho' he had her in his train,  
 She did a virgin pure remain.

Toward England then that lovely dame  
 The brave St. George conducted frait,  
 An eunuch also with them came, 225  
 Who did upon the lady wait ;  
 These three from Egypt went alone.  
 Now mark St. George's valour shown.

When as they in a forest were,  
 The lady did desire to rest ; 230  
 Mean while St. George to kill a deer,  
 For their repast did think it best :  
 Leaving her with the eunuch there,  
 Whilst he did go to kill the deer,

But

But lo! all in his absence came 235

Two hungry Lyons fierce and fell,

And tore the eunuch on the same

In pieces small, the truth to tell ;

Down by the lady then they laid,

Whereby they shew'd, she was a maid. 240

But when he came from hunting back,

And did behold this heavy chance,

Then for his lovely virgin's sake

His courage strait he did advance,

And came into the lions fight, 245

Who ran at him with all their might.

Their rage did him no whit dismay,

Who, like a stout and valiant knight,

Did both the hungry Lyons slay

Within the lady Sabra's fight: 250

Who all this while sad and demure,

There stood most like a virgin pure.

Now when St. George did surely know

This lady was a virgin true,

His heart was glad, that erst was woe, 255

And all his love did soon renew :

He set her on a palfrey steed,

And towards England came with speed.

Where

Where being in short space arriv'd  
 Unto his native dwelling place ; 260  
 Therein with his dear love he liv'd,  
 And fortune did his nuptials grace :  
 They many years of joy did see,  
 And led their lives at Coventry.

## III.

## LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

*This excellent song is ancient : but we could only give it from  
 modern copies.*

O VER the mountains,  
 And over the waves ;  
 Under the fountains,  
 And under the graves ;  
 Over floods that are deepest,  
 Which Neptune obey ;  
 Over rocks that are steepest,  
 Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place  
 For the glow-worm to lye ; 10  
 Where there is no space  
 For receipt of a fly ;

Where



Where the midge dares not venture,  
 Left herself fast she lay ;  
 If love come, he will enter,  
 And soon find out his way.

15

You may esteem him  
 A child for his might ;  
 Or you may deem him  
 A coward from his flight ;  
 But if she, whom love doth honour,  
 Be conceal'd from the day,  
 Set a thousand guards upon her,  
 Love will find out the way.

20

Some think to lose him,  
 By having him confin'd ;  
 And some do suppose him,  
 Poor thing, to be blind ;  
 But if ne'er so close ye wall him,  
 Do the best that you may,  
 Blind love, if so ye call him,  
 Will find out his way.

25

30

You may train the eagle  
 To stoop to your fist ;  
 Or you may inveigle  
 The phenix of the east ;  
 The lioness, ye may move her  
 To give o'er her prey ;  
 But you'll ne'er stop a lover :  
 He will find out his way.

35

40

## IV.

## LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET,

## A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

*—seems to be composed (not without improvements) out of two ancient English ones, printed in the former part of this volume. See book I. ballad XV. and book II. ballad IV.—If this had been the original, the authors of those two ballads would hardly have adopted two such different stories: besides, this contains enlargements not to be found in either of the others. It is given with some corrections, from a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland.*

LORD Thomas and fair Annet

Sate a' day on a hill;

Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,

They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,

Fair Annet took it ill:

A'! I will nevir wed a wife

Against my ain friends will.

Gif

Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,  
A wife wull neir wed yee. 10

Sae he is hame to tell his mither,  
And knelt upon his knee :

O rede, O rede, mither, he says,  
A gude rede gie to mee :

O fall I tak the nut-browne bride, 15  
And let faire Annet bee ?

The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,  
Fair Annet she has gat nane ;  
And the little beauty fair Annet haes,  
O it wull soon be gane ! 20

And he has till his brother gane :  
Now brother rede ye mee ;  
A' fall I marrie the nut-browne bride,  
And let fair Annet bee ?

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother, 25  
The nut-browne bride has kye ;  
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,  
And cast fair Annet bye.

Her oxen may dye i' the house, Billie,  
And her kye into the byre ; 30  
And I fall hae nothing to my sell,  
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.

And he has till his sifter gane :

61 Now sifter rede ye mee ;

O fall I marrie the nut-browne bride,

35

And fet fair Annet free ?

1 Ife rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,

And let the browne bride alane ;

2 Left ye sould sigh and say, Alace !

What is this we brought hame ?

40

No, I will tak my mithers counsel,

And marrie me owt o' hand ;

And I will tak the nut-browne bride ;

3 Fair Annet may leive the land.

Up then rose fair Annets father

45

• Twa hours or it wer day,

And he is gane into the bower,

Wherein fair Annet lay.

7 Rife up, rife up, fair Annet, he says,

Put on your filken sheene ;

50

Let us gae to St. Maries kirke,

And see that rich weddeen.

My maides, gae to my dressing roome,

8 And drefs to me my hair ;

Whair-eir yee laid a plait before,

55

See yee lay ten times mair.

My

My maids, gae to my dressing room,  
 And drefs to me my smock;  
 The one half is o' the holland fine,  
 The other o' needle-work. 60

The horse fair Annet rade upon,  
 He amblit like the wind,  
 Wi' filler he was shod before,  
 Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four and twanty filler bells 65  
 Wer a' tyed till his mane,  
 And yae tift o' the norland wind,  
 They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twanty gay gude knights 70  
 Rade by fair Annets side,  
 And four and twanty fair ladies,  
 As gin she had bin a bride.

And whan she cam to Maries kirk,  
 She sat on Maries stean;  
 The cleading that fair Annet had on 75  
 It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirk,  
 She shimmer'd like the sun;  
 The belt that was about her waist,  
 Was a' wi' pearles bedone. 80

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,  
 And her een they wer sae clear,  
 Lord Thomas he clean forgot the bride,  
 Whan fair Annet drew near.

He had a rose into his hand, 85  
 He gae it kisses three,  
 And reaching by the nut-browne bride,  
 Laid it on fair Annets knee.

Up than spak the nut-browne bride,  
 She spak wi' meikle spite ; 90  
 And whair gat ye that rose-water,  
 That does mak yee fae white?

O I did get the rose-water,  
 Whair ye wull neir get nane,  
 For I did get that very rose-water 95  
 Into my mither's wame.

The bride she drew a long bodkìn,  
 Frae out her gay head gear,  
 And strake fair Annet unto the heart,  
 That word she spak nevir mair. 100

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wex pale,  
 And marvelit what mote bee :  
 But whan he saw her dear hearts blude,  
 A' wood-wroth wexed hee.

He



He drew his dagger, that was fae sharp, 105  
 That was fae sharp and meet,  
 And drave it into the nut-browne bride,  
 That fell deid at his feit.

Now stay for me, dear Annet, he fed,  
 Now stay, my dear, he cry'd; 110  
 Than strake the dagger untill his heart,  
 And fell deid by her side,

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa',  
 Fair Annet within the quiere;  
 And o' the tane thair grew a birk, 115  
 The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,  
 As they wad faine be neare;  
 And by this ye may ken right weil,  
 They were twa luvvers deare. 120

## V.

## U N F A D I N G B E A U T Y.

*This little beautiful sonnet is reprinted from a small volume of "Poems by THOMAS CAREW, Esq; one of the gentlemen of the privie-chamber, and sewer in ordinary to his majesty (Charles I). Lond. 1640." This elegant, and almost-forgotten writer, whose poems deserve to be revived, died in the prime of his age, in 1639.*

*In the original follows a third stanza, which not being of general application, nor of equal merit, I have ventured to omit.*

H E E that loves a rosie cheeke,

Or a corall lip admires,  
Or from star-like eyes doth seeke

Fuell to maintaine his fires;

As old time makes these decay,

So his flames must waste away.

5

But a smooth and stedfast mind,

Gentle thoughts, and calme desires,

Hearts with equal love combin'd

Kindle never-dying fires :

Where these are not I despise

Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

10

\* \* \* \* \*

VI. GEORGE

## VI.

## GEORGE BARNWELL.

*The subject of this ballad is sufficiently popular from the modern play which is founded upon it. This was written by GEORGE LILLO a jeweller of London, and first acted about 1730.—As for the ballad, it was printed at least as early as the middle of the last century.*

*It is here given from three old printed copies, which exhibit a strange intermixture of Roman and black letter. It is also collated with another copy in the Ashmole collection at Oxford, which is thus intitled, “An excellent ballad of “GEORGE BARNWELL, an apprentice of London, who “... thrice robbed his master and murdered his uncle in “Ludlow. The tune is “The Merchant.”*

*This tragical narrative seems to relate a real fact; but when it happened I have not been able to discover.*

## THE FIRST PART.

ALL youths of fair Englànd  
That dwell both far and near,  
Regard my story that I tell,  
And to my song give ear.

A London lad I was,  
A merchant's prentice bound;  
My name George Barnwell; that did spend  
My master many a pound.

R 4

Take

Take heed of harlots then,  
And their enticing trains ;  
For by that means I have been brought  
To hang alive in chains.

As I, upon a day,  
Was walking through the street  
About my master's business,  
A wanton I did meet.

A gallant dainty dame,  
And sumptuous in attire ;  
With smiling look she greeted me,  
And did my name require.

Which when I had declar'd,  
She gave me then a kiss,  
And said, if I would come to her,  
I should have more than this.

Fair mistress, then quoth I, 25  
If I the place may know,  
This evening I will be with you,  
For I abroad must go

To gather monies in,  
That are my master's due :  
And ere that I do home return,  
I'll come and visit you.

Good

Good Barnwell, then quoth she,  
Do thou to Shoreditch come,  
And ask for Mrs. Millwood's house, 35  
Next door unto the Gun,

And trust me on my truth,  
If thou keep touch with me,  
My dearest friend, as my own heart  
Thou shalt right welcome be. 40

Thus parted we in peace,  
And home I passed right ;  
Then went abroad, and gathered in,  
By fix o'clock at night,

An hundred pound and one : 45  
With bag under my arm  
I went to Mrs. Millwood's house,  
And thought on little harm ;

And knocking at the door,  
Straightway herself came down ; 50  
Ruffling in most brave attire,  
With hood and filken gown.

Who, through her beauty bright,  
So gloriously did shine,  
That she amaz'd my dazzling eyes, 55  
She seem'd so divine.

She

She took me by the hand,  
 And with a modest grace,  
 Welcome, sweet Barnwell, then quoth she,  
 Unto this homely place. 60

And since I have thee found  
 As good as thy word to be ;  
 A homely supper, ere we part,  
 Thou shalt take here with me.

O pardon me, quoth I, 65  
 Fair mistress, I you pray ;  
 For why, out of my master's house,  
 So long I dare not stay.

Alas, good Sir, she said,  
 Are you so strictly ty'd, 70  
 You may not with your dearest friend  
 One hour or two abide ?

Faith, then the case is hard,  
 If it be so, quoth she ;  
 I would I were a prentice bound, 75  
 To live along with thee :

Therefore, my dearest George,  
 Lift well what I shall say,  
 And do not blame a woman much,  
 Her fancy to bewray. 80



Let not affection's force  
 Be counted lewd desire,  
 Nor think it not immodesty,  
 I should thy love require.

With that she turn'd aside, 85  
 And with a blushing red,  
 A mournful motion she bewray'd  
 By hanging down her head.

A handkerchief she had,  
 All wrought with silk and gold : 90  
 Which she to stay her trickling tears  
 Before her eyes did hold.

This thing unto my sight  
 Was wondrous rare and strange ;  
 And in my soul and inward thought, 95  
 It wrought a sudden change :

That I so hardy grew,  
 To take her by the hand :  
 Saying, Sweet mistress, why do you  
 So dull and pensive stand ? 100

Call me no mistress now,  
 But Sarah, thy true friend,  
 Thy servant, Millwood, honouring thee,  
 Until her life hath end.

If

If thou wouldst here alledge, 105  
 Thou art in years a boy;  
 So was Adonis, yet was he  
 Fair Venus' only joy.

Thus I, who ne'er before  
 Of woman found such grace, 110  
 But seeing now so fair a dame  
 Give me a kind embrace,

I sapt with her that night,  
 With joys that did abound;  
 And for the same paid presently, 115  
 In money twice three pound.

An hundred kisses then,  
 For my farewell she gave;  
 Crying, Sweet Barnwell, when shall I  
 Again thy company have? 120

O stay not hence too long,  
 Sweet George, have me in mind.  
 Her words bewicht my childishness,  
 She uttered them so kind:

So that I made a vow, 125  
 Next Sunday without fail,  
 With my sweet Sarah once again,  
 To tell some pleasant tale.

When she heard me say so,  
 The tears fell from her eye ; 130  
 O George, quoth she, if thou dost fail,  
 Thy Sarah sure will dye.

Though long, yet loe ! at last,  
 The appointed day was come,  
 That I must with my Sarah meet ; 135  
 Having a mighty sum

Of money in my hand,  
 Unto her house went I,  
 Whereas my love upon her bed  
 In saddest fort did lye. 140

What ails my heart's delight,  
 My Sarah dear ? quoth I ;  
 Let not my love lament and grieve,  
 Nor fighting pine, and die.

But tell me, dearest friend, 145  
 What may thy woes amend,  
 And thou shalt lack no means of help,  
 Though forty pound I spend.

With that she turn'd her head,  
 And sickly thus did say, 150  
 Oh me, sweet George, my grief is great,  
 Ten pound I have to pay

Unto

Unto a cruel wretch ;  
And God he knows, quoth she,  
I have it not. Tush, rise, I said, 155  
And take it here of me.

Ten pounds, nor ten times ten,  
Shall make my love decay.  
Then from my bag into her lap,  
I cast ten pound straightway. 160

All blithe and pleasant then,  
To banqueting we go ;  
She proffered me to lye with her,  
And said it should be so.

And after that same time, 165  
I gave her store of coyn,  
Yea, sometimes fifty pound at once ;  
All which I did purloyn.

And thus I did pass on ;  
Until my master then 170  
Did call to have his reckoning in  
Cast up among his men.

The which when as I heard,  
I knew not what to say :  
For well I knew that I was out 175  
Two hundred pound that day.

Then

Then from my master straight  
 I ran in secret fort ;  
 And unto Sarah Millwood there  
 My case I did report. 180

But how she us'd this youth,  
 In this his care and woe,  
 And all a strumpet's wiley ways,  
 The SECOND PART may shew.

THE SECOND PART.

**Y**OUNG Barnwell comes to thee,  
 Sweet Sarah, my delight ;  
 I am undone unless thou stand  
 My faithful friend this night.

Our master to accompts, 5  
 Hath just occasion found ;  
 And I am caught behind the hand,  
 Above two hundred pound:

And now his wrath to 'scape,  
 My love, I fly to thee, 10  
 Hoping some time I may remaine  
 In safety here with thee.

With

With that she knit her brows,  
 And looking all aquoy,  
 Quoth she, What should I have to do      15  
 With any prentice boy?

And seeing you have purloyn'd  
 Your master's goods away,  
 The case is bad, and therefore here  
 You shall no longer stay.      20

Why, dear, thou knowst, I said,  
 How all which I could get,  
 I gave it, and did spend it all  
 Upon thee every whit.

Quoth she, Thou art a knave,      25  
 To charge me in this fort,  
 Being a woman of credit fair,  
 And known of good report.

Therefore I tell thee flat,  
 Be packing with good speed,      30  
 I do defie thee from my heart,  
 And scorn thy filthy deed.

Is this the friendship that  
 You did to me protest?  
 Is this the great affection which      35  
 You so to me exprest?

Now



Now fie on subtle shrews!

The best is, I may speed  
To get a lodging any where  
For money in my need.

40

Falſe woman, now farewell,  
Whiſt twenty pound doth laſt,  
My anchor in ſome other haven  
With freedom I will caſt.

When ſhe perceiv'd by this,  
I had ſtore of money there:

45

Stay, George, quoth ſhe, thou art too quick:  
Why, man, I did but jeer:

Doſt think for all my ſpeech,  
That I would let thee go?

50

Faith no, ſaid ſhe, my love to thee  
I wiſh is more than ſo.

You ſcorne a prentice boy,  
I heard you juſt now ſwear,

Wherefore I will not trouble you. —

55

— Nay, George, hark in thine ear;

Thou ſhalt not go to-night,  
What chance ſoe're befall:

But man we'll have a bed for thee,  
Or elſe the devil take all.

60

So I by wiles bewitcht,  
 And snar'd with fancy fill,  
 Had then no power to 'get' away,  
 Or to withstand her will.

For wine on wine I call'd,  
 And cheer upon good cheer;  
 And nothing in the world I thought  
 For Sarah's love too dear.

Whilft in her company,  
 I had such merriment;  
 All, all too little I did think,  
 That I upon her spent.

A fig for care and thought!  
 When all my gold is gone,  
 In faith, my girl, we will have more,  
 Whoever I light upon.

My father's rich, why then  
 Should I want store of gold?  
 Nay with a father sure, quoth she,  
 A son may well make bold.

I've a sister richly wed,  
 I'll rob her ere I'll want.  
 Nay, then quoth Sarah, they may well  
 Consider of your scant.

Nay,

# AND BALLADS.

259

Nay, I an uncle have,  
At Ludlow he doth dwell :  
He is a grazier, which in wealth  
Doth all the rest excell.

85

Ere I will live in lack,  
And have no coyn for thee :  
I'll rob his house, and murder him.  
Why should you not ? quoth she :

90

Was I a man, ere I  
Would live in poor estate ;  
On father, friends, and all my kin,  
I would my talons grate.

95

For without money, George,  
A man is but a beast :  
But bringing money, thou shalt be  
Always my welcome guest.

100

For shouldst thou be pursued  
With twenty hues and cryes,  
And with a warrant searched for  
With Argus' hundred eyes,

Yet here thou shalt be safe ;  
Such privy ways there be,  
That if they fought an hundred years,  
They could not find out thee.

105

And so carousing both  
 Their pleasures to content :  
 George Barnwell had in little space  
 His money wholly spent.

Which done, to Ludlow straight  
He did provide to go,  
To rob his wealthy uncle there;  
His minion would it so.

And once he thought to take  
His father by the way,  
But that he fear'd his master had  
Took order for his stay.

Unto his uncle then  
He rode with might and main,  
Who with a welcome and good cheer  
Did Barnwell entertain.

One fortnight's space he stayed,  
Until it chanced so,  
His uncle with his cattle did  
Unto a market go.

His kinsman rode with him,  
Where he did see right plain,  
Great store of money he had took :  
When coming home again,

**Sudden**

Sudden within a wood,  
He struck his uncle down,  
And beat his brains out of his head ;  
So fore he crackt his crown.

135

Then seizing fourscore pound,  
To London straight he hyed,  
And unto Sarah Millwood all  
The cruell fact descryed.

140

Tush, 'tis no matter, George,  
So we the money have  
To have good cheer in jolly fort,  
And deck us fine and brave,

Thus lived in filthy fort,  
Until their store was gone :  
When means to get them any more,  
I wis, poor George had none.

145

Therefore in railing fort,  
She thrust him out of door :  
Which is the just reward of those,  
Who spend upon a whore,

150

O ! do me not disgrace  
In this my need, quoth he.  
She call'd him thief and murderer,  
With all the spight might be :

155

To the constable she sent,  
 To have him apprehended;  
 And shewed how far, in each degree,  
 He had the laws offended.

160

When Barnwell saw her drift,  
 To sea he got straightway;  
 Where fear and sting of conscience  
 Continually on him lay.

Unto the lord mayor then,  
 He did a letter write;  
 In which his own and Sarah's fault  
 He did at large recite.

165

Whereby she seized was,  
 And then to Ludlow sent:  
 Where she was judg'd, condemn'd, and hang'd,  
 For murder incontinent.

170

There dyed this gallant quean,  
 Such was her greatest gains:  
 For murder in Polonia,  
 Was Barnwell hang'd in chains.

175

Lo! here's the end of youth,  
 That after harlots haunt;  
 Who in the spoil of other men,  
 About the streets do flaunt.

180

VII. HENCE



## VII.

## THE STEDFAST SHEPHERD.

*These beautiful Stanzas were written by GEORGE WITHER, of whom some account was given in the former part of this Volume; see the song intitled, THE SHEPHERDS RESOLUTION, p. 190. In our first Edition only a small Fragment of this Sonnet had been recovered, but we are now able to give it more perfect and intire by the insertion of five additional Stanzas: These are extracted from Wither's Pastoral Poem, THE MISTRESS OF PHILARETE; of which this Song makes a part. There were two or three other Stanzas, but as they appeared to be of inferior merit, were not adopted.*

**H**ENCE away, you Syrens, leave me,  
 And unclaspe your wanton armes;  
 Sugred words shall ne'er deceive me,  
 (Though 'you' prove a thousand charmes).  
 Fie, fie, forbear;  
 No common snare  
 Could ever my affection chaine:  
 Your painted baits,  
 And poore deceits,  
 Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

*Ver. 4. thou P. C.*

I'me no slave to such, as you be ;

Neither shall a snowy brest,

Wanton eye, or lip of ruby

Ever robb me of my rest :

Goe, goe, display

Your beautie's ray

15

To some ore-soone enamour'd swaine :

Those common wiles

Of sighs and smiles

Are all bestowed on me in vaine,

20

I have elsewhere vowed a dutie ;

Turne away 'your' tempting eyes :

Shew not me a naked beautie ;

Those impostures I despise :

My spirit lothes

25

Where gawdy clothes

And fained othes may love obtaine ;

I love her so,

Whose looke sweares No ;

That all your labours will be vaine,

30

Can he prize the tainted posies,

Which on every brest are worne ;

That may plucke the spotlesse roses

From their never-touched thorne ?

35

I can goe rest

On her sweet brest,

*Ver. 22. thy. P. C.*

That

That is the pride of Cynthia's traine :

Then hold your tongues ;

Your mermaid songs

Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

40

Hee's a foole, that basely dallies,

Where each peasant mates with him :

Shall I haunt the thronged vallies,

Whilst ther's noble hils to climbe ?

No, no, though clownes

45

Are skar'd with frownes,

I know the best can but disdaine ;

And those Ile prove :

So shall your love

Be all bestowed on me in vaine.

50

I doe scorne to vow a dutie,

Where each lustfull lad may wooe :

Give me her, whose sun-like beantie

Buzzards dare not soare unto :

Shee, shee it is

55

Affords that blisse

For which I would refuse no paine :

But such as you,

Fond fooles, adieu ;

You seeke to captive me in vaine.

60

Leave me then, you Syrens, leave me ;

Seeke no more to worke my harmes :

Craftie wiles cannot deceive me,

Who am prooffe against your charmes :



In Spain a lady liv'd of late,  
Who was of high degree ; 10  
Whose wayward temper did create  
Much woe and misery.

Strange jealousies so fill'd her head  
With many a vain surmise,  
She thought her lord had wrong'd her bed, 15  
And did her love despise.

A gentlewoman passing fair  
Did on this lady wait ;  
With bravest dames she might compare ;  
Her beauty was compleat. 20

Her lady cast a jealous eye  
Upon this gentle maid ;  
And taxt her with disloyaltye ;  
And did her oft upbraid.

In silence still this maiden meek 25  
Her bitter taunts would bear,  
While oft adown her lovely cheek  
Would steal the falling tear.

In vain in humble fort she strove  
Her fury to disarm ; 30  
As well the meekness of the dove  
The bloody hawke might charm.

Her

Her lord of humour light and gay,  
 And innocent the while,  
 As oft as she came in his way,      35  
 Would on the damself smile.

And oft before his lady's face,  
 As thinking her her friend,  
 He would the maiden's modest grace  
 And comeliness commend.      40

All which incens'd his lady so  
 She burnt with wrath extreame ;  
 At length the fire that long did glow,  
 Burst forth into a flame,

For on a day it so befell,      45  
 When he was gone from home,  
 The lady all with rage did swell,  
 And to the damself come.

And charging her with great offence,  
 And many a grievous fault ;      50  
 She bade her servants drag her thence,  
 Into a dismal vault,

That lay beneath the common-shore :  
 A dungeon dark and deep :  
 Where they were wont, in days of yore,      55  
 Offenders great to keep.

There



There never light of chearful day  
Dispers'd the hideous gloom ;  
But dank and noisome vapours play  
Around the wretched room :

60

And adders, snakes, and toads therein,  
As afterwards was known,  
Long in this loathsome vault had bin,  
And were to monsters grown.

Into this foul and fearful place,  
The fair one innocent  
Was cast, before her lady's face ;  
Her malice to content.

65

This maid no sooner enter'd is,  
But strait, alas ! she hears  
The toads to croak, and snakes to hiss :  
Then grievously she fears.

70

Soon from their holes the vipers creep,  
And fiercely her assail :  
Which makes the damsel forely weep,  
And her sad fate bewail.

75

With her fair hands she strives in vain  
Her body to defend :  
With shrieks and cries she doth complain,  
But all is to no end.

80

A fer-

A servant listning near the door,  
 Struck with her doleful noise,  
 Strait ran his lady to implore ;  
 But she'll not hear his voice.

With bleeding heart he goes agen  
 To mark the maiden's groans ;  
 And plainly hears, within the den,  
 How she herself bemoans.

85

Again he to his lady hies  
 With all the haste he may :  
 She into furious passion flies,  
 And orders him away.

90

Still back again does he return  
 To hear her tender cries ;  
 The virgin now had ceas'd to mourn ;  
 Which fill'd him with surprize.

95

In grief, and horror, and affright,  
 He listens at the walls ;  
 But finding all was silent quite,  
 He to his lady calls.

100

Too sure, O lady, now quoth he,  
 Your cruelty hath sped :  
 Make hast, for shame, and come and see ;  
 I fear the virgin's dead.

She

She starts to hear her sudden fate, 105  
 And does with torches run :  
 But all her haste was now too late,  
 For death his worst had done.

The door being open'd strait they found  
 The virgin stretch'd along : 110  
 Two dreadful snakes had wrapt her round,  
 Which her to death had stung.

One round her legs, her thighs, her waist  
 Had twin'd his fatal wreath :  
 The other close her neck embrac'd, 115  
 And stopt her gentle breath.

The snakes, being from her body thrust,  
 Their bellies were so fill'd,  
 That with excess of blood they burst,  
 Thus with their prey were kill'd. 120

The wicked lady at this sight,  
 With horror strait ran mad ;  
 So raving dy'd as was most right,  
 Cause she no pity had.

Let me advise you, ladies all, 125  
 Of jealousy beware :  
 It causeth many a one to fall,  
 And is the devil's snare.

## IX.

## JEALOUSY TYRANT OF THE MIND.

*From a Manuscript copy communicated to the Editor.*

**W**HAT state of life can be so blest,  
 As love that warms the gentle brest?  
 Two souls in one; the same desire  
 To grant the blifs, and to require:  
     If in this heaven a hell we find,  
         Tis all from thee,  
         O Jealousie!  
     Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

5

All other ills, though sharpe they prove,  
 Serve to refine and perfect love:  
 In absence, or unkind disdaine,  
 Sweet hope relieves the lovers paine:  
     But, oh, no cure but death we find  
         To sett us free  
         From jealousie,  
     Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

10

15

False in thy glass all objects are,  
 Some sett too near, and some too farre:  
 Thou art the fire of endless night,  
 The fire that burns, and gives no light.

20

All

All torments of the damn'd we find  
 In only thee,  
 O Jealousie ;  
 Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

X.

CONSTANT PENELOPE.

*The ladies are indebted for the following notable documents to the Pepys collection, where the original is preserved in black-letter, and is intitled, "A looking-glass for ladies, or a mirrour for married women. Tune Queen Dido, or Troy town."*

**W**HEN Greeks, and Trojans fell at strife,  
 And lords in armour bright were seen ;  
 When many a gallant lost his life.  
 About fair Hellen, beauties queen ;  
 Ulysses, general so free,  
 Did leave his dear Penelope.

5

When she this wofull news did hear,  
 That he would to the warrs of Troy ;  
 For grief she shed full many a tear,  
 At parting from her only joy ;  
 Her ladies all about her came,  
 To comfort up this Grecian dame.

10

Ulysses, with a heavy heart,  
 Unto her then did mildly say,  
 The time is come that we must part;      15  
 My honour calls me hence away;  
 Yet in my absence, dearest, be  
 My constant wife, Penelope.

Let me no longer live, she sayd,  
 Then to my lord I true remain;      20  
 My honour shall not be betray'd  
 Until I see my love again;  
 For I will ever constant prove,  
 As is the loyal turtle-dove.

Thus did they part with heavy chear,      25  
 And to the ships his way he took;  
 Her tender eyes dropt many a tear;  
 Still casting many a longing look:  
 She saw him on the surges glide,  
 And unto Neptune thus she cry'd:      30

Thou god, whose power is in the deep,  
 And rulest in the ocean main,  
 My loving lord in safety keep  
 Till he return to me again:  
 That I his person may behold,      35  
 To me more precious far than gold.



Then straight the ships with nimble sails

Were all convey'd out of her fight :

Her cruel fate she then bewails,

Since she had lost her hearts delight :

40

Now shall my practice be, quoth she,

True vertue and humility.

My patience I will put in ure,

My charity I will extend ;

Since for my woe there is no cure,

45

The helpless now I will befriend :

The widow and the fatherless

I will relieve, when in distress.

Thus she continued year by year

In doing good to every one ;

50

Her fame was noised every where,

To young and old the same was known ;

No company that she would mind,

Who were to vanity inclin'd.

Mean while Ulysses fought for fame,

55

'Mongst Trojans hazarding his life ;

Young gallants, hearing of her name,

Came flocking for to tempt his wife :

For she was lovely, young, and fair,

No lady might with her compare.

60

With costly gifts and jewels fine,  
 They did endeavour her to win;  
 With banquets and the choicest wine,  
 For to allure her unto sin :  
 Most persons were of high degree,  
 Who courted fair Penelope.

65

With modesty and comely grace,  
 Their wanton suits she did deny;  
 No tempting charms could e'er deface  
 Her dearest husband's memory;  
 But constant she would still remain,  
 Hoping to see him once again.

70

Her book her daily comfort was,  
 And that she often did peruse;  
 She seldom looked in her glass;  
 Powder and paint she ne'er would use,  
 I wish all ladies were as free  
 From pride, as was Penelope.

75

She in her needle took delight,  
 And likewise in her spinning-wheel;  
 Her maids about her every night  
 Did use the distaff, and the reel :  
 The spiders, that on rafters twine,  
 Scarce spin a thread more soft and fine.

80

Some-

Sometimes she would bewail the loss, 85

And absence of her dearest love :

Sometimes she thought the seas to cross,

Her fortune on the waves to prove :

I fear my lord is slain, quoth she,

He stays so from Penelope. 90

At length the ten years siege of Troy

Did end ; in flames the city burn'd ;

And to the Grecians was great joy,

To see the towers to ashes turn'd :

Then came Ulysses home to see 95

His constant, dear, Penelope.

O blame her not if she was glad,

When she her lord again had seen.

Thrice-welcome home, my dear, she said,

A long time absent thou hast been : 100

The wars shall never more deprive

Me of my lord whilst I'm alive.

Fair ladies all example take ;

And hence a worthy lesson learn,

All youthful follies to forsake, 105

And vice from virtue to discern :

And let all women strive to be,

As constant as Penelope.

## XI.

## TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS.

*By Col. Richard Lovelace: from the volume of his poems intitled, "Lucasta, Lond. 1649." 12mo. The elegance of this writer's manner would be more admired, if it had somewhat more of simplicity.*

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde,  
That from the nunnerie  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde,  
To warre and armes I flie.

True ; a new mistresse now I chase,  
The first foe in the field ;  
And with a stronger faith imbrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,  
As you too shall adore ;  
I could not love thee, deare, so much,  
Lov'd I not honour more.

## XII.

## VALENTINE AND URSINE.

*It would be in vain to put off this ballad for ancient, nor yet is it altogether modern. The original is an old MS poem in the Editor's possession; which being in a wretched corrupt state, the subject was thought worthy of some embellishments.*

*The old story-book of Valentine and Orson (which suggested the plan of this tale, but it is not strictly followed in it) was originally a translation from the French, being one of their earliest attempts at romance. See "Le Bibliothéque de Romans, &c."*

*The circumstance of the bridge of bells is taken from the old metrical legend of Sir Bevis, and has also been copied in the Seven Champions. The original lines are,*

- " Over the dyke a bridge there lay,*
- " That man and beest might passe away :*
- " Under the brydge were sixty belles ;*
- " Right as the Romans telles ;*
- " That there might no man passe in,*
- " But all they rang with a gyn."*

*Sign. E. iv.*

## PART THE FIRST.

**W**HEN Flora 'gins to decke the fields  
 With colours fresh and fine,  
 Then holy clerkes their mattins sing  
 To good Saint Valentine !

The king of France that morning fair

5

He would a hunting ride :

To Artois forest prancing forth

In all his princely pride,

To grace his sports a courtly train

Of gallant peers attend ;

10

And with their loud and cheerful cries

The hills and valleys rend.

Through the deep forest swift they pass,

Through woods and thickets wild ;

When down within a lonely dell

15

They found a new-born child :

All in a scarlet kercher lay'd

Of filk so fine and thin :

A golden mantle wrapt him round

Pinn'd with a silver pin.

20

The sudden sight surpriz'd them all ;

The courtiers gather'd round ;

They look, they call, the mother seek ;

No mother could be found.

At length the king himself drew near,

25

And as he gazing stands,

The pretty babe look'd up and smil'd,

And stretch'd his little hands.

Now,



Now, by the rood, king Pepin says,  
 This child is passing fair : 30  
 I wot he is of gentle blood ;  
 Perhaps some prince's heir.

Goe bear him home unto my court  
 With all the care ye may :  
 Let him be christen'd Valentine, 35  
 In honour of this day :

And look me out some cunning nurse ;  
 Well nurtur'd let him bee ;  
 Nor ought be wanting that becomes  
 A bairn of high degree. 40

They look'd him out a cunning nurse ;  
 And nurtur'd well was hee ;  
 Nor ought was wanting that became  
 A bairn of high degree.

Thus grewe the little Valentine 45  
 Belov'd of king and peers ;  
 And shew'd in all he spake or did  
 A wit beyond his years.

But chief in gallant feates of arms  
 He did himself advance, 50  
 That ere he grewe to man's estate  
 He had no peere in France.

And

ANCIENT SONGS

And now the early downe began  
To shade his youthful chin;  
When Valentine was dubb'd a knight,  
That he might glory win.

A boon, a boon, my gracious liege,  
I beg a boon of thee!  
The first adventure, that befalls,  
May be reserv'd for mee.

The first adventure shall be thine;  
The king did smiling say.  
Nor many days, when lo ! there came  
Three palmers clad in graye.

Help, gracious lord, they weeping say'd ;      65  
And knelt as it was meet :  
From Artoys forest we be come,  
With weak and wearye feet.

Within those deep and dreary woods  
There wends a savage boy ;  
Whose fierce and mortal rage doth yield  
Thy subjects dire annoy.

'Mong ruthleſs beares he ſure was bred ;  
He lurks within their den :  
With beares he lives ; with beares he feeds, 75  
And drinks the blood of men.

To more than savage strength he joins

A more than human skill :

For arms, ne cunning may suffice

His cruel rage to still.

80

Up then rose fir Valentine,

And claim'd that arduous deed.

Go forth and conquer, say'd the king,

And great shall be thy meed.

Well mounted on a milk-white steed,

85

His armour white as snow ;

As well beseem'd a virgin knight,

Who ne'er had fought a foe :

To Artoys forest he repairs

With all the haste he may ;

90

And soon he spies the savage youth

A rending of his prey.

His unkempt hair all matted hung

His shaggy shoulders round :

His eager eye all fiery glow'd :

95

His face with fury frown'd.

Like eagles' talons grew his nails :

His limbs were thick and strong ;

And dreadful was the knotted oak

He bare with him along.

100

Soon

Soon as fir Valentine approach'd,  
 He starts with sudden spring;  
 And yelling forth a hideous howl,  
 He made the forests ring.

As when a tyger fierce and fell 105  
 Hath spyed a passing roe,  
 And leaps at once upon his throat;  
 So sprung the savage foe;

So lightly leap'd with furious force  
 The gentle knight to seize: 110  
 But met his tall uplifted spear,  
 Which sunk him on his knees.

A second stroke so stiff and stern  
 Had laid the savage low;  
 But springing up, he rais'd his club, 115  
 And aim'd a dreadful blow.

The watchful warrior bent his head,  
 And shun'd the coming stroke;  
 Upon his taper spear it fell,  
 And all to shivers broke. 120

Then lighting nimbly from his steed,  
 He drew his burnisht brand:  
 The savage quick as lightning flew  
 To wrest it from his hand.

Three times he grasp'd the silver hilt ; 125  
 Three times he felt the blade ;  
 Three times it fell with furious force ;  
 Three ghastly wounds it made.

Now with redoubled rage he roar'd ;  
 His eye-ball flash'd with fire ; 130  
 Each hairy limb with fury shook ;  
 And all his heart was ire.

Then closing fast with furious gripe  
 He clasp'd the champion round,  
 And with a strong and sudden twist 135  
 He laid him on the ground.

But soon the knight, with active spring,  
 O'erturn'd his hairy foe :  
 And now between their sturdy fists  
 Past many a bruising blow. 140

They roll'd and grappled on the ground,  
 And there they struggled long :  
 Skilful and active was the knight ;  
 The savage he was strong.

But brutal force and savage strength 145  
 To art and skill must yield :  
 Sir Valentine at length prevail'd,  
 And won the well-fought field.

Then

Then binding strait his conquer'd foe  
 Fast with an iron chain, 150  
 He tyes him to his horse's tail,  
 And leads him o'er the plain.

To court his hairy captive soon  
 Sir Valentine doth bring ;  
 And kneeling downe upon his knee, 155  
 Presents him to the king.

With los of blood and los of strength,  
 The savage tamer grew ;  
 And to sir Valentine became 160  
 A servant try'd and true.

And 'cause with beares he erst was bred,  
 Urfine they call his name ;  
 A name which unto future times  
 The Muses shall proclame.

### P A R T   T H E   S E C O N D .

**I**N high renown with prince and peere  
 Now liv'd sir Valentine :  
 His high renown with prince and peere  
 Made envious hearts repine.



It chanc'd the king upon a day 5  
Prepar'd a sumptuous feast ;  
And there came lords, and dainty dames,  
And many a noble guest.

Amid their cups, that freely flow'd,  
Their revelry, and mirth ; 10  
A youthful knight tax'd Valentine  
Of base and doubtful birth.

The foul reproach, so grossly urg'd,  
His generous heart did wound :  
And strait he vow'd he ne'er would rest 15  
Till he his parents found.

Then bidding king and peers adieu,  
Early one summer's day,  
With faithful Urfine by his side,  
From court he takes his way. 20

O'er hill and valley, moss and moor,  
For many a day they pass ;  
At length upon a moated lake,  
They found a bridge of brass.

Beyond it rose a castle fair 25  
Y-built of marble stone :  
The battlements were gilt with gold,  
And glittred in the sun.

Beneath

Beneath the bridge, with strange device,  
A hundred bells were hung;  
That man, nor beast, might pass thereon,  
But strait their larum rung.

This quickly found the youthful pair,  
Who boldly crossing o'er,  
The jangling sound bedeast their ears,  
And rung from shore to shore.

Quick at the sound the castle gates  
Unlock'd and opened wide,  
And strait a gyant huge and grim  
Stalk'd forth with stately stride.

Now yield you, caytiffs, to my will ;  
He cried with hideous roar ;  
Or else the wolves shall eat your flesh,  
And ravens drink your gore.

Vain boaster, said the youthful knight, 45  
I scorn thy threats and thee :  
I trust to force thy brazen gates,  
And set thy captives free.

Then putting spurs unto his steed,  
He aim'd a dreadful thrust :  
The spear against the gyant glanc'd,  
And caus'd the blood to burst.

Mad and outrageous with the pain,  
He whirl'd his mace of steel :  
The very wind of such a blow  
Had made the champion reel. 55

It haply mist ; and now the knight  
His glittering sword display'd,  
And riding round with whirlwind speed  
Oft made him feel the blade. 60

As when a large and monstrous oak  
Unceasing axes hew :  
So fast around the gyant's limbs  
The blows quick-darting flew.

As when the boughs with hideous fall  
Some hapless woodman crush :  
With such a force the enormous foe  
Did on the champion rush. 65

A fearful blow, alas ! there came,  
Both horse and knight it took,  
And laid them senseless in the dust ;  
So fatal was the stroke. 70

Then smiling forth a hideous grin,  
The gyant strides in haste,  
And, stooping, aims a second stroke :  
“ Now caytiff breathe thy last ! ” 75

But ere it fell, two thundering blows  
 Upon his scull descend :  
 From Urfine's knotty club they came,  
 Who ran to save his friend.

80

Down sunk the gyant gaping wide,  
 And rolling his grim eyes :  
 The hairy youth repeats his blows :  
 He gasps, he groans, he dies.

Quickly fir Valentine reviv'd  
 With Urfine's timely care :  
 And now to search the castle walls  
 The venturous youths repair.

85

The blood and bones of murder'd knights  
 They found where'er they came :  
 At length within a lonely cell  
 They saw a mournful dame.

90

Her gentle eyes were dim'd with tears ;  
 Her cheeks were pale with woe :  
 And long fir Valentine besought  
 Her doleful tale to know.

95

" Alas ! young knight," she weeping said,  
 " Condole my wretched fate :  
 " A childless mother here you see ;  
 " A wife without a mate.

100

“ These twenty winters here forlorn

“ I’ve drawn my hated breath ;

“ Sole witness of a monster’s crimes,

“ And wishing aye for death.

“ Know, I am sister of a king ;

105

“ And in my early years

“ Was married to a mighty prince,

“ The fairest of his peers.

“ With him I sweetly liv’d in love

“ A twelvemonth and a day :

110

“ When, lo ! a foul and treacherous priest

“ Y-wrought our loves’ decay.

“ His seeming goodness wan him pow’r ;

“ He had his master’s ear :

“ And long to me and all the world

115

“ He did a faint appear.

“ One day, when we were all alone,

“ He proffer’d odious love :

“ The wretch with horror I repuls’d,

“ And from my presence drove.

120

“ He feign’d remorse, and piteous beg’d

“ His crime I’d not reveal :

“ Which, for his seeming penitence,

“ I promis’d to conceal.

“ With treason, villainy, and wrong 125

“ My goodnefs he repay’d :

“ With jealous doubts he fill’d my lord,

“ And me to woe betray’d.

“ He hid a flave within my bed,

“ Then rais’d a bitter cry :

130

“ My lord, poffest with rage, condemn’d

“ Me, all unheard, to dye.

“ But ’cause I then was great with child,

“ At length my life he spar’d :

“ But bade me instant quit the realme,

135

“ One trusty knight my guard.

“ Forth on my journey I depart,

“ Opprest with grief and woe ;

“ And tow’rds my brother’s distant court,

“ With breaking heart, I goe.

140

“ Long time thro’ fundry foreign lands

“ We slowly pace along :

“ At length within a forest wild

“ I fell in labour strong :

“ And while the knight for succour fought,

145

“ And left me there forlorn,

“ My childbed pains so fast increast

“ Two lovely boys were born.

“ The



“ The eldest fair, and smooth, as snow  
 “ That tips the mountain hoar : 150  
 “ The younger’s little body rough  
 “ With hairs was cover’d o’er.

“ But here afresh begin my woes :  
 “ While tender care I took  
 “ To shield my eldest from the cold, 155  
 “ And wrap him in my cloak ;

“ A prowling bear burst from the wood,  
 “ And seiz’d my younger son :  
 “ Affection lent my weakness wings,  
 “ And after them I run. 160

“ But all forewearied, weak and spent,  
 “ I quickly swoon’d away ;  
 “ And there beneath the greenwood shade  
 “ Longtime I lifeless lay.

“ At length the knight brought me relief, 165  
 “ And rais’d me from the ground :  
 “ But neither of my pretty babes  
 “ Could ever more be found.

“ And, while in search we wander’d far,  
 “ We met that gyant grim ; 170  
 “ Who ruthless slew my trusty knight,  
 “ And bare me off with him.

“ But charm’d by heav’n, or else my griefs,

“ He offer’d me no wrong ;

“ Save that within these lonely walls

175

“ I’ve been immur’d so long.”

Now, surely, said the youthful knight,

Ye are lady Bellifance,

Wife to the Grecian emperor :

Your brother’s king of France.

180

For in your royal brother’s court

Myself my breeding had ;

Where oft the story of your woes

Hath made my bosom sad.

If so, know your accuser’s dead,

185

And dying own’d his crime ;

And long your lord hath sought you out

Thro’ every foreign clime.

And when no tidings he could learn

Of his much-wronged wife,

190

He vow’d thenceforth within his court

To lead a hermit’s life.

Now heaven is kind ! the lady said ;

And dropt a joyful tear :

Shall I once more behold my lord ?

195

That lord I love so dear ?

But,

But, madam, said fir Valentine,  
And knelt upon his knee ;  
Know you the cloak that wrapt your babe,  
If you the same should see ? 200

And pulling forth the cloth of gold,  
In which himself was found ;  
The lady gave a sudden shriek,  
And fainted on the ground.

But by his pious care reviv'd, 205  
His tale she heard anon ;  
And soon by other tokens found,  
He was indeed her son.

But who's this hairy youth ? she said ;  
He much resembles thee ; 210  
The bear devour'd my younger son,  
Or sure that son were he.

Madam, this youth with beares was bred,  
And rear'd within their den.  
But recollect ye any mark 215  
To know your son agen ?

Upon his little side, quoth she,  
Was stamp't a bloody rose.  
Here, lady, see the crimson mark  
Upon his body grows ! 220

Then clasping both her new-found sons,  
She bath'd their cheeks with tears ;  
And soon towards her brother's court  
Her joyful course she steers.

What pen can paint king Pepin's joy, 225  
His sifter thus restor'd !  
And soon a messenger was sent  
To cheer her drooping lord :

Who came in haste with all his peers,  
To fetch her home to Greece ;  
Where many happy years they reign'd  
In perfect love and peace.

To them fir Urfine did fucceed,  
And long the fcepter bare.  
Sir Valentine he ftay'd in France,  
And was his uncle's heir.

## XIII.

THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY.

*This humorous song (as a former Editor † has well observed) is to old metrical romances and ballads of chivalry, what Don Quixote is to prose narratives of that kind:—a lively satire on their extravagant fictions. But altho' the satire is thus general; the subject of this ballad seems local and peculiar; so that many of the finest strokes of humour are lost for want of our knowing the particular facts*

† Collection of Historical Ballads in 3 vol. 1727.

to which they allude. These we have in vain endeavoured to recover ; and are therefore obliged to acquiesce in the common account ; namely, that this ballad alludes to a contest at law between an overgrown Yorkshire attorney and a neighbouring gentleman. The former, it seems, had stript three orphans of their inheritance, and by his incroachments and rapaciousness was become a nuisance to the whole country ; when the latter generously espoused the cause of the oppressed, and gained a complete victory over his antagonist, who with meer spite and vexation broke his heart.

In handling this subject the Author has brought in most of the common incidents which occur in Romance. The description of the dragon\*——his outrages——the people flying to the knight for succour——his care in chusing his armour——his being drest for fight by a young damsel——and most of the circumstances of the battle and victory (allowing for the burlesque turn given to them) are what occur in every book of chivalry whether in prose or verse.

If any one piece, more than other, is more particularly levelled at, it seems to be the old rhiming legend of sir Bevis. There a DRAGON is attacked from a WELL in a manner not very remote from this of the ballad :

*There was a well, so have I wyne,  
And Bevis stumbled ryght therein.*

*Than was he glad without fayle,  
And rested a whyle for his awayle ;  
And dranke of that water his fyll ;  
And than he lepte out, with good wyll,  
And with Morglay his brande,  
He assayled the dragon, I understaude :  
On the dragon he smote so faste,  
Where that he hit the scales braste :  
The dragon then saynted sore,  
And cast a galon and more  
Out of his mouthe of venim strong,  
And on syr Bevis he it slong :  
It was venymous y-wis.*

*This*

\* See above pag. 100, & p. 216.

*This seems to be meant by the Dragon of Wantley's stink, ver. 110. As the politick knight's creeping out, and attacking the dragon, &c. seems evidently to allude to the following,*

*Bevis blessed himselfe, and forth yode,  
 And lepte out with haste full good ;  
 And Bevis unto the dragon gone is ;  
 And the dragon also to Bevis.  
 Longe, and harde was that fyght  
 Betwene the dragon, and that knyght :  
 But ever whan syr Bevis was hurt sore,  
 He went to the well, and washed him thore ;  
 He was as hole as any man,  
 Ever freshe as whan he began :  
 The dragon sawe it might not awayle  
 Besyde the well to hold batayle ;  
 He thought he would, wyth some wyle,  
 Out of that place Bevis begyle ;  
 He woulde have flownen then awaye,  
 But Bevis lepte after with good Morglaye,  
 And hyt him under the wynges,  
 As he was in his flyenge, &c.*

*Sign. M. jv. L. j. &c.*

*After all, perhaps the writer of this ballad was acquainted with the above incidents only thro' the medium of Spenser, who has assumed most of them in his Faery Queene. At least some particulars in the description of the Dragon, &c. seem evidently borrowed from the latter, See Book 1. Canto 11. where the Dragon's "two wynges like sayls—huge "long tayl—with stings—his cruel-rending clawes—and "yron teeth—his breath of smothering smoke and sulphur"—and the duration of the fight for upwards of two days, bear a great resemblance to passages in the following ballad ; though it must be confessed that these particulars are common to all old writers of Romance.*

*The following ballad appears to have been written late in the last century ; at least we have met with none but modern copies : the text is given from one in Roman letter in the Pepys collection, collated with two or three others.*

OLD



OLD stories tell, how Hercules  
A dragon slew at Lerna,  
With seven heads, and fourteen eyes,  
To see and well discern-a :

But he had a club, this dragon to drub, 5  
Or he had ne'er done it, I warrant ye :  
But More of More-Hall, with nothing at all,  
He slew the dragon of Wantley.

This dragon had two furious wings,  
Each one upon each shoulder ; 10  
With a sting in his tayl, as long as a flayl,  
Which made him bolder and bolder.

He had long claws, and in his jaws  
Four and forty teeth of iron ;  
With a hide as tough, as any buff, 15  
Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard how the Trojan horse  
Held seventy men in his belly ?  
This dragon was not quite so big,  
But very near, I'll tell ye. 20  
Devoured he poor children three,  
That could not with him grapple ;  
And at one sup, he eat them up,  
As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this dragon did eat. 25

Some say he did eat up trees,

And that the forests sure he would

Devour up by degrees :

For houses and churches, were to him geese and turkies;

He eat all, and left none behind, 30

But some stones, dear Jack, that he could not crack,

Which on the hills you will find.

In Yorkshire, near fair Rotherham,

The place I know it well ;

Some two or three miles, or thereabouts, 35

I vow I cannot tell ;

But there is a hedge, just on the hill edge,

And Matthew's house hard by it ;

O there and then, was this dragon's den,

You could not chuse but spy it. 40

Some say, this dragon was a witch ;

Some say, he was a devil,

For from his nose a smoke arose,

And with it burning snivel ;

Which he cast off; when he did cough, 45

In a well that he did stand by ;

Which made it look, just like a brook

Running with burning brandy.

Hard

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt,  
Of whom all towns did ring ; 50  
For he could wrestle, play at quarter-staff, kick,  
cuff and huff,

Call son of a whore, do any kind of thing :  
By the tail and the main, with his hands twain  
He swung a horse till he was dead ;  
And that which is stranger, he for very anger 55  
Eat him all up but his head.

These children, as I told, being eat ;  
Men, women, girls and boys,  
Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,  
And made a hideous noise : 60  
O save us all, More of More-Hall,  
Thou peerless knight of these woods ;  
Do but slay this dragon, who won't leave us a rag on,  
We'll give thee all our goods.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no goods I want ; 65  
But I want, I want in sooth,  
A fair maid of sixteen, that's brisk, 'and keen,'  
And smiles about the mouth ;  
Hair black as sloe, skin white as snow,  
With blushes her cheeks adorning ; 70  
To anoynt me o'er night, ere I go to fight,  
And to dress me in the morning.

This being done he did engage  
To hew the dragon down ;  
But first he went, new armour to 75  
Bespeak at Sheffield town ;  
With spikes all about, not within but without,  
Of steel so sharp and strong ;  
Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o'er  
Some five or six inches long. 80

Had you but seen him in this dress,  
How fierce he look'd and how big,  
You would have thought him for to be  
Some Egyptian porcupig :  
He frighted all, cats, dogs, and all, 85  
Each cow, each horse, and each hog :  
For fear they did flee, for they took him to be  
Some strange outlandish hedge-hog.

To see this fight, all people then  
Got up on trees and houses, 90  
On churches some, and chimneys too ;  
But these put on their trowses,  
Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he rose,  
To make him strong and mighty,  
He drank by the tale, six pots of ale, 95  
And a quart of aqua-vitæ.

It is not strength that always wins,  
 For wit doth strength excell ;  
 Which made our cunning champion  
 Creep down into a well ;

100

Where he did think, this dragon would drink,  
 And so he did in truth ;  
 And as he stoop'd low, he rose up and cry'd, boh !  
 And hit him in the mouth.

Oh, quoth the dragon, pox take thee, come out, 105  
 Thou disturb'st me in my drink :  
 And then he turn'd, and f... at him ;  
 Good lack how he did sink !

Beshrew thy foul, thy body's foul,  
 Thy dung smells not like balsam ; 110  
 Thou son of a whore, thou sink'st so sore,  
 Sure thy diet is unwholsome.

Our politick knight, on the other side,  
 Crept out upon the brink,  
 And gave the dragon such a douse, 115  
 He knew not what to think :

By cock, quoth he, say you so : do you see ?  
 And then at him he let fly  
 With hand and with foot, and so they went to't ;  
 And the word it was, hey boys, hey ! 120

Your

Your words, quoth the dragon, I don't understand;  
 Then to it they fell at all,  
 Like two wild boars so fierce, if I may  
 Compare great things with small.  
 Two days and a night, with this dragon did fight 125  
 Our champion on the ground ;  
 Tho' their strength it was great, their skill it was neat,  
 They never had one wound.

At length the hard earth began to quake,  
 The dragon gave him a knock, 130  
 Which made him to reel, and straitway he thought,  
 To lift him as high as a rock,  
 And thence let him fall. But More of More-Hall,  
 Like a valiant son of Mars,  
 As he came like a lout, so he turn'd him about, 135  
 And hit him a kick on the a...

Oh, quoth the dragon, with a deep sigh,  
 And turn'd six times together,  
 Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing  
 Out of his throat of leather ; 140  
 More of More-Hall ! O thou rascàl !  
 Would I had seen thee never ;  
 With the thing at thy foot, thou hast prick'd my a.. gut,  
 And I'm quite undone for ever.

Murder,



Murder, murder, the dragon cry'd, 145

Alack, alack, for grief;

Had you but mist that place, you could

Have done me no mischief.

Then his head he shaked, trembled and quaked,

And down he laid and cry'd; 150

First on one knee, then on back tumbled he,

So groan'd, kickt, f... , and dy'd.

\* \* Since the first Edition was printed off, the Editor has been favoured with some curious particulars relating to the foregoing Song, which are here given in the words of the Relater.

"In Yorkshire, six miles from Rotherham, is a village, called  
 "WORTLEY, the seat of the late WORTLEY MONTAGUE,  
 "Esq; About a mile from this village is a lodge, called  
 "WARNCLIFF LODGE, but vulgarly called WANTLEY:  
 "here lies the scene of the Song. I was there above forty  
 "years ago; and it being a woody, rocky place, my friend made  
 "me clamber over rocks and stones, not telling me to what  
 "end, till I came to a sort of a cave; then asked my opinion  
 "of the place, and pointing to one end, says, Here lay the  
 "Dragon killed by MOOR of MOOR-HALL: here lay his  
 "head; here lay his tail; and the stones we came over on  
 "the hill, are those he could not crack; and yon white  
 "house you see half a mile off, is MOOR-HALL. I had  
 "dined at the lodge, and knew the man's name was  
 "MATTHEW, who was a keeper to Mr. Wortley, and, as he  
 "endeavoured to persuade me, was the same Matthew men-  
 "tioned in the Song: In the house is the picture of the  
 "Dragon and Moor of Moor-hall, and near it a Well,  
 "which, says he, is the Well described in the Ballad."

## XIV.

## ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND.

## THE FIRST PART.

*As the former song is in ridicule of the extravagant incidents in old ballads and metrical romances; so this is a burlesque of their style; particularly of the rambling transitions and wild accumulation of unconnected parts, so frequent in many of them.*

*This ballad is given from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, "imprinted at London, 1612." It is more ancient than many of the preceding; but we place it here for the sake of connecting it with the SECOND PART.*

**W**HY doe you boast of Arthur and his knightes,  
Knowing 'well' how many men have endured  
fightes?

For besides king Arthur, and Lancelot du lake,  
Or sir Tristram de Lionel, that fought for ladies sake;  
Read in old histories, and there you shall see  
How St. George, St. George the dragon made to flee.  
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Mark our father Abraham, when first he rescued Lot  
Onely with his household, what conquest there he got:

David was elected a prophet and a king,  
He slew the great Goliah, with a stone within a sling:  
Yet these were not knightes of the table round;  
Nor St. George, St. George, who the dragon did  
confound.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Jephthah and Gideon did lead their men to fight,  
They conquered the Amorites, and put them all to  
flight:  
Hercules his labours 'were' on the plaines of Basse;  
And Sampson slew a thousand with the jawbone of  
an asse,

• And eke he threw a temple downe, and did a mighty  
spoyle:

And St. George, St. George he did the dragon foyle.  
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The warres of ancient monarches it were too long to tell,  
And likewise of the Romans, how farre they did excell;  
Hannyball and Scipio in many a felde did fighte:  
Orlando Furioso he was a worthy knighte:  
Remus and Romulus, were they that Rome did builde:  
But St. George, St. George the dragon made to yelde.  
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The noble Alphonso, that was the Spanish king,  
The order of the red scarffes and bandrolles in did  
bring\*:

For he had a troope of mighty knightes, when first  
he did begin,

Which fought adventures farre and neare, that con-  
quest they might win :

The rankes of the Pagans he often put to flight.

But St. George, St. George did with the dragon fight.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.

Sing, *Honi soit qui maly pense.*

Many 'knights' have fought with proud Tamberlaine.

Cutlax the Dane, great warres he did maintaine:

Rowland of Beame, and good 'fir' Oliver

In the forest of Acon slew both wolfe and beare:

Besides that noble Hollander, 'fir' Goward with the bill.

But St. George, St. George the dragon's blood did spill.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.

Sing, *Honi soit qui maly pense.*

Valentine and Orson were of king Pepin's blood :

Alfride and Henry they were brave knightes and good:

The four sons of Aymon, that follow'd Charlemaine:

Sir

\* This probably alludes to "An Ancient Order of Knight-  
hood, called the Order of the Band, instituted by Don Al-  
phonfus, king of Spain, . . . to wear a red riband of three  
fingers breadth." See Ames Typog. p. 327.

Sir Hughon of Burdeaux, and Godfrey of Bullaine :  
 These were all French knightes that lived in that age.  
 But St. George, St. George the dragon did assuage.  
 St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France.  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Bevis conquered Afcupart, and after flew the boare,  
 And then he crost beyond the seas to combat with  
 the Moore :

Sir Isenbras, and Eglamore they were knightes most  
 bold ;

And good Sir John Mandeville of travel much hath  
 told :

There were many English knights that Pagans did  
 convert.

But St. George, St. George pluckt out the dragon's heart.  
 St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France.  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The noble earl of Warwick, that was call'd sir Guy,  
 The infidels and pagans stoutly did defie ;  
 He slew the giant Brandimore, and after was the death  
 Of that most gastly dun cove, the divell of Dunsmore  
 heath :

Besides his noble deeds all done beyond the seas.

But St. George, St. George the dragon did appease.  
 St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France.  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*



Richard Coeur-de-lion erst king of this land,  
 He the lion gored with his naked hand\*:  
 The false duke of Austria nothing did he feare;  
 But his son he killed with a boxe on the eare:  
 Besides his famous actes done in the holy lande.  
 But St. George, St. George the dragon did withstande.  
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Henry the fifth he conquered all France,  
 And quartered their arms, his honour to advance:  
 He their cities razed, and threw their castles downe,  
 And his head he honoured with a double crowne:  
 He thumped the French-men, and after home he came.  
 But St. George, St. George he did the dragon tame.  
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

St. David of Wales the Welsh-men much advance:  
 St. Jaques of Spaine, that never yet broke lance:  
 St. Patricke of Ireland, which was St. Georges boy,  
 Seven yeares he kept his horse, and then stole him away:  
 For which knavish act, as slaves they doe remaine.  
 But St. George, St. George the dragon he hath slaine.  
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

\* Alluding to the fabulous Exploits attributed to this King in the Old Romances. See the Dissertation prefixed to this Volume.



## XV.

## ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND,

## THE SECOND PART,

—was written by JOHN GRUBB, M.A. of Christ Church, Oxford. The occasion of its being composed is said to have been as follows. A set of gentlemen of the university had formed themselves into a Club, all the members of which were to be of the name of GEORGE: Their anniversary feast was to be held on ST. GEORGE'S day. Old GRUBB of Christ Church solicited strongly to be admitted; but his name being unfortunately JOHN, this disqualification was not without great difficulty dispensed with; and at last only upon this condition, that he would compose a song in honour of their Patron Saint, and would every year produce one or more new stanzas, to be sung on their annual festival. This gave birth to the following humorous performance, the several stanzas of which were the produce of many successive anniversaries.

All that we can learn further concerning this facetious writer is contained in a few extracts from the university Register; by which it appears that he was matriculated in 1667, aged 20 years, being the son of John Grubb "*de Aston Burnel in Comitatu Salop. pauperis.*" He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, June 7, 1671; and became Master of Arts, June 28, 1675. He was still living in Oxford, when the following humorous Distich was written,

Alma novem genuit celebres Rhedycina poetas,  
Bub, Stubb, Grubb, Crabb, Trapp, Young, Carey,  
Tickel, Evans.

*These were Bub Dodington (the late Lord Melcombe,) Dr. Stubbes, our Poet Grubb, Mr. Crabb, Dr. Trapp the Poetry Professor, Dr. Edw. Young the Poet, Walter Carey, Thomas Tickel, Esq; and Dr. Evans the Epigrammatist.\**

*The Editor has never met with any two copies of the following ballad in which the stanzas were ranged alike; he has therefore thrown them into what seemed to him the most natural order. The verses were originally written in long lines as Alexandrines, but the narrowness of the page made it necessary to subdivide them.*

*In this second Edition the Reader will find many improvements, which the Editor received from an ingenious friend.*

**T**HE story of king Arthur old  
Is very memorable.

The number of his valiant knights,

And roundness of his table :

The knights around his table in

A circle sate, d'ye see :

And altogether made up one

Large hoop of chivalry.

He had a sword, both broad and sharp,

Y-cleped Caliburn,

Would cut a flint more easily,

Than pen-knife cuts a corn ;

As case-knife does a capon carve,

So would it carve a rock,

\* I have since learnt that JOHN GRUBB was living in 1728, at which time he was aged 81.

And split a man at single slash,  
From noddle down to nock. 15

As Roman Augur's steel of yore  
Dissected Tarquin's riddle,  
So this would cut both conjurer  
And whetstone thro' the middle. 20

He was the cream of Brecknock,  
And flower of all the Welsh :  
But George he did the dragon fell,  
And gave him a plaguy squelsh.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* 26

Pendragon, like his father Jove,  
Was fed with milk of goat ;  
And in return a shield made of  
His shaggy nurse's coat : 30

On top of burnisht helmet he  
Did wear a crest of leeks ;  
And onions' heads, whose dreadful nod  
Drew tears from hostile cheeks.

Itch, and Welsh blood did make him hot, 35  
And very prone to ire ;

H' was ting'd with brimstone, like a match,  
And would as soon take fire :

As brimstone he took inwardly  
When scurf gave him occasion, 40  
His postern puff of wind was a  
Sulphureous exhalation.

The Briton never tergivers'd,  
 But was for adverse drubbing,  
 And never turn'd his back for aught, 45  
 But to a post for scrubbing.  
 His sword would serve for battle, or  
 For dinner, if you please;  
 When it had slain a Cheshire man,  
 'Twould toast a Cheshire cheese. 50  
 He wounded, and, in their own blood,  
 Did anabaptize Pagans.  
 But George he made the dragon an  
 Example to all dragons.  
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* 56

Brave Warwick Guy, at dinner time,  
 Challeng'd a gyant savage;  
 And streight came out the unweildy lout  
 Brim-full of wrath and cabbage: 60  
 He had a phiz of latitude,  
 And was full thick i' th' middle;  
 The cheeks of puffed trumpeter,  
 And paunch of squire Beadle \*.  
 But the knight fell'd him, like an oak, 65  
 And did upon his back tread;  
 The valiant knight his weazon cut,  
 And Atropos his packthread.

Besides

\* Men of bulk answerable to their places, as is well known at Oxford.

Besides he fought with a dun cow,  
 As say the poets witty, 70  
 A dreadful dun, and horned too,  
 Like dun of Oxford city:  
 The fervent dog-days made her mad,  
 By causing heat of weather,  
 Syrius and Procyon baited her, 75  
 As bull-dogs did her father:  
 Grasiers, nor butchers this fell beast,  
 E'er of her frolick hindred;  
 John Dorset\* she'd knock down as flat,  
 As John knocks down her kindred: 80  
 Her heels would lay ye all along,  
 And kick into a swoon;  
 Frewin's † cow-heels keep up your corpse,  
 But hers would beat you down.  
 She vanquisht many a sturdy wight, 85  
 And proud was of the honour;  
 Was pufft by mauling butchers so,  
 As if themselves had blown her.  
 At once she kickt, and pusht at Guy,  
 But all that would not fright him; 90  
 Who wav'd his whinyard o'er fir-loyn,  
 As if he'd gone to knight him:  
 He let her blood, her frenzy to cure,  
 And eke he did her gall rip;  
 His trenchant blade, like cook's long spit, 95  
 Ran thro' the monster's bald-rib:  
 He

\* A butcher at Oxford.

† A cook, who on fast nights was famous for selling cow-beel and tripe.



He rear'd up the vast crooked rib,  
Instead of arch triumphal.

But George hit th' dragon such a pelt,  
As made him on his bum fall. 100

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Tamerlain, with Tartarian bow,  
The Turkish squadrons flew;  
And fetch'd the pagan crescent down, 105  
With half-moon made of yew:

His trusty bow proud Turks did gall,  
With showers of arrows thick,  
And bow-strings, without throtling, sent  
Grand-Visiers to old Nick: 110

Much turbants, and much Pagan pates

He made to humble in dust,  
And heads of Saracens he fixt

On spears, as on a sign-post:  
He coop'd in cage grim Bajazet, 115  
Prop of Mahound's religion,

As if he had been the whispering bird,  
That prompted him; the pigeon.

In Turkey-leather scabbard, he  
Did sheath his blade so trenchant. 120

But George he swing'd the dragon's tail,  
And cut off every inch on't.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*



# 2    A N D    B A L L A D S.    317

The amazon Thalestris was    125

Both beautiful, and bold ;

She fear'd her breasts with iron hot,

And bang'd her foes with cold.

Her hand was like the tool, wherewith

Jove keeps proud mortals under ;    130

It shone just like his lightning,

And batter'd like his thunder :

Her eye darts lightning, that would blast

The proudest he that swagger'd,

And melt the rapier of his soul,    135

In its corporeal scabbard.

Her beauty, and her drum to foes

Did cause amazement double ;

As timorous larks amazed are

With light, and with a low-bell :    140

With beauty, and that lapland-charm\*,

Poor men she did bewitch-all ;

Still a blind whining lover had,

As Pallas had her scrich-owl.

She kept the chastness of a nun    145

In armour, as in cloyster.

But George undid the dragon just

As you'd undo an oister.

St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France.

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*    150

Great

\* Her drum.

Great Hercules, the offspring of  
 Great Jove, and fair Alcmene :  
 One part of him celestial was,  
 The other part terrene.

To scale the hero's cradle walls 155

Two fiery snakes combin'd,  
 And, curling into swadling cloaths,  
 About the infant twin'd :

But he put out these dragons' fires,  
 And did their hissing stop ; 160

As red-hot iron with hissing noise  
 Is quencht in blacksmith's shop.

He cleans'd a stable, and rubb'd down  
 The horses of new-comers ;

And out of horse-dung he rais'd fame, 165  
 As Tom Wrench † does cucumbers.

He made a river help him through ;  
 Alpheus was under groom ;

The stream, grumbling at office mean,  
 Ran murmuring thro' the room : 170

This liquid ostler to prevent  
 Being tired with that long work,  
 His father Neptune's trident took,  
 Instead of three-tooth'd dung-fork.

This Hercules, as soldier, and 175  
 As spinster, could take pains ;

His club would sometimes spin ye flax,  
 And sometimes knock out brains :

H'was

† *Who kept Paradise gardens at Oxford.*

H' was forc'd to spin his misf a shift,  
By Juno's wrath and hér-spité ; 180

Fair Omphale whipt him to his wheel,  
As cooks whip barking turn-spit.  
From man, or churn he well knew how  
To get him lasting fame :

He'd pound a giant, till the blood, 185  
And milk till butter came.

Often he fought with huge battoon,  
And oftentimes he boxed ;

Tapt a fresh monster once a month,  
As Hervey \* doth fresh hogthead. 190

He gave Anteus such a hug,  
As wrestlers give in Cornwall.

But George he did the dragon kill,  
As dead as any door-nail.

St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France.  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* 196

The Gemini, sprung from an egg,  
Were put into a cradle :  
Their brains with knocks and bottled ale,  
Were often-times full addle : 200

And, scarcely hatch'd, these sons of him,  
That hurls the bolt trifurcate,  
With helmet-shell on tender head,  
Did baffle with red-ey'd pole-cat.

Castor

\* A noted Alehouse-keeper at Oxford.

Castor a horseman, Pollux tho' 205

A boxer was, I wist :

The one was fam'd for iron heel ;

Th'other for leaden fist.

Pollux to shew he was a god,

When he was in a passion, 210

With fist made noses fall down flat,

By way of adoration :

This fist, as sure as French disease,

Demolish'd noses' ridges :

He like a certain lord \* was fam'd 215

For breaking down of bridges.

Castor the flame of fiery steed,

With well-spur'd boot took down ;

As men, with leathern buckets, do

Quench fire in country town. 220

His famous horse, that liv'd on oats,

Is sung on oaten quill ;

By bards' immortal provender

The nag surviveth still.

This shelly brood on none but knaves 225

Employ'd their brisk artillery :

Flew naturally at rogues, as eggs

At Dan De Foe in pillory.

Much sweat they spent in furious fight,

Much blood they did effund : 230

Their whites they vented thro' the pore ;

Their yolks thro' gaping wound :

Then

\* Lord Lovelace broke down the bridges about Oxford, at the beginning of the Revolution.

Then both were cleans'd from blood and dust  
 To make a heavenly sign;  
 The lads were, like their armour, scowr'd, 235  
 And then hung up to shine;  
 Such were the heavenly double-Dicks,  
 The sons of Jove and Tindar.  
 But George he cut the dragon up,  
 As 't had bin duck or windar. 240  
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France:  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

Gorgon a twisted adder wore  
 For knot upon her shoulder:  
 She kemb'd her hissing periwig, 245  
 And curling snakes did powder.  
 These snakes they made stiff changelings  
 Of all the folks they hift on;  
 They turned barbers into hones,  
 And mafons into free-stone: 250  
 Sworded magnetic Amazon  
 Her shield to load-stone changes;  
 Then amorous sword by magic belt  
 Clung fast unto her haunches.  
 This shield long village did protect, 255  
 And kept the army from-town,  
 And chang'd the bullies into rocks,  
 That came t'invade Long-compton\*.

\* See the account of Rolricht Stones, in Dr. Plott's *Hist. of Oxfordshire*.

She post-diluvian stone unmans,  
 And Pyrrha's work unravels ;      260  
 And stares Deucalion's hardy boys  
 Into their primitive pebbles.  
 Red noses she to rubies turns,  
 And noddles into bricks.  
 But George made dragon laxative ;      265  
 And gave him a bloody flix.  
 St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France :  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

By boar-spear Meleager  
 Acquir'd a lasting name,      270  
 And out of haunch of basted swine,  
 He hew'd eternal fame.  
 This beast each hero's trouzers ript,  
 And rudely shew'd his bare-breech,  
 Prickt but the wem, and out there came      275  
 Heroic guts and garbadge.  
 Legs were secur'd by iron bolts  
 No more, than peas by peascods :  
 Brass helmets, with inclosed skulls,  
 Wou'd crackle in's mouth like chesnuts.      280  
 His tawny hairs erected were  
 By rage, that was resistless ;  
 And wrath, instead of cobbler's wax,  
 Did stiffen his rising bristles.



His tusks lay'd dogs so dead asleep, 285

Nor horn, nor whip cou'd wake 'um :

It made them vent both their last blood,

And their last album-grecum.

But the knight gor'd him with his spear,

To make of him a tame one, 290

And arrows thick, instead of cloves,

He stuck in monster's gammon.

For monumental pillar, that

His victory might be known,

He rais'd up, in cylindric form, 295

A collar of the brawn.

He sent his shade to shades below,

In Stygian mud to wallow :

And eke the stout St. George eftsoon,

He made the dragon follow. 300

St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France :

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Achilles of old Chiron learnt

The great horse for to ride ;

H' was taught by th' Centaur's rational part, 305

The hinnible to bestride.

Bright silver feet, and shining face

Had this stout hero's mother ;

As rapier's silver'd at one end,

And wounds us at the other. 310

- 222 Her feet were bright, his feet were swift,  
     As hawk pursuing sparrow :  
 Her's had the metal, his the speed  
     Of Barfoot's \* silver arrow.  
 Thetis to double pedagogue 315  
 223 Commits her dearest boy ;  
 Who bred him from a slender twig  
     To be the scourge of Troy :  
 But ere he lasht the Trojans, h' was  
     In Stygian waters steept ; 320  
 224 As birch is soaked first in piss,  
     When boys are to be whipt.  
 With skin exceeding hard, he rose  
     From lake, as black and muddy,  
 As lobsters from the ocean rise, 325  
 225 With shell about their body :  
 And, as from lobster's broken claw,  
     Pick out the fish you might :  
 So might you from one unshell'd heel  
     Dig pieces of the knight. 330  
 His myrmidons robb'd Priam's barns  
 226 And hen-roosts, says the song ;  
 Carried away both corn and eggs,  
     Like ants from whence they sprung.  
 Himself tore Hector's pantaloons, 335  
     And sent him down bare-breech'd  
 227 To pedant Radamanthus, in  
     A posture to be switch'd.

But

\* A famous letter-carrier at Oxford : vid. his picture there.

But George he made the dragon look,  
As if he had been bewitch'd. 340

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France:  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Full fatal to the Romans was  
The Carthaginian Hanni-  
bal; him I mean, who gave to them 345

A devilish thump at Cannæ:  
Moors thick, as goats on Penmenmure,  
Stood on the Alpes's front:  
Their one-eyed guide\*, like blinking mole,  
Bor'd thro' the hindring mount: 350

Who, baffled by the massy rock,  
Took vinegar for relief;  
Like plowmen, when they hew their way  
Thro' stubborn rump of beef.

As dancing louts from humid toes 355  
Cast atoms of ill favour

To blinking Hyatt†, when on vile crowd  
He merriment does endeavour,  
And faws from suffering timber out  
Some wretched tune to quiver: 360  
So Romans stunk and squeak'd at sight  
Of Affrican carnivor:

\* Hannibal had but one eye.

† A one-eyed fellow, who pretended to make fiddles as well as play on them; well-known in Oxford.

The tawny surface of his phiz  
 Did serve instead of vizzard:  
 But George he made the dragon have                    365  
 A grumbling in his gizzard.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The valour of Domitian,  
 It must not be forgotten;                    370  
 Who from the jaws of worm-blowing flies,  
 Protected veal and mutton.

A squadron of flies errant,  
 Against the foe appears;  
 With regiments of buzzing knights,                    375  
 And swarms of volunteers:

The warlike wasp encourag'd 'em,  
 With animating hum;  
 And the loud brazen hornet next,  
 He was their kettle-drum:                    380

The Spanish don Cantharido  
 Did him most sorely pester,  
 And rais'd on skin of vent'rous knight  
 Full many a plaguy blister.

A bee whipt thro' his button hole,                    385  
 As thro' key hole a witch,  
 And stabb'd him with her little tuck  
 Drawn out of scabbard breech:

But the undaunted knight lifts up

An arm so big and brawny,

390

And flasht her so, that here lay head,

And there lay bag and honey :

Then 'mongst the rout he flew as swift,

As weapon made by Cyclops,

And bravely quell'd seditious buz,

395

By dint of massy fly-flops.

Surviving flies do curses breathe,

And maggots too at Cæsar.

But George he shav'd the dragon's beard,

And Askelon\* was his razor.

400

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France:

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

\* *The name of St. George's sword.*

## XVI.

## LUCY AND COLIN

—was written by Thomas Tickel, Esq; the celebrated friend of Mr. Addison, and editor of his works. He was son of a Clergyman in the north of England, had his education at Queen's college Oxon, was under-secretary to Mr. Addison and Mr. Craggs, when successively secretaries of state; and was lastly (in June, 1724) appointed secretary to the Lords Justices in Ireland, which place he held till his death in 1740. He acquired Mr. Addison's patronage by a poem in praise of the opera of Rosamond written while he was at the University.

O F Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,  
Bright Lucy was the grace;  
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream  
Reflect so fair a face.

Till luckless love, and pining care  
Impair'd her rosy hue,  
Her coral lip, and damask cheek,  
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,  
When beating rains descend?  
So droop'd the flow-consuming maid;  
Her life now near its end.

By



By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains  
 Take heed, ye easy fair ;  
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,  
 Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,  
 A bell was heard to ring ;  
 And at her window, shrieking thrice,  
 The raven flap'd his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew  
 The solemn boding sound ;  
 And thus, in dying words, bespoke  
 The virgins weeping round.

“ I hear a voice, you cannot hear,  
 “ Which says, I must not stay :  
 “ I see a hand, you cannot see,  
 “ Which beckons me away.

“ By a false heart, and broken vows,  
 “ In early youth I die.  
 “ Am I to blame, because his bride  
 “ Is thrice as rich as I ?

“ Ah Colin ! give not her thy vows ;  
 “ Vows due to me alone :  
 “ Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,  
 “ Nor think him all thy own.

“ To-

" To-morrow in the church to wed,  
 " Impatient, both prepare ;  
 " But know, fond maid, and know, false man,  
 " That Lucy will be there. 40

" Then, bear my corse ; ye comrades, bear,  
 " The bridegroom blithe to meet ;  
 " He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
 " I in my winding-sheet."

She spoke, she dy'd ;—her corse was borne, 45  
 The bridegroom blithe to meet ;  
 He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
 She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts ?  
 How were those nuptials kept ? 50  
 The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,  
 And all the village wept,

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair  
 At once his bosom swell :  
 The damps of death bedew'd his brow, 55  
 He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah bride no more !)  
 The varying crimson fled,  
 When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,  
 She saw her husband dead, 60

Then

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,  
 Convey'd by trembling swains,  
 One mould with her, beneath one sod  
 For ever now remains.

Oft at their grave the constant hind 65  
 And plighted maid are seen ;  
 With garlands gay, and true-love knots  
 They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art, 70  
 This hallow'd spot forbear ;  
 Remember Colin's dreadful fate,  
 And fear to meet him there.

## XVII.

## MARGARET'S GHOST.

*This Ballad, which appeared in some of the public newspapers in or before the year 1724, came from the pen of David Mallet, Esq; who in the edition of his poems, 3 vols. 1759, informs us that the plan was suggested by the four verses quoted above in pag. 119, which he supposed to be the beginning of some ballad now lost.*

*"These lines, says he, naked of ornament and simple, as they are, struck my fancy; and bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure much talked of formerly, gave birth to the following poem, which was written many years ago."*

*The two introductory lines (and one or two others elsewhere) had originally more of the ballad simplicity, viz.*

*"When all was wrapt in dark midnight,*

*"And all were fast asleep, &c.*

'T WAS

'T WAS at the silent solemn hour,  
 When night and morning meet;  
 In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,  
 And stood at William's feet,

Her face was like an April morn,  
 Clad in a wintry cloud :  
 And clay-cold was her lily hand,  
 That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,  
 When youth and years are flown :  
 Such is the robe that kings must wear,  
 When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,  
 That sips the silver dew ;  
 The rose was budded in her cheek,  
 Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker worm,  
 Consum'd her early prime :  
 The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;  
 She dy'd before her time.

" Awake ! she cry'd, thy true love calls,  
 " Come from her midnight grave ;  
 " Now let thy pity hear the maid,  
 " Thy love refus'd to save.

" This

“ This is the dumb and dreary hour, 25  
 “ When injur’d ghosts complain ;  
 “ Now yawning graves give up their dead,  
 “ To haunt the faithless swain.

“ Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,  
 “ Thy pledge, and broken oath : 30  
 “ And give me back my maiden vow,  
 “ And give me back my troth.

“ Why did you promise love to me,  
 “ And not that promise keep ?  
 “ Why did you swear mine eyes were bright, 35  
 “ Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

“ How could you say my face was fair,  
 “ And yet that face forsake ?  
 “ How could you win my virgin heart,  
 “ Yet leave that heart to break ? 40

“ Why did you say my lip was sweet,  
 “ And made the scarlet pale ?  
 “ And why did I, young witless maid,  
 “ Believe the flattering tale ?

“ That face, alas ! no more is fair ; 45  
 “ These lips no longer red :  
 “ Dark are my eyes, now clos’d in death,  
 “ And every charm is fled.

*Ver. 25. the mirk and fearful hour. 1st. Edit.*

“ The

" The hungry worm my sifter is ;  
 " This winding-sheet I wear : 50  
 " And cold and weary lasts our night,  
 " Till that last morn appear.

" But hark ! the cock has warn'd me hence !  
 " A long and last adieu !  
 " Come see, false man, how low she lies, 55  
 " Who dy'd for love of you."

The lark sung loud ; the morning smil'd,  
 With beams of rosy red :  
 Pale William shook in ev'ry limb,  
 And raving left his bed. 60

He hyed him to the fatal place,  
 Where Margaret's body lay ;  
 And stretch'd him on the grafs-green turf,  
 That wrapt her breathless clay :

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name, 65  
 And thrice he wept full fore :  
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,  
 And word spake never more.

*Ver. 57.* Now birds did sing, and morning smile,  
 And shew her glittering head. *1st Ed.*



## XVIII.

## THE BOY AND THE MANTLE,

AS REVISED AND ALTERED BY A MODERN HAND.

*Mr. Warton, in his ingenious Observations on Spenser, has given his opinion that the fiction of the Boy and the Mantle is taken from an old French piece intitled LE COURT MANTEL quoted by M. de St. Palaye in his curious "Memoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie," Paris, 1759. 2 tom. 12mo. who tells us the story resembles that of Ariosto's enchanted cup. 'Tis possible our English poet may have taken the hint of this subject from that old French Romance, but he does not appear to have copied it in the manner of execution: to which (if one may judge from the specimen given in the Memoires) that of the ballad does not bear the least resemblance. After all 'tis most likely that all the old stories concerning K. Arthur are originally of British growth, and that what the French and other southern nations have of this kind were at first exported from this island. See Memoires de l'Acad. des Inscip. tom. xx. p. 352.*

**I**N Carleile dwelt king Arthur,  
A prince of passing might;  
And there maintain'd his table round,  
Beset with many a knight.

And there he kept his Christmas  
With mirth and princely cheare,  
When, lo! a strange and cunning boy  
Before him did appeare.

A kirtle, and a mantle

This boy had him upon,

10

With brooches, rings, and owches

Full daintily bedone.

He had a farke of filk

About his middle meet;

And thus, with seemely courtesy,

15

He did king Arthur greet.

“ God speed thee, brave king Arthur,

“ Thus feasting in thy bowre.

“ And Guenever thy goodly queen,

“ That fair and peerlesse flowre.

20

“ Ye gallant lords, and lordings,

“ I wish you all take heed,

“ Left, what ye deem a blooming rose

“ Should prove a cankred weed.”

Then straitway from his bosome

25

A little wand he drew;

And with it eke a mantle

Of wondrous shape, and hew.

“ Now have thou here, king Arthur,

“ Have thou here of mee,

30

“ And give unto thy comely queen,

“ All-shapen as you see.

“ No

" No wife it shall become,  
" That once hath been to blame."

Then every knight in Arthur's court  
Slye glaunced at his dame. 35

And first came lady Guenever,  
The mantle she must trye.  
This dame, she was new-fangled,  
And of a roving eye. 40

When she had tane the mantle,  
And all was with it cladde,  
From top to toe it shiver'd down,  
As tho' with sheers beshradde.

One while it was too long, 45  
Another while too short,  
And wrinkled on her shoulders  
In most unseemly fort.

Now green, now red it seemed,  
Then all of fable hue. 50  
" Beshrew me, quoth king Arthur,  
" I think thou beest not true."

Down she threw the mantle,  
Ne longer would not stay ;  
But storming like a fury, 55  
To her chamber flung away.

She curst the whoreson weaver,  
That had the mantle wrought :  
And doubly curst the froward impe,  
Who thither had it brought. 60

“ I had rather live in defarts  
“ Beneath the green-wood tree :  
“ Than here, base king, among thy groomes,  
“ The sport of them and thee.”

Sir Kay call'd forth his lady, 65  
And bade her to come near :  
“ Yet dame, if thou be guilty,  
“ I pray thee now forbear.”

This lady, pertly gigling,  
With forward step came on, 70  
And boldly to the little boy  
With fearless face is gone.

When she had tane the mantle,  
With purpose for to wear :  
It shrunk up to her shoulder, 75  
And left her b\*\*side bare.

Then every merry knight,  
That was in Arthur's court,  
Gib'd, and laught, and flouted,  
To see that pleasant sport. 80

Downe

Downe she threw the mantle,  
No longer bold or<sup>i</sup> gay,  
But with a face all pale and wan,  
To her chamber slunk away.

Then forth came an old knight,  
A pattering o'er his creed ;  
And proffer'd to the little boy  
Five nobles to his meed :

85

“ And all the time of Christmase  
“ Plumb-porridge shall be thine,  
“ If thou wilt let my lady fair  
“ Within the mantle shine.”

90

A faint his lady seemed,  
With step demure, and slow,  
And gravely to the mantle  
With mincing pace does goe.

95

When she the same had taken,  
That was so fine and thin,  
It shrivell'd all about her,  
And show'd her dainty skin.

100

Ah ! little did HER mincing,  
Or HIS long prayers bestead ;  
She had no more hung on her,  
Than a tassel and a thread.

Down she threwe the mantle,  
 With terror and dismay,  
 And, with a face of scarlet,  
 To her chamber hied away.

105

Sir Cradock call'd his lady,  
 And bade her to come neare :  
 " Come win this mantle, lady,  
 " And do me credit here.

110

" Come win this mantle, lady,  
 " For now it shall be thine,  
 " If thou hast never done amifs,  
 " Sith first I made thee mine."

115

The lady gently blushing,  
 With modest grace came on,  
 And now to trye the wondrous charm  
 Courageously is gone.

120

When she had tane the mantle,  
 And put it on her backe,  
 About the hem it seemed  
 To wrinkle and to cracke.

" Lye still, shee cryed, O mantle !  
 " And shame me not for nought,  
 " I'll freely own whate'er amifs,  
 " Or blameful I have wrought.

125



“ Once I kist Sir Cradocke

“ Beneathe the green-wood tree :

130

“ Once I kist Sir Cradocke’s mouth

“ Before he married mee.”

When thus she had her shriven,

And her worst fault had told,

The mantle soon became her

135

Right comely as it shold.

Most rich and fair of colour,

Like gold it glittering shone :

And much the knights in Arthur’s court

Admir’d her every one.

140

Then towards king Arthur’s table

The boy he turn’d his eye :

Where stood a boar’s-head garnished

With bayes and rosemarye.

When thrice he o’er the boar’s head

145

His little wand had drawne,

Quoth he, “ There’s never a cuckold’s knife,

“ Can carve this head of brawne.”

Then some their whittles rubbed

On whetstone, and on hone :

150

Some threwe them under the table,

And swore that they had none.

Sir Cradock had a little knife  
 Of steel and iron made ;  
 And in an instant thro' the skull      155  
 He thrust the shining blade.

He thrust the shining blade  
 Full easily and fast :  
 And every knight in Arthurs court  
 A morsel had to taste.      160

The boy brought forth a horne,  
 All golden was the rim :  
 Said he, " No cuckolde ever can  
 " Set mouth unto the brim.

" No cuckold can this little horne      165  
 " Lift fairly to his head :  
 " But or on this, or that side,  
 " He shall the liquor shed."

Some shed it on their shoulder,  
 Some shed it on their thigh ;      170  
 And hee that could not hit his mouth,  
 Was sure to hit his eye.

Thus he, that was a cuckold,  
 Was known of every man :  
 But Cradock lifted easily,      175  
 And wan the golden can.

Thus

Thus boar's head, horn and mantle  
 Were this fair couple's meed :  
 And all such constant lovers,  
 God send them well to speed. 180

Then down in rage came Guenever,  
 And thus could spiteful say,  
 " Sir Cradock's wife most wrongfully  
 " Hath borne the price away.

" See yonder shameless woman, 185  
 " That makes herselfe so clean :  
 " Yet from her pillow taken  
 " Thrice five gallants have been.

" Priests, clarkes, and wedded men  
 " Have her lewd pillow prest : 190  
 " Yet she the wonderous prize forsooth  
 " Must beare from all the rest."

Then bespake the little boy,  
 Who had the same in hold :  
 " Chastize thy wife, king Arthur, 195  
 " Of speech she is too bold :

" Of speech she is too bold,  
 " Of carriage all too free ;  
 " Sir king, she hath within thy hall  
 " A cuckold made of thee. 200

- “ All frolick light and wanton  
 “ She hath her carriage borne :  
 “ And given thee for a kingly crown  
 “ To wear a cuckold’s horne.”

\* \* \* *The learned editor of the Specimens of WELSH POETRY, 4to. informs me that the story of the BOY AND THE MANTLE is taken from what is related in some of the old Welsh MSS. of Tegan Earfron, one of King Arthur’s mistresses. She is said to have possessed a mantle that would not fit any immodest or incontinent woman; this (which, the old writers say, was reckoned among the curiosities of Britain) is frequently alluded to by the old Welsh Bards.*

CARLEILE, so often mentioned in the Ballads of K. Arthur, the editor once thought might probably be a corruption of CAER-LEON, an ancient British city on the river Uske in Monmouthshire, which was one of the places of K. Arthur’s chief residence; but he is now convinced, that it is no other than CARLISLE, in Cumberland; the Old English Minstrels, being most of them Northern Men, naturally represented the Hero of Romance as residing in the North: And many of the places mentioned in the Old Ballads are still to be found there: Thus Tearne-Wadling (vid. p. 12. note.) is the name of a Lake near Hesketh in Cumberland, on the road from Penrith to Carlisle. A Tradition still prevails in the neighbourhood, that an old Castle once stood at Tearne-Wadling, the remains of which are either now, or were not long since to be seen.

## XIX.

## ' L'AMOUR ET GLYCERE.

' TRADUIT DE L'ANGLAIS.

*The little Sonnet intituled CUPID AND CAMPASPE (printed above in p. 82.) beautiful as it is, will have an additional merit with the Reader of Taste, when he finds it has given birth to the following elegant and spirited lines : to which the Author's modesty will not permit him to affix his name. It is, however, too flattering a compliment for the Editor to conceal, that this little sprightly poem was written purposely for this Collection ; and was at once an effusion of fancy and friendship.*

' **A**U piquet avec ma Glycere  
 ' L'amour jouoit un jour aux baisers, et perdit ;  
 Il paye, et met son arc, ses flèches ; ma bergere  
 ' Le fait capot et gagne : Amour, plein de depot,  
     ' Risque les effets de sa mere, 5  
     ' Ses colombes, ses tourtereaux,  
     ' Son attelage de moineaux,

' Et

- ‘ Et sa ceinture seduifante ;
- ‘ Perd tout cela : de sa bouche charmante
  - ‘ Il joue ensuite le corail,
  - ‘ L’albâtre de son front, l’email
  - ‘ De son teint des lis et des roses,
  - ‘ La fossette de son menton,
- ‘ Et mille autres beautés nouvellement écloses :
  - ‘ Le jeu s’échauffe, et le petit fripon, 15
  - ‘ Sans réssourte, et tout en furie
  - ‘ Contre mes yeux, va le tout, il s’ecrie !
  - ‘ Glycere gagne, et L’Amour consterné
    - ‘ Se lève aveugle et ruiné.
- ‘ Amour ! de l’insensible est-ce donc la l’ouvrage ?
  - ‘ Helas ! pour moi quel funeste présage !

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

A GLOS-



# A GLOSSARY

OF THE OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS IN

VOLUME THE THIRD.

*Such words, as the reader cannot find here, he is desired to look for in the Glossaries to the other volumes.*

## A.

**A**' au. s. *all*.  
 Abye. *suffer, pay for*.  
 Aff. s. *off*.  
 Afore. *before*.  
 Aik. s. *oak*.  
 Aith. s. *oath*.  
 Ane. s. *one; an, a*.  
 Ann. *if*.  
 Aquoy, p. 256. *coy, shy*.  
 Astonied. *astonished, stunned*.  
 Auld. s. *old*.  
 Avowe. *vow*.  
 Awa'. s. *away*.  
 Aye. *ever; also, ah! alas!*  
 Azont. s. *beyond*.

## B.

Ban. *curse*.  
 Banderolles. *streamers, little flags*.

Bauld. s. *bold*.  
 Bedcene. *immediately*.  
 Bedone. *wrought, made up*.  
 Beere. s. *bier*.  
 Bent. s. *long grass; also, wild fields, where bents, &c. grow*.  
 Bereth. (Introd.) *beareth*.  
 Bernes. *barns*.  
 Beseeme. *become*.  
 Beshradde. *cut into shreds*.  
 Beshrew me! *a lesser form of imprecation*.  
 Blee. *complexion*.  
 Blent. *blended*.  
 Blinkan, blinkand, s. *twinkling, sparkling*.  
 Blinks. s. *twinkles, sparkles*.  
 Blinne. *cease, give over*.  
 Blyth, blithe. *sprightly, joyous*.  
 Blyth, p. 69. *joy, sprightliness*.  
 Bones. p. 148. *young bones: a common phrase with our old writers for Children\**.

Bookel-

\* So in the Old Chronicle History of King Leir, 1605, written before Shakespeare's. (Vid. Vol. I. p. 229.) LEIR says of GONORILL,

——“ Poore

Bookesman. *clerk, secretary.*

Boon. *favour, request, petition.*

Bore. *born.*

Bower, howre. *any bowed or arched room; a parlour, chamber; also a dwelling in general.*

Bowre woman. *s. chamber-maid.*

Brae. *s. the side of a hill, a declivity.*

Brakes. *thickets of brambles.*

Brand. *sword.*

Braft. *burst.*

Braw. *s. brave.*

Brayde. *drew out, unsheathed.*

Brenn. *s. burn.*

Bridal. *the nuptial feast.*

Brique, brigg. *bridge.*

Briyled. *carved. Vid. Bryt-lynge. Gloss. Vol. I.*

Brooches, *p. 3. ornamental trinkets. Stone buckles of silver or gold, with which gentlemen and ladies clasp their shirt-bosoms, and handkerchiefs, are called in the North brooches.*

Brocht. *s. brought.*

Bugle, hagle-horn, *a hunting horn: being the horn of a Bugle, or Wild-Bull.*

Burn, bourne, brook.

Busk. *dress, deck.*

But if. *unless.*

Butt, *s. out, out of doors.*

Byre, *s. cow-house.*

## C.

Can. *'gan, began.*

Caitiff. *a slave.*

Canna, *s. cannot.*

Carle. *a churl, clown.*

Carlifh, churlifh, discourteous.

Cau. *s. call.*

Cauld. *s. cold.*

Certes. *certainly.*

Chap. *s. knock.*

Chevaliers. *f. knights.*

Child, *p. 54. a knight. See Vol. I. p. 44. & Gloss.*

Chield, *s. is a slight or familiar way of speaking of a person, like our English word fellow.*

The chield, *i. e. the fellow.*

Christentie. *Christendome.*

Churl. clown: *a person of low birth; a villain.*

Church-ale. *a wake, a feast in commemoration of the dedication of a Church.*

Claiths, *s. cloaths.*

Clead, *s. cloathed.*

Cleading, *s. cloathing.*

Cled, *s. clad, cloathed.*

Clerks. *clergymen, literati, scholars.*

Cliding, *s. cloathing.*

Cold, could, *p. 3. knew.*

Coleyne. *Cologne steel.*

Con thanks. *give thanks.*

Courtials. *p. 183.*

Cramasie, *s. crimson.*

Cranion. *skull.*

Crinkle.

—"Poore soule, she breeds YONG BONES,

"And that is it makes her so tutchy sure.

"GON. What breed YONG BONES already! &c.

Steevens's edit. (Vol. IV. sig. M in 3)

Crinkle, *run in and out, run into flexures, wrinkle.*

Crook. *twist, wrinkle, distort.*

Crowt. *to pucker up.*

Cum, s. *come.*

## D.

Dank. *moist, damp.*

Dawes. (*Introd.*) *days.*

Deas, deis. *the high table in a hall: from f. dais, a canopy.*

Dealán, deland, s. *dealing.*

Dee, s. *die.*

Deed, (*Introd.*) *dead.*

Deemed, p. 50. *ought perhaps to have been retained in the text, being no corruption, but signified in old authors the same as doomed, judged, &c. thus in the Isle of Man, Judges are called deemsters.*

Deerly, p. 27. *preciously, richly.*

Deid, s. *dead.*

Deid-bell, s. *passing bell.*

Dell. *narrow valley.*

Delt. *dealt.*

Descrye, p. 169. *describe. describe.*

Demains. *demesnes; estate in lands.*

Dight. *decked.*

Ding. *knock, beat.*

Din, dinne. *noise, bustle.*

Disna, s. *doest not.*

Distreere. *the horse rode by a knight in the tournament.*

Dofend, s. *dosing, drowsy, torpid, benumbed, &c.*

Doublet. *a man's inner garment; waistcoat.*

Doubt. *fear.*

Doubteous. *doubtful.*

Douzyty. *doughty.*

Drapping, s. *dropping.*

Dreiry, s. *dreary.*

Dule. s. *dole, sorrow.*

Dwellan, dwelland, s. *dwell-ling.*

Dyan, dyand, s. *dying.*

## E.

Eather, s. *either.*

Ee; een, eyne. s. *eye; eyes.*

Een. *even, evening.*

Effund. *pour forth.*

Ettsoon. *in a short time.*

Eir. s. *e'er, ever.*

Enouch. s. *enough.*

Eke. *also.*

Evanished. s. *vanished.*

Everiche. *every, each.*

Everychone. *every one.*

Ew-bughts. p. 69. or Ewe-boughts, s. *are small inclosures, or pens, into which the farmers drive (Scoticè weir) their milch ewes, morning and evening, in order to milk them. They are commonly made with tale-dykes, i. e. earthen dykes.*

Ezar. s. p. 93. *probably, azure.*

## F.

Fadge. s. *a thick loaf of bread: figuratively, any coarse heap of stuff.*

Fain. *glad, fond, well-pleased.*

Falds. s. *thou findest.*

Fallan', falland. s. *falling.*

Falser. *a deceiver, hypocrite.*

Fa's. s. *thou fallest.*

Faw'n.

Faw'n. s. *fallen*.  
 Faye. *faith*.  
 Fee. *reward, recompence; it also signifies land, when it is connected with the tenure by which it is held; as knight's fee, &c.*  
 Fet. *fetched*.  
 Fillan', filland. s. *filling*.  
 Find frost. *find mischance, or disaster. The phrase is still used.*  
 Fit. s. *fest*.  
 Five teen. *fifteen*.  
 Flayne. *flayed*.  
 Flindars. s. *pieces, splinters*.  
 Fonde. *found*.  
 Foregoe. *quit, give up, resign*.  
 Forewearied. *much wearied*.  
 Forthy. *therefore*.  
 Fou', Fow. s. *full: Item, drunk*.  
 Frae. s. *fro: from*.  
 Furth. *forth*.  
 Fyers. (Introd) *fierce*.  
 Fyled, fyling. *defiled, defiling*.

## G.

Gae. s. *gave*.  
 Gae, gaes. s. *go, goes*.  
 Gaed, gade. s. *went*.  
 Gan. *began*.  
 Gane. s. *gone*.  
 Gang. s. *go*.  
 Gar. s. *make*.  
 Gart, garred. s. *made*.

Gear, geir. s. *geer, goods, furniture*.  
 Geid. s. *gave*.  
 Gerte. (Introd.) *pierced*.  
 Gibed. *jeered*.  
 Gie. s. *give*.  
 Giff. *if*.  
 Gin. s. *if*.  
 Gin, gyn. *engine, contrivance*.  
 Gins. *begins*.  
 Gip. p. 146. *an interjection of contempt*.  
 Glee. *merriment, joy*.  
 Glen. s. *a narrow valley*.  
 Glente. *glanced, slipped*.  
 Glowr. s. *stare*.  
 Gloze. *caning, dissimulation, fair outside*.  
 Gode. (Introd.) *good*.  
 Gone. (Introd.) *go*.  
 Gowd. s. *gold*.  
 Greet. s. *weep*.  
 Groomes. *attendants, servants*.  
 Gude, guid. s. *good*.  
 Guerdon. *reward*.  
 Gule. *red*.  
 Gyle. *guile*.

## H.

Ha'. s. *hall*.  
 Hame. *home*.  
 Haus' bane. s. p. 70. *the neck-bone (halse-bone) a phrase for the neck\**.

Hee's.

\* In the North they sing the line in question thus:

"And siller on your white haus'-bane."

which is doubtless the true reading. It is likely that Marriion had a silver locket on, tied close to her neck with a ribband. Such

Hee's. s. *be shall: also, be has.*

Heathenness. *the beaten part of the world.*

Hem. 'em, *them.*

Hente. (Introd.) *held, pulled.*

Heo. (Introd.) *they.*

Her, hare. *their.*

Hett, hight. *bid, call, command.*

Hewkes. *heralds coats.*

Hind. s. *behind.*

Hings. s. *hangs.*

Hip, hep. *the berry, which contains the stones or seeds of the dog-rose.*

Hir; hir lain. s. *her; herself alone.*

Hole. *whole.*

Honde. *band.*

Hooly. s. *slowly.*

Hose. *stockings.*

Huggle. *bug, clasp.*

Hyt. (Introd.) *it.*

## I.

Ilfardly. s. *ill-favouredly, uglily.*

Ilka. s. *each, every one.*

Impe. *a little demon.*

Ingle. s. *fire.*

Jow. s. *jewel.*

Ireful. *angry, furious.*

Ife. s. *I shall.*

## K.

Kame. s. *comb.*

Kameing. s. *combing.*

Kantle. *piece, corner. p. 27.*

Kauk. s. *chalk.*

Keel. s. *raddle.*

Kempt. *combing.*

Ken. s. *know.*

Kever-chefes. *handkerchiefs.*  
(Vid. Introd.)

Kilted. s. *tucked up.*

Kirk. s. *church.*

Kirk-wa. s. *p. 245. church-wall: or perhaps church-yard-wall.*

Kirn. s. *churn.*

Kirtle. *a petticoat, woman's gown.*

Kith. *acquaintance.*

Knellan, kneiland. s. *knelling, ringing the knell.*

Kyrtell. vid. kirtle. in the Introd. *it signifies a man's under garment \*.*

## L.

Lacke. *want.*

Laith. s. *loth.*

Lang. s. *long.*

Lap. s. *leaped.*

Largeffe. f. *give.*

## Lee:

Such kind of ornaments were very commonly worn in this manner formerly by young women in the North; where it is a common phrase to say, "I've got a fair haufe." i. e. I have got a fore throat.

\* Bale in his *Actes of Eng. Notaries* (2d Part, fol. 53.) uses the word KYRTLE to signify a Monk's Frock. He says Roger Earl of Shrewsbury, when he was dying, sent "to Clunyake in France, for the KYRTLE of holy Hugh the Abbot there, &c."

Lee. *field, plain.*  
 Lee. s. *lie.*  
 Leech. *physician.*  
 Leefe. s. *lose.*  
 Leffe. (*Introd.*) *leefe, dear.*  
 Leid. s. *lyed.*  
 Lemman. *lover.*  
 Leugh. s. *laugbed.*  
 Lewd. *ignorant, scandalous.*  
 Lichtly. s. *lightly, easily, nimbly.*  
 Lig. s. *lie.*  
 Limitours. *friars licensed to beg within certain limits.*  
 Limitacioun. *a certain precinct allowed to a limitour.*  
 Lither. *haughty, wicked.*  
 Lo'e, loed. s. *love, loved.*  
 Lothly. p. 18. (*vid. lodlye, Gloss. Vol. 2.*) *loathsome* \*.  
 Loud's I heire. *perhaps, Loud as I hear. p. 93.*  
 Lounge, (*Introd.*) *lung.*  
 Lourd, lour, s. *lever. rather.*  
 Lues, lue, s. *loves, love.*  
 Lyan, lyand. s. *lying.*  
 Lyftenyth. (*Introd.*) *listen.*

## M.

Mair. *more.*  
 Mait. s. *might.*  
 Mark. *a coin in value 13s. 4d.*  
 Maugre. *in spite of.*  
 Mavis. s. *a thrush.*

Maun. s. *must.*  
 Mawt. s. *malt.*  
 Meed. *reward.*  
 Micht. *might.*  
 Mickle. *much, great.*  
 Midge. *a small insect, a kind of gnat.*  
 Minstral. s. *minstrel. musician.*  
 Minstrelsie. *music.*  
 Mirkie. *dark, black.*  
 Mishap. *misfortune.*  
 Mither. s. *mother.*  
 Moe. *more.*  
 Mold. *mould, ground.*  
 Monand. *moaning, bemoaning.*  
 Mores. *moors, marsh grounds.*  
 Morrownynge. *mornings.*  
 Mosses. *swampy grounds covered with moss.*  
 Mote, mought. *might.*  
 Mou. s. *mouth.*

## N.

Na. nae. s. *no.*  
 Naithing. s. *nothing.*  
 Nane. s. *none.*  
 Newfangle, newfangled. *fond of novelty.*  
 Nicht. s. *night.*  
 Noble. *a coin in value 6s. 8d.*  
 Norland. s. *northern.*  
 North gales. *North Wales.*  
 Nurtured. *educated. bred up.*

## O.

\* The adverbial Terminations -SOME and -LY were applied indifferently by our old writers: thus, as we have *Lothly* for *Loathsome*, above; so we have *Ugsome* for *Ugly* in Lord SURREY's Version of *Æn.* 2d. viz.

"In every place the UGSOME lightes I saw."

Page [29.]



*O.*

Obraid. s. *upbraid*.  
 Ony. s. *any*.  
 Or. *ere, before*.—*In p. 50. v.*  
 41. or seems to have the force  
 of the Latin *vel*, and to signi-  
 fy even.  
 Ou. (*Introd.*) *you*.  
 Out-brayde. *drew out, un-*  
*sheathed*.  
 Owre. s. *over*.  
 Owre-word. s. *the last word*.  
 Owches. *bosses, or buttons of*  
*gold*.

P.

Pall. *a cloak, or mantle of slate*.  
 Palmer. *a pilgrim, who having*  
*been at the holy land, carried*  
*a palm-branch in his hand*.  
 Paramour. *gallant, lover, mis-*  
*treß*.  
 Partake. p. 198. *participate,*  
*assign to*.  
 Pattering. *murmuring, mum-*  
*bling*.  
 Paynim. *pagan*.  
 Pearlines. s. p. 70. *a coarse sort*  
*of bone-lace*.  
 Peer: peerless. *equal: without*  
*equal*.  
 Peering. *peeping, looking nar-*  
*rowly*.  
 Perill. *danger*.  
 Philomene. *Philomel, the night-*  
*ingale*.  
 Plaine. *complain*.  
 Plein. *complain*.  
 Porcupig. *porcupine. f. porc-*  
*epic*.  
 VOL. III.

Poterver. p. 3. *perhaps pocket*.  
 Pautoniere in Fr. *is a shep-*  
*berd's scrip*. (*Cotgrave*.)  
 Piece. s. p. 128. *a little*.  
 Preas, prese, press.  
 Pricked. *spurred forward, tra-*  
*velled a good round pace*.  
 Prowels. *bravery, valour, mi-*  
*litary gallantry*.  
 Puissant. *strong, powerful*.  
 Purfel. *an ornament of embroi-*  
*dery*.  
 Purfelled. *embroidered*.

Q.

Quail. *shrink, flinch, yield*.  
 Quay, quhey, s. *a young heifer,*  
*called a whie in Yorkshire*.  
 Quean, *sorry, base woman*.  
 Quell. *subdue, also, kill*.  
 Quelch. *a blow or bang*.  
 Quha. s. *who*.  
 Quhair. s. *where*.  
 Quhan, whan. s. *when*.  
 Quhaneer. s. *whens or*.  
 Quhen. s. *when*.  
 Quick. *alive, living*.  
 Quitt. *requite*.  
 Quo. *quoth*.

R.

Rade. s. *rode*.  
 Raife. s. *rose*.  
 Reade, rede, s. *advise*.  
 Reeve. *bailiff*.  
 Renneth, renning. *runneth,*  
*running*.  
 Rest. *berest*.  
 Register. *the officer who keeps*  
*the public register*.  
 A a Riall.

Riall. (*Introd.*) royal.

Riddle. p. 78, 79. *seems to be a vulg. idiom for unriddle; or is perhaps a corruption of reade, i. e. advise.*

Rin. s. run. Rin [my] errand. p. 90. *a contracted way of speaking for "run on my errand." The pronoun is omitted. So the Fr. say. faire message.*

Rood. cross, crucifix.

Route. p. 100. *go about, travel.*

Rudd. red, ruddy.

Rüd-red, deep red, ruddy.

Ruth. pity.

Ruthfull. rueful, woeful.

## S.

Sa, fae. s. so.

Saft. s. soft.

Saim. s. same.

Sair. s. sore.

Sall. s. shall.

Sarke. s. shirt.

Saut. s. salt.

Say, essay. attempt.

Scant. scarce: item, p. 258. *scantiness.*

Scarlette. p. 15. Red scarlette. *a common phrase in our old writers\*.*

Seely. silly.

Seething. boiling.

Sed. said.

Sel, fell. s. self.

Sen. s. since.

Seneschall. master of the ceremonies.

Sey. s. p. 70. *say, a kind of woollen stuff.*

Shee's. s. she shall.

Sheene. shining.

Shield-bone. p. 105. *the blade-bone: a common phrase in the North.*

Shent. shamed, disgraced, abused.

Shemens, shipens. cow-houses. p. 209. A. S. Scypen.

Shimmered. s. glittered.

Sho, scho. s. she.

Shoone. shoes.

Shope, shaped.

Shread. cut into small pieces.

Shreeven, thriven. confessed her sins.

Shullen. shall.

Sic, sich. such.

Sick-like. s. such-like.

Sighan, sighand. s. sighing.

Siller. s. silver.

Sith. since.

Skinkled. s. glittered.

Slaited. s. whetted; or perhaps, wiped.

Sleath. slayeth.

Slee. slay.

Sna', snaw. s. snow.

Sooth. truth, true.

Soth, sothe. ditto.

Sould. s. should.

Souldan, soldan, sowdan. sultan.

Spack. s. spake.

Sped. speeded, succeeded.

Speik.

\* So CHAUCER, in the Prologues to his Canterbury Tales, says of the Wife of Bath,

"Her Hosen were of fine SCARLET RED."

Speik. s. *speak*.  
 Speir. s. *spere, speare, speere*,  
     *spire. ask, inquire\**.  
 Speir. s. *spear*.  
 Spill. *spoil, destroy, kill*.  
 Spillan, spilland. s. *spilling*.  
 Spurning. *froth that purges out*.  
 Squelsh. *a blow, or bang*.  
 Stean. s. *stone*.  
 Sterte. *started*.  
 Steven. *voice, sound*.  
 Stint. *stop*.  
 Stound, stonde. (*Introd.*) *space*,  
     *moment, hour, time*.  
 Stowre. *strong, robust, fierce*.  
 Stower, stowre. *stir, disturb-*  
     *ance, fight*.  
 Stude, stuid. s. *stood*.  
 Summere. p. 101. *a sumpter horse*  
 Surcease. *cease*.  
 Sune. s. *soon*.  
 Sweere, swire. *neck*.  
 Sync. s. *then, afterwards*.

## T.

Teene. *sorrow, grief*.  
 Thewes. *manners*. In p. 12.  
     *it signifies limbs*.  
 Than. s. *then*.  
 Thair. s. *there*.  
 Thir. s. *this, these*.  
 Tho. *then*.  
 Thrall. *captive*.  
 Thrall. *captivity*.  
 Thralldome. *ditto*.  
 Thrang. *close*.

Thrilled. *twirled, turned round*.  
 Thropes. *villages*.  
 Thocht. *thought*.  
 Tift. s. *puff of wind*.  
 Tirled. *twirled, turned round*.  
 Tone, t'one. *the one*.  
 Tor. *a tower; also a high-*  
     *pointed rock, or bill*.  
 Tres-hardie, f. *thrice-bardy*.  
 Trenchant. f. *cutting*.  
 Triest furth. s. *draw forth to*  
     *an assignation*.  
 Trisulcate. *three-forked, three-*  
     *pointed*.  
 Trow. *believe, trust; also, verily*.  
 Troth. *truth, faith, fidelity*.  
 Tush. *an interjection of con-*  
     *tempt, or impatience*.  
 Twa. s. *two*. Twayne. *two*.

## U.

Venu. (*Introd*) *approach, coming*.  
 Unbethought, p. 49. *is a com-*  
     *mon word in the midland parts*  
     *of England, for bethought:*  
     *it might therefore have been*  
     *received into the text. So we*  
     *say Unloose for Loose*.  
 Unctuous. *fat, clammy, oily*.  
 Undermeles. *afternoons*.  
 Unkempt. *uncombed*.  
 Ure. *use*.

## W.

Wadded. p. 4. *perhaps from*  
     *woad: i. e. of a light blue*  
     *colour †*.

## A a z

Wae.

\* So CHAUCER, in his Rhyme of Sir Thopas.

——“He sought both north and south,

“And oft’ he SPIRED with his mouth.”

i. e. ‘inquired’: not ‘blowed’, &c. as in Urry’s Glossary.

† Taylor, in his Hist. of Gavel-kind, p. 49. says, “Bright,  
 “from the British word *Brith*, which signifies their *wadde-co-*  
 “*lour*, which was a light blue. Minshew’s diction.”

- Wae. waefo', s. *woe, woeful.*  
 Wad. s. *walde. would.*  
 Walker. *a fuller of cloth.*  
 Waltered. weltered. *rolled a-long. Also, swallowed.*  
 Waly. *an interjection of grief.*  
 Wame, wem. s. *belly.*  
 Warde. s. *advise, forewarn.*  
 Wassel, *drinking, good cheer.*  
 Wat. s. *wet. Also, knew.*  
 Wate. s. *blamed. Prat. of wyte. to blame.*  
 Wax. *to grow, become.*  
 Wayward. *perverse.*  
 Weale. *welfare.*  
 Weare-in. s. *drive in gently.*  
 Weede. *clothing, dress.*  
 Weel. well. *Also, we'll.*  
 Weird. wizard, witch. *Properly, fate, destiny.*  
 Welkin. *the sky.*  
 Well away. *exclam. of pity.*  
 Wem. (Intro.) *hurt.*  
 Wende, wened. *thought.*  
 Wend. *to go.*  
 Werryed. *worryed.*  
 Wha. s. *who.*  
 Whair. s. *where.*  
 Whan. s. *when.*  
 Whilk. s. *which.*  
 Whit. *not.*  
 Whittles. *knives.*  
 Wi'. s. *with.*  
 Wight. *human creature, man or woman.*  
 Wild-worm. *serpent.*  
 Wis. *know.*  
 Wit, weet. *know, understand.*  
 Woe. *woeful, sorrowful.*  
 Wode, wod. *wood. Also mad.*  
 Woe-man, *a sorrowful man.*  
 Woe-worth. *woe beto [you] A.S. worthan. (fieri) to be, to become*  
 Wolde. *would.*  
 Wonde, (Intro.) *wound, winded*  
 Wood, wode. *mad, furious.*  
 Wood-wroth. s. *furiously enraged.*  
 Wot. *know, think.*  
 Wow. s. *exclam. of wonder.*  
 Wracke. *ruin, destruction.*  
 Wynne, win. *joy.*  
 Wyt, wit, weet. *know.*  
 Wyte, *blame.*  
 Y.  
 Yaned. *jawed.*  
 Yate. *gate.*  
 Y-built. *built.*  
 Ychulle. (Intro.) *I shall.*  
 Yesc. s. *ye shall.*  
 Ylke, ilk. *same. That ylk, that same.*  
 Ylythe, (Intro.) *listen.*  
 Yode. *went.*  
 Ys. is. Yf. if. Yn. in.  
 Ystonge, (Intro.) *stung.*  
 Y-wrought. *wrought.*  
 Y wys. *truly, verily.*  
 Z.  
 Ze. s. ye. zee're. s. *ye are.*  
 Zees. s. *ye shall.*  
 Zellow. s. *yellow.*  
 Zet. s. *yet.*  
 Zong. s. *yong.*  
 Zou. s. *you. zour. s. your.*  
 Zour-lane, *your-lane. s. alone, by yourself.*  
 Zouth. s. *youth.*

THE END OF THE GLOSSARY.

## ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Page 62.

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON is one of the Songs in "The Honourable Entertainment given to the Queenes Majestie in Progresse at Elvetham in Hampshire, by the R. H. the Earle of Hertford. 1591." 4to. [Printed by Wolfe. No name of author.] See in that pamphlet,

"The thirde daies Entertainment.

"On Wednesday morning about 9 o'clock, as her Majestie opened a casement of her gallerie window, ther were 3 excellent musitians, who being disguised in auncient country attire, did greet her with a pleasant song of CORYDON AND PHILLIDA, made in 3 parts of purpose. The song, as well for the worth of the dittie, as the aptnesse of the note thereto applied, it pleased her Highnesse after it had been once sung to commend it againe, and highly to grace it with her cheerefull acceptance and commendation.

"THE PLOWMAN'S SONG.

"In the merrie month of May, &c."

The Splendour and Magnificence of Elizabeth's reign is nowhere more strongly painted than in these little Diaries of some of her summer excursions to the houses of her nobility; nor could a more acceptable present be given to the world, than a republication of a select number of such details as this of the entertainment at ELVETHAM, that at KILLINGWORTH, † &c. &c. which so strongly mark the spirit of the times and present us with scenes so very remote from modern manners.

† Vid. Vol. I. Introd.—Vol. III. p. 25.



Page 159.

*The HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID is a kind of Translation of a pretty poem of TASSO's, called Amore fuggitivo, generally printed with his AMINTA, and originally imitated from MOSCHUS.*

Page 202.

*Since this ballad was printed off the Editor hath seen an ancient black-letter copy, containing some variations, and intitled, "The merry pranks of Robin Good-Fellow. To the tune of Dulcina, &c." See p. 151.*

*To this copy were prefixed two wooden cuts of ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW, which seem to represent the dresses in which this whimsical character was formerly exhibited on the stage. To gratify the curious these are engraven below.*

## THE END OF VOLUME THE THIRD.





# B O O K S

Printed and Sold by J. DODSLEY, in  
Pall-Mall, London.

HAU KIOU CHOAN, or, The Pleasing History: a  
Novel translated from the CHINESE. 4 vols.  
12mo. 1761.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES relating to the CHINESE.  
2 vols. 12mo. 1762.

FIVE PIECES of Runic Poetry, translated from the  
Icelandic Language. 8vo. 1763.

THE SONG of SOLOMON, newly translated from  
the original HEBREW, with a Commentary and  
Notes. 8vo. 1764.

These FOUR by the Editor of the RELIQUES, &c.

Lately published in France,

HAU KIOU CHOAAN, *Histoire Chinoise, Traduite de l'Anglois, par M. \* \* \*. 4 tom. (dans 2.) 12mo. à LYON, chez Benoit Duplain libraire Rue Merciere, à l'Aigle. 1766.*

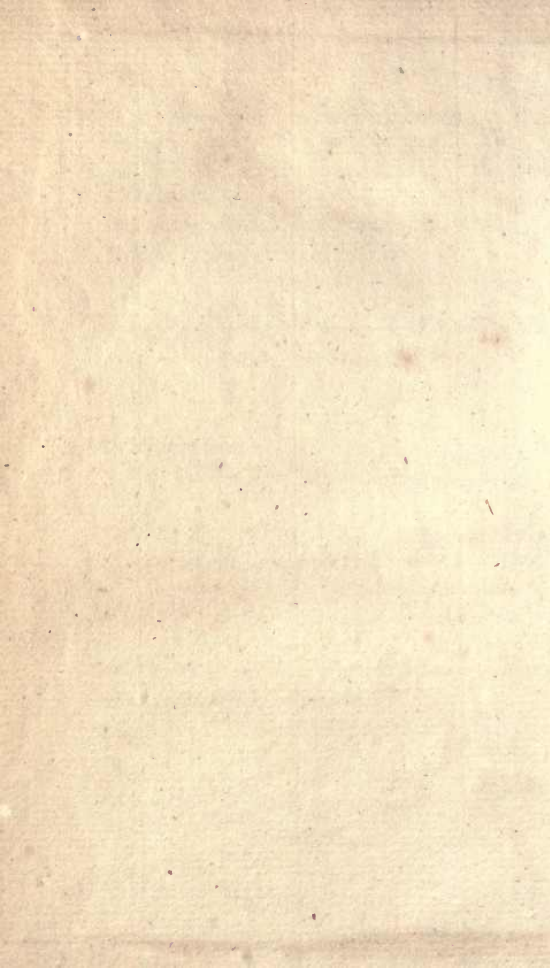
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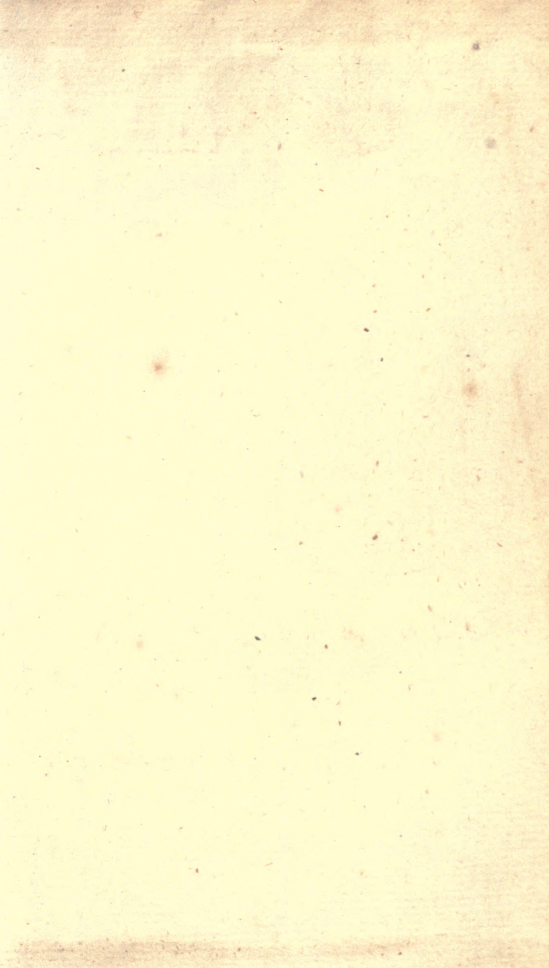
E X T R A C T

Of a Letter from CANTON, July 9th, 1763, to  
JAMES GARLAND, Esq. of Burlington Street.

“ As to HAU KIOU CHOAAN, I inquired among my Chinese acquaintance about it, but without success, until I happen'd by chance to mention the Hero of the Story *Ty-chung-u*, when they immediately knew what I meant, and said in their jargon, “ Truly have so “ fashion man 4 or 500 years before; have very true “ Story: How you can *seavez* he.”







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